Collier's
TEN CENTS
MARCH 11, 1944
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THE WAR ON CORDELL HULL

by George Creel

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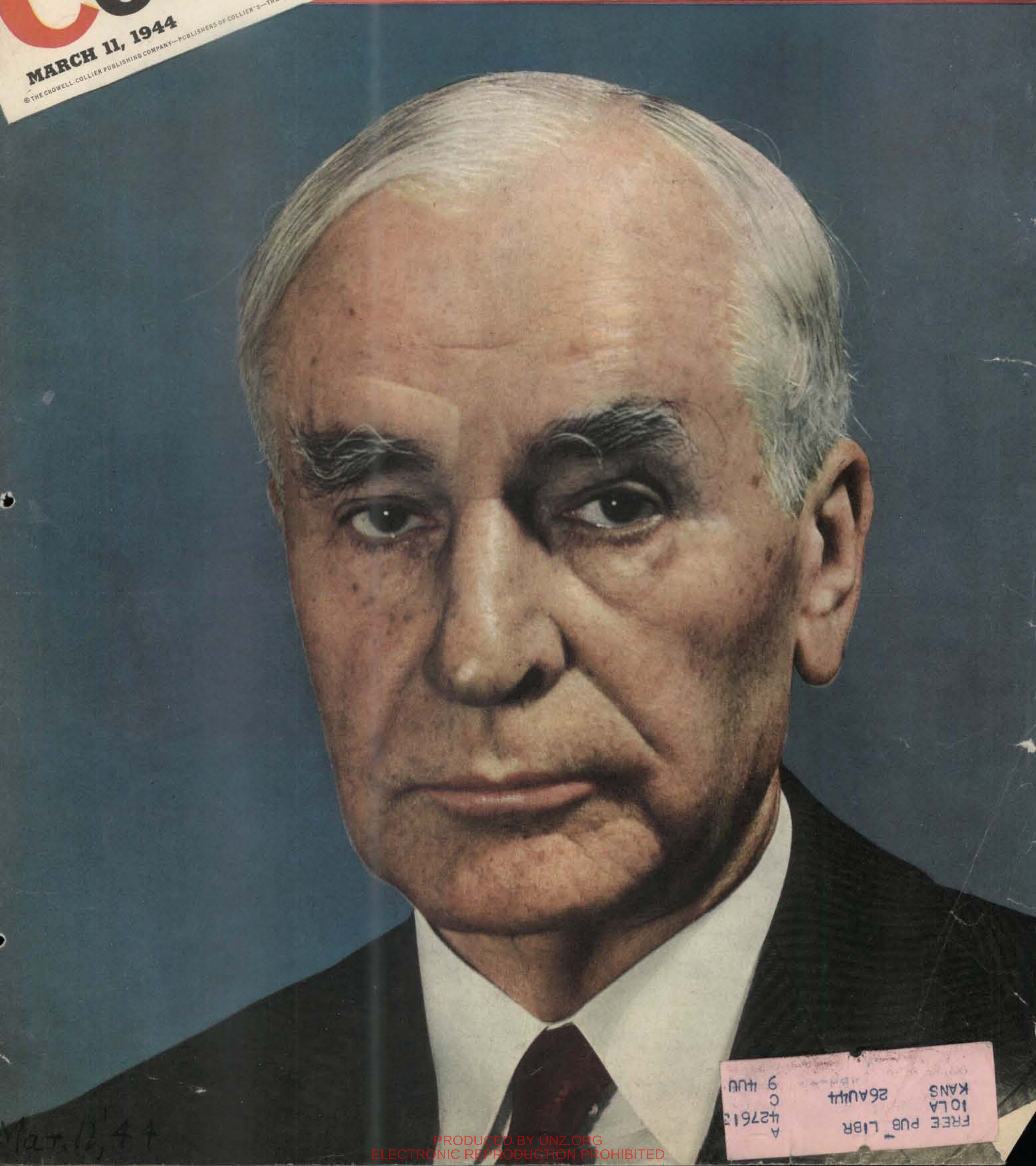
PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LEAVITT



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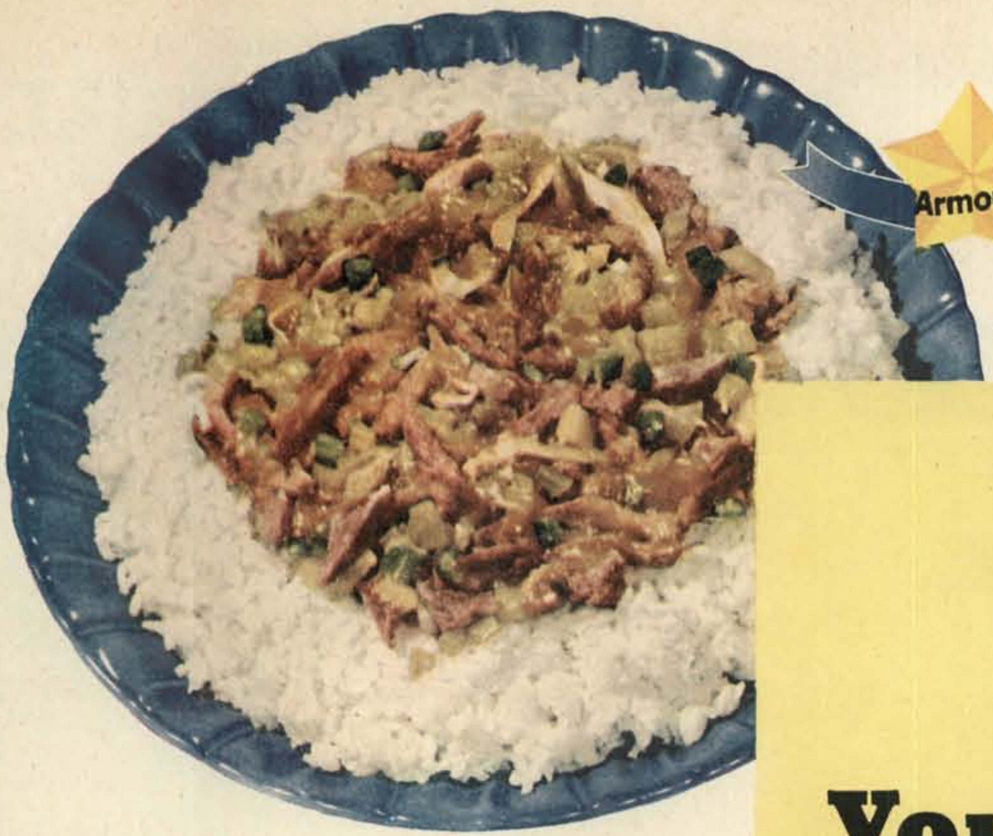

Armour ideas make the most of meat

Play Fair with Your Food Share

Use all the food you buy

Don't let leftovers spoil in your refrigerator or on your pantry shelf. You can turn leftover foods into attractive, nourishing dishes. Here is a good example, from the Armour kitchens.

Chop Suey

3 tbsps. fat or margarine
12 oz. diced leftover pork (2 cups)
1 cup sliced onion
1½ cups sliced celery
2 tsps. salt
2 tsps. Vitalox
2 tsps. soy sauce
1½ cups finely shredded cabbage
1 tsp. cornstarch

Brown meat and onion in fat. Add celery, salt, Vitalox and 2 cups of water. Simmer for 25 minutes. Add cabbage and soy sauce and cook for about 4 minutes or until cabbage is almost tender. Moisten cornstarch with water. Add to chop suey mixture and cook until clear. Serve over Chinese noodles or shredded crisp wheat biscuit. 5-6 servings.

Armour gives you these suggestions to share precious food and conserve the vital food supply

Today, food is one of America's most important weapons. It's the fuel of our fighting men and our fighting allies. It helps keep our home front healthy and strong.

So all of us must do all we can to protect the food supply.

Armour and Company is supplying its share of the meat our armed forces need . . . and, by efficient processing and distribution, doing everything possible to provide enough meat for the home front. This is our responsibility to you.

You have an equal responsibility in your own home. By careful buying, by efficient, thrifty use of your ration points, you can help make sure there will be enough meat and other necessary foods for everyone.

On this page, Armour shows you several basic ways to share and play fair with food. Follow these suggestions . . . and you will help contribute to an earlier victory.

Buy only what you need

Shop wisely. Get the most food value from every ration point. Follow these meat buying rules developed by our food economists:

For chops, steak or ground meats, buy just enough for your family. Allow ⅛ lb. fresh or dry sausage for each serving, ¼ lb. boneless and ground meats, ⅓ to ½ lb. for meats with some bone, ¾ to 1 lb. for meats with lots of bone.

Avoid black markets

They aren't fair to your dealer or to you. Black markets deprive your dealer of part of his share of good, wholesome meat . . . and thus reduce the amount of meat available for your family. Help stamp out black markets by accepting your fair share of meat . . . by using plentiful, low-point cuts . . . by giving ration stamps for every rationed food you buy.

Don't pay more than ceiling prices

for any food. Those prices are posted in your dealer's store. Look for them whenever and wherever you shop. If you want to help avoid inflation, if you want to make sure there'll be enough food to go around, follow those posted prices on every food item you buy . . . and don't pay more for any food. That way, you'll play fair with America's food supply.

Discover the plentiful foods

There are many types and cuts of readily available meat at your dealer's now. They're low in points, but high in nutrition, and appetizing goodness. Ask your dealer about them. And use this list prepared in the Armour kitchens as a guide: Pork or beef hearts . . . kidneys . . . lamb or veal breast . . . beef short ribs . . . beef plate . . . pork liver.

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Armour and Company

Suppliers of Meat and Dairy Products for America's Military and Civilian Needs

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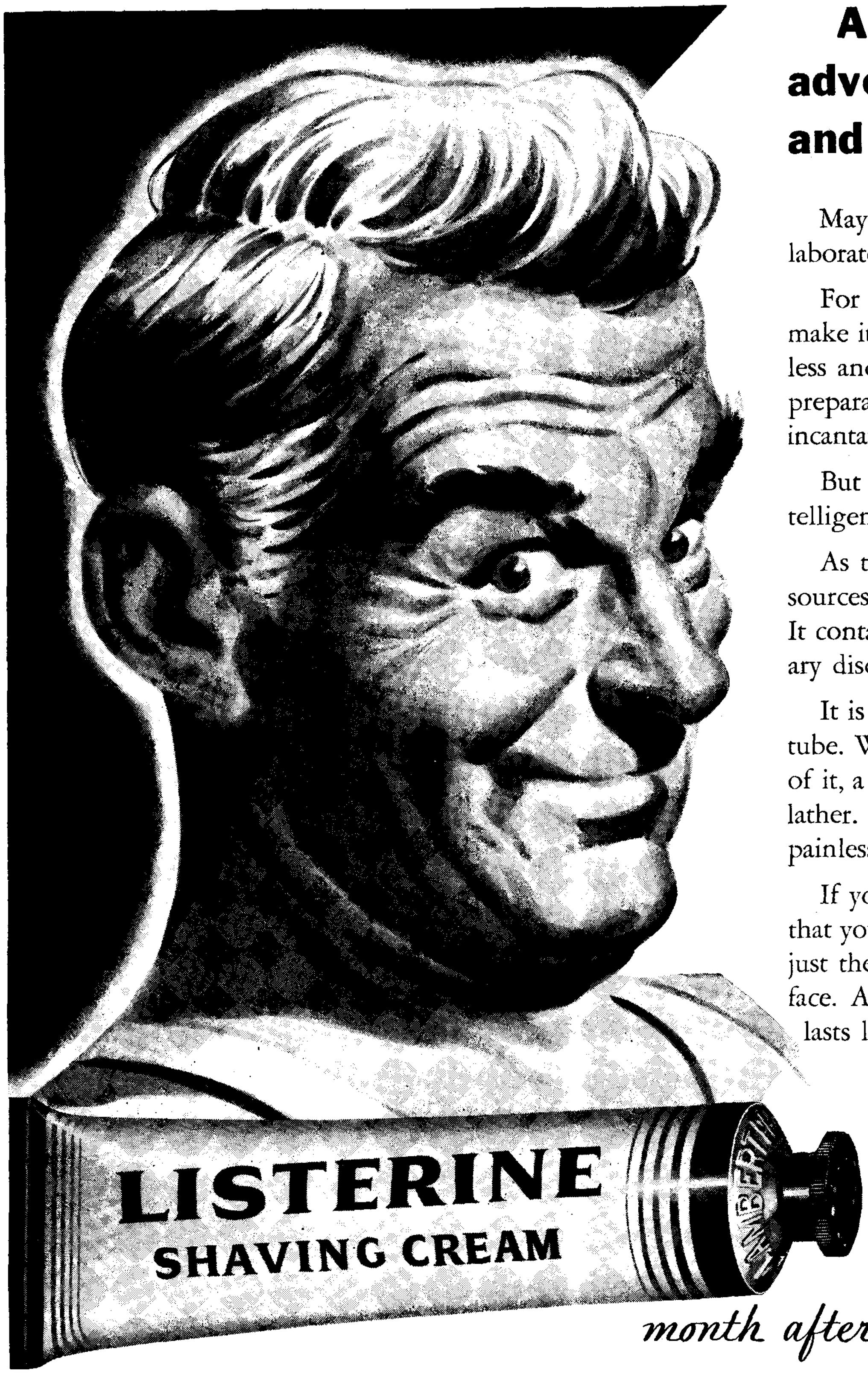
At last!...an absolutely unconditional guarantee that SHAVING CREAM won't *make shaving a pleasure*



Adv. experts call this "negative" advertising, but it produces positive and pleasant increases in our sales

Maybe this is treason, but the fact is that the soap-chemists in our laboratory are all members of the *Oh-How-I-Hate-To-Shave Club.*

For years they tried to find the elusive ingredient which would make it fun to swish off whiskers. They experimented with countless and costly formulas ... with complex techniques of pre-shave preparation ... with almost every shaving rite and ritual except incantation.

But no soap! They reluctantly and finally decided, as most intelligent men do, that shaving is at best a nuisance and a bore.

As the result, we have concentrated our technical skill and resources on producing a pure, unadulterated, *quality* shaving cream. It contains no mysterious or exclusive ingredients. No revolutionary discoveries. No patents.

It is *all* shaving cream, and yards of it can be squeezed from the tube. We promise only that it is a *sensible* shaving aid. Just a little of it, a fraction of an inch, makes great billows of moisture-laden lather. This *helps* to soften tough whiskers, helps make shaving as painless as possible.

If you think that we are not overstating our case, when we say that you can get very comfortable shaves with our product, you're just the man who ought to meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

P.S. TO THE LADIES: *For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream ... just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.*

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REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Out of this tube come swell shaves
for men who prefer no-brush cream

Mar. 11, '44

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DELIVERS

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STEAMING JUNGLES

From every battle front—*from men who know*—comes confirmation of the statement that . . . **Motorola Radio Delivers!** Says one front line radio operator . . . "I've been with these sets constantly under fire and they've never failed us once." This is high praise . . . especially when you remember that battle front conditions vary from the ice-bound shores of Attu to the moisture-saturated beaches of New Guinea.

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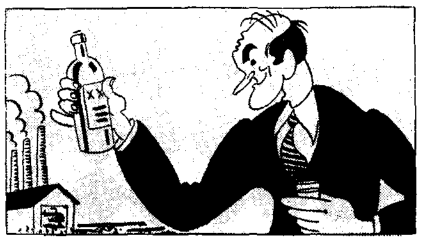
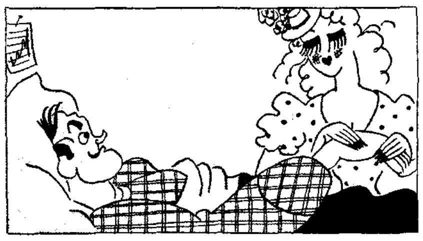
ANY WEEK

WE'RE striving not to be cynical, but something tells us that Mrs. Julie B. Enderberry's idea will not win popular acclaim. From Los Angeles, California, she asks us to give publicity to her plan to induce 5,000,000 drinkers of alcoholic beverages to stop. "And here's how to do it." writes Mrs. Enderberry. "Every time you are about to take a drink of alcoholic liquor, including beer and ale, say to yourself, 'Instead of drinking this I will throw it away and work an hour in a war plant.'" As we say, we don't think much will come of this



AND a great many of our readers are coming through with the apparently deathless words of General Nathan Bedford Forrest, who gave as his prescription for victory: "Git thar fustest with the mostest men." Our readers are speaking of Berlin and seem to be wondering what will happen if Mr. Stalin's Bully Boys arrive in the German capital while we're still bemired in Italy or making blueprints in London. Some of our letter-writing strategists have plans. For example, Mr. Doer Willing of Savannah, Georgia, advocates "borrowing a couple of these young Russian generals to get things started." And Mr. Junius G. D. Drobbell of Akron, Ohio, who was with Theodore Roosevelt "when he tore his britches on San Juan Hill" (an incident we hadn't heard about), is all out for "shutting up about soldiers voting." Mr. Drobbell wants to know this: "How's a soldier going to do any fighting when he's being pestered every day by the politicians about who he's going to vote for this fall?" Along similar lines, Mr. Alek Broudellier of Gackle, North Dakota, would "close Congress and the White House for the duration, and tell the generals to go ahead and do what we're paying them for, or get out and let somebody else do it. The Army and the Navy can't do their best if they got to keep one eye on the White House and Congress and the other on their foreign enemies." That seems about to cover the situation for this week.

WE HAVE received sizable amounts of literature on societies, associations, fraternities, guilds and other war-born organizations—War Dads, War Mothers, the National Association of Open Doors for Servicemen, Friends of Veterans, and National Heroes Day Defenders. The small quarters where we are confined permit of no filing space. Recently we have deposited much of this literature in our wastepaper basket which, incidentally, lacks a bottom. And, also incidentally, the lady who cleans this cubicle of nights left a note reading. "Mister, get a new basket or clean up yourself, respectfully, B " But about these war-born societies. We've just been notified that The National Association to Protect the Serviceman From Being Forgotten is, so help us, to be launched. Mrs. Ermentrude Trounce, so help us again, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is about to wind up and send it down the ways. Mrs. Trounce is not asking our opinion, but she gets it, anyway. Unless we're just a silly old dope, neither Mrs. Trounce nor her association need worry about our ten or twelve million servicemen being forgotten for a long, long time to come. They'll see to that.



HOWEVER, in the naval hospital at San Diego, California, lay a young Marine who had been wounded on a wholesale scale in New Guinea. But he was strong, had a tremendous will to live and was, in general, a blithe soul who regarded all this as something which is very likely to happen to any guy in his job. One beautiful morning

(Continued on page 80)

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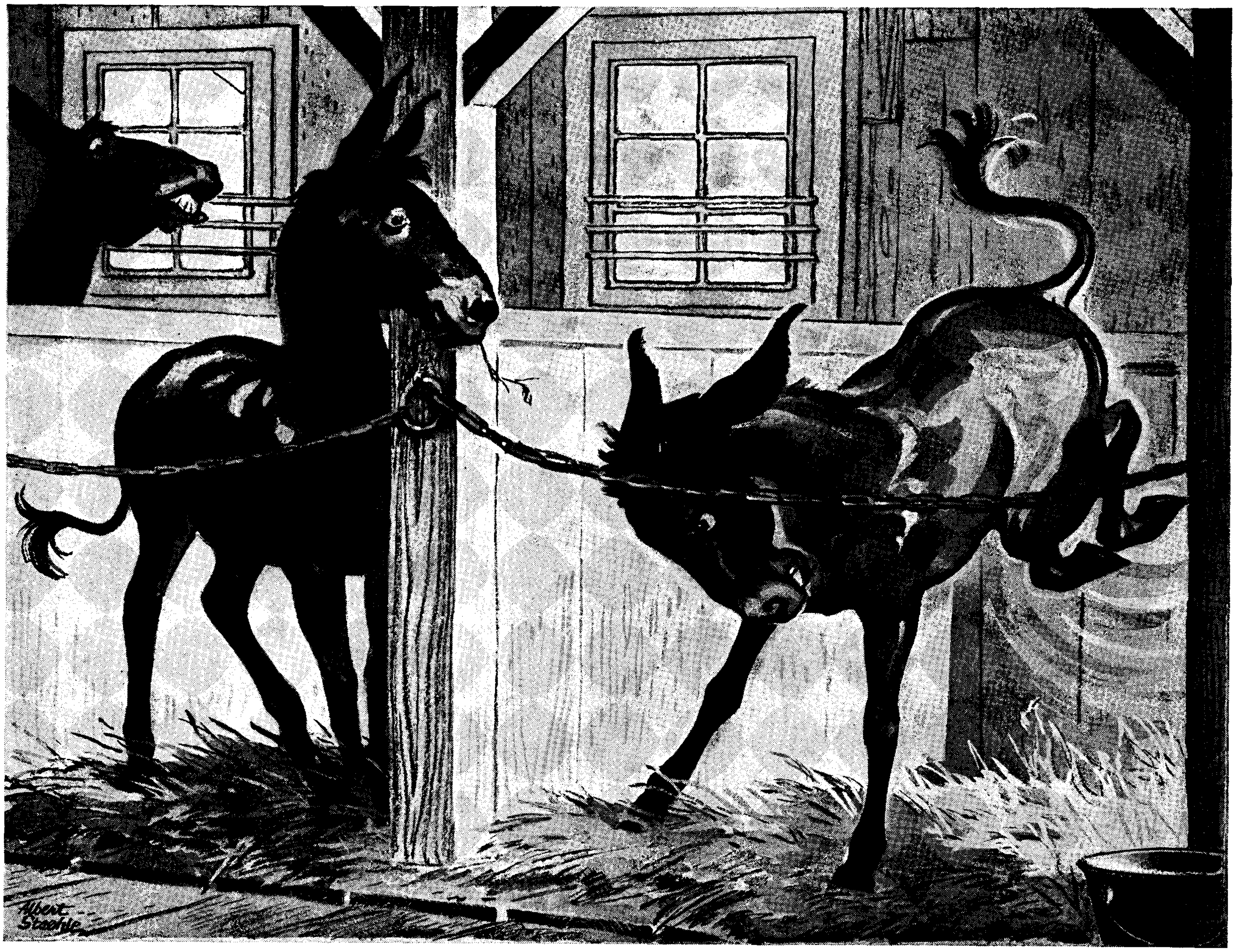

The mule that was stubborn as a man

THEY PUT the new mule in the stall next to mine and flap my ears but was she a hillbilly! Stayed quiet and peaceable like till feeding time though—but then how she busted around! Stamping, snorting, and throwing hoofs all over the place.

"Whoa and shut up, you Missouri burr trap," I said politely, "or they'll be dusting the fur off all of us. And what in thunder's wrong—mice in your manger?"

She quit kicking the sides off her stall and replied sniffily, "I won't stand it—feeding me this dratted hay substitute. It doesn't even taste like hay. I've *always* had hay and I'll have it here or else . . ."

"My dear," I broke in, "you're being stubborn as a man. They often carry on like that about hot drinks at mealtime. 'Postum?' they'll say. 'Not for me. Supposed to be a coffee substitute, but does it taste like coffee?' "

"Is this Postum?" asked the new mule.

"No, you dummy," I explained, "those are oats. They're no hay substitute. They're a delicious dish in their own right. And they don't taste any more like hay than Postum tastes like coffee. Try a faceful and see how good they are."

There was a brief pause for munching. "Very good," she admitted. "In fact, delicious. I'm sorry I was so mannish about them. And by the way, aren't men beginning to realize that Postum isn't a coffee substitute?"

"Why bless your hame strap," I replied, "they certainly are! Millions of them drink Postum because it has a tempting, heart-warming, distinctive flavor all its own. They're smart. But it's the stubborn ones that are giving us mules a bad name."

P. S. Postum is easy to make . . . comes in two forms: Postum, the kind you boil, drip, or "perk," and Instant Postum, made just by adding boiling water in the cup. A product of General Foods.

Postum— One of America's Great Mealtime Drinks

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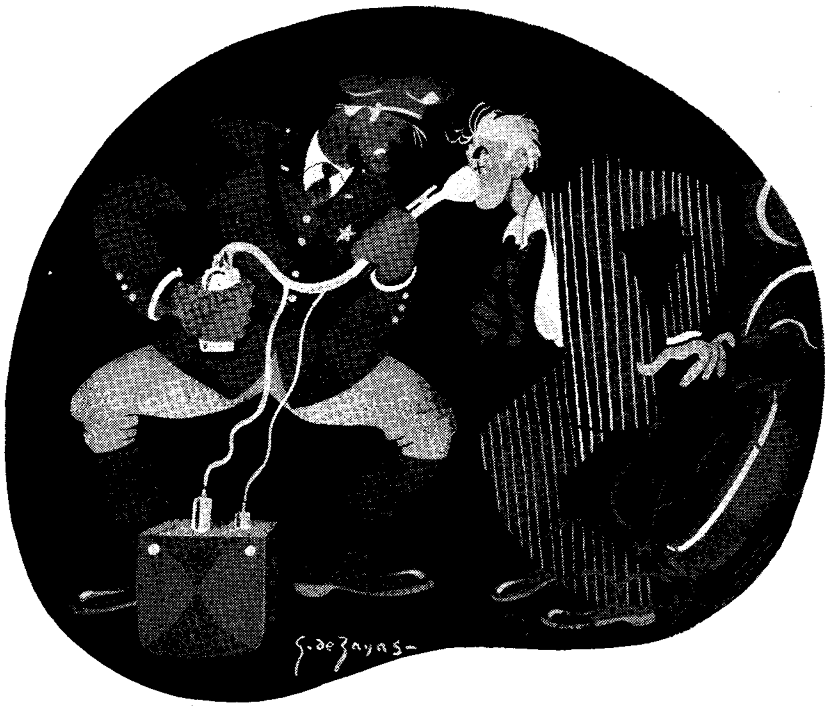

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The amount of alcohol in the blood of intoxicated persons may be measured and recorded permanently at the scene of an accident with a new apparatus. After a sample of the suspect's breath enters a tube, the apparatus completes its analysis in five minutes, a synchronous motor timing and keeping in their proper sequence the various operations which employ such things as iodine, starch, colored lights and a photoelectric cell.

Under the present tax laws an American who makes $1,000,000 net in 1944 will owe $855,000 in federal income taxes.—*By Louis Horowitz, New York City.*

Eleven of the 44 Republican and Democratic conventions since 1856 have been held in cities west of the Mississippi. The Republicans met in Minneapolis in 1892, St. Louis in 1896, and in Kansas City in 1928; the Democrats met in Kansas City in 1900, in Denver in 1908, San Francisco in 1920, Houston in 1928 and St. Louis in 1876, 1888, 1904 and 1916.

While the marriageable age for girls with the consent of a parent or guardian is 14 years in New York State, one who is still under 16 years is also required to have the permission of a judge of the Children's Court in her jurisdiction.

When six or eight justices of the Supreme Court of the United States divide evenly in their opinions on an appeal case, the decision is "no decision" and the judgment of the lower court prevails and is enforced. An instance was the four-four vote in November, 1936, on the validity of the Unemployment Insurance Law of New York State.

For more than a decade, about three quarters of the criminals sent to our state and federal prisons "for life" have completed their sentences and been discharged in less than ten years.

Less than 20 per cent of America's votes are recorded on voting machines. Only New York and Rhode Island use them in all precincts and only 21 other states employ them in from about 5 to 75 per cent of their election districts.

The Chinese word for America, in the spoken language, is "Ya-mei-li-chia-chou," which means the beautiful, prosperous and clever land.

The cease-firing orders that ended the last war on November 11, 1918, were obeyed by all troops with the exception of one group of German soldiers in German East Africa. They fought for two weeks longer, surrendering to the British November 25th.

America's largest group of "hot-house farms," located near Cleveland, has its total of 300 acres covered with glass and underlaid with pipes for circulating steam to sterilize the soil. Although costing altogether $7,500,000 and requiring $600,000 annually for coal alone, these truck farms make money because, on an acreage basis, their crops are 12 times as large as those of an outdoor farm and are spaced so that they reach the market out of season and bring higher prices.

Of all musical instruments, the violin and the tuba vary the most in the speed with which they may be played. The violin can be made to produce 1,250 notes a minute, or 25 times as many as the tuba.—*By Gilda Geltner, New York City.*

A celestial event that is known to occur, yet has never been seen, is the passing of a comet before the sun. The most recent crossing was made by Halley's comet in 1910.

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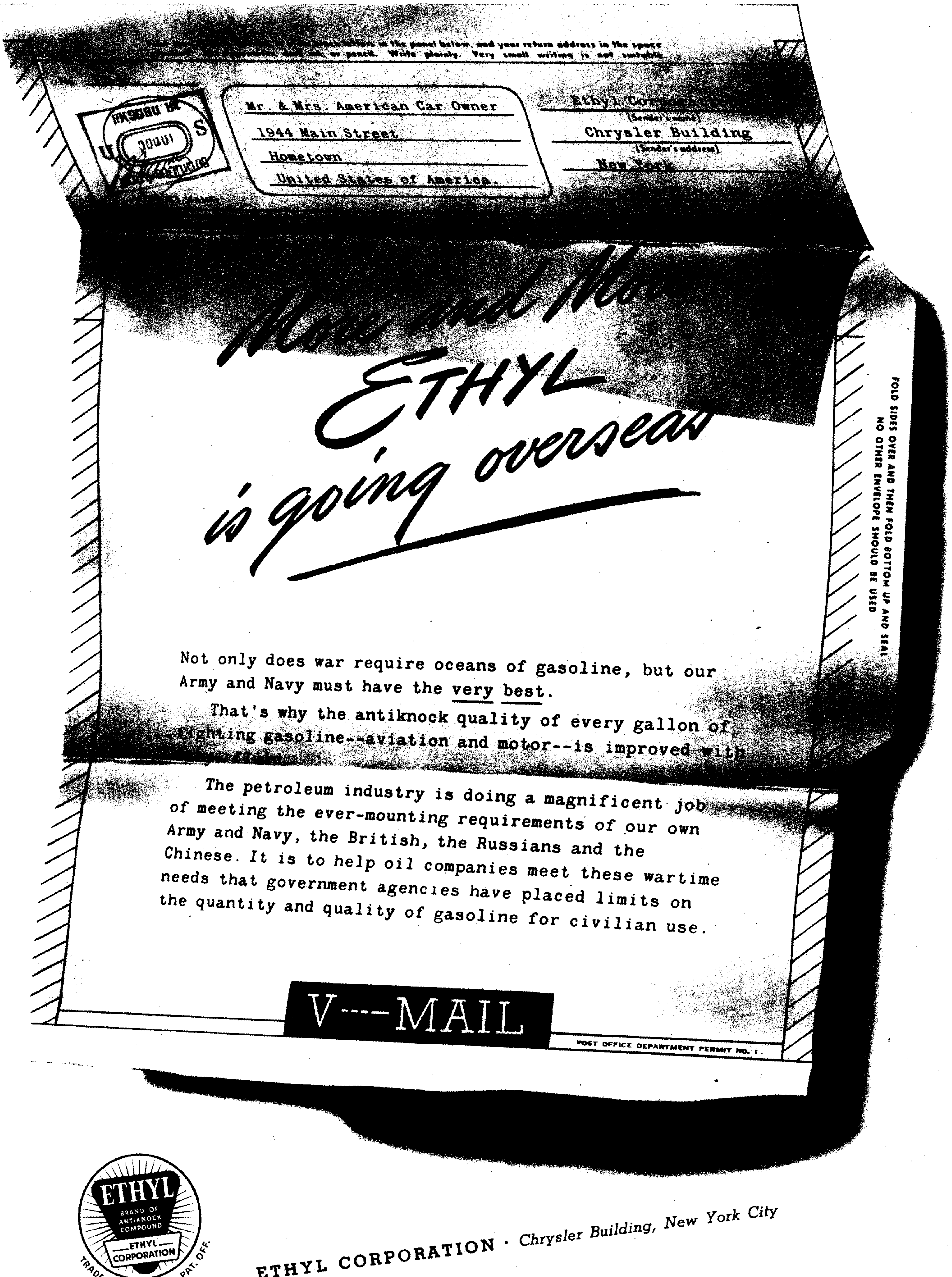

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Hometown
United States of America.

Ethyl Cor[illegible]
(Sender's name)
Chrysler Building
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More and More
ETHYL
is going overseas
FOLD SIDES OVER AND THEN FOLD BOTTOM UP AND SEAL
NO OTHER ENVELOPE SHOULD BE USED
V---MAIL
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Not only does war require oceans of gasoline, but our Army and Navy must have the very best.

That's why the antiknock quality of every gallon of fighting gasoline--aviation and motor--is improved with [illegible]

The petroleum industry is doing a magnificent job of meeting the ever-mounting requirements of our own Army and Navy, the British, the Russians and the Chinese. It is to help oil companies meet these wartime needs that government agencies have placed limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use.

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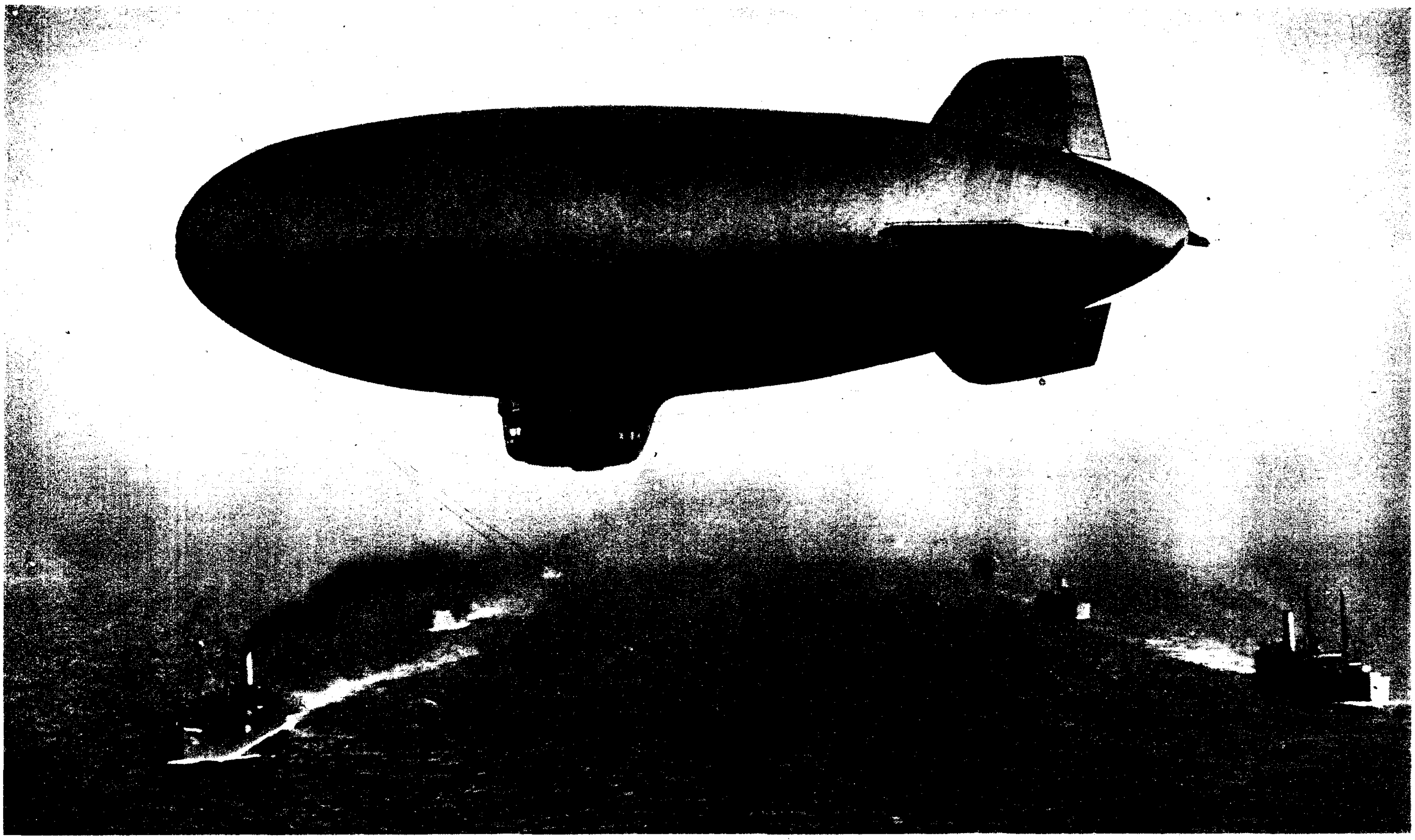

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Greater Joys Tomorrow!

GUARDING the sea lanes that carry vital war supplies to our fighting forces, winning the battle against the wolf packs that lurk beneath the surface, are the watchful eyes of our Navy escorts. Through them and their heroic personnel, the menace of the enemy's submarine has been thwarted.

It is a source of satisfaction and inspiration to the men and women of Philco that the military radio equipment they are building has contributed to that Victory. They, too, are fighting . . . in their laboratories, at their desks and machines. Fighting with the knowledge that the real battle has just begun! And putting into their tasks all the scientific experience and productive skill that had made Philco the overwhelming leader in radio manufacture for twelve straight years.

Like all America, they are fighting to preserve the joys of freedom. But more than that, they see a new day dawning . . . when the miracles of war will become the blessings of peace. And when the achievements of their laboratories will bring greater joys for you in your home, in radio, television, refrigeration and air conditioning . . . *under the famous Philco name.*

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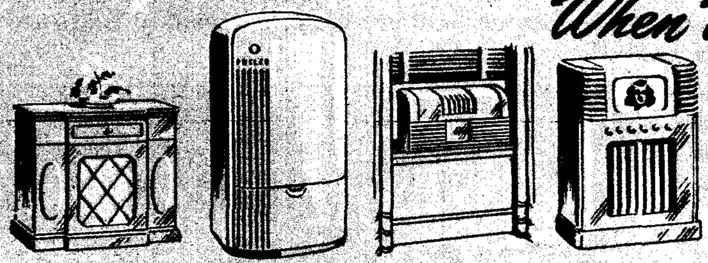

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MARCH 11, 1944

INTERNATIONAL

Cordell Hull at the Moscow Conference, where his "friendly diplomacy" earned us a tremendous dividend in Russian good will

THE WAR ON CORDELL HULL

BY GEORGE CREEL

Here is the first straightforward, detailed analysis of the controversies stirred by State Department policies. Mr. Creel is a long-time friend of Mr. Hull and frankly indignant over attacks on a great public servant, but he writes with authority as a trained political observer who knows Washington from the inside

CORDELL HULL'S popularity is now at the peak, but the drive against him is only suspended. After a cautious wait, attacks will start again, for there is no chance of a truce between the Secretary of State and the ideologists, emotionalists and fellow travelers who make up the self-styled Liberal Front. They want him to import his policies from abroad, putting the interests of other countries above America's, while he insists on *home* products, holding to the old-fashioned theory that the welfare of the United States comes first.

The Liberal Fronters ought to be a pushover, but Cordell Hull, unhappily, bears small resemblance to the pictures the Washington correspondents have painted of him as an inveterate feudist, crouching in the underbrush until his enemies come out into the open, and then letting go with both barrels. Colorful stuff, but miles removed from any true likeness.

Instead of nursing angers and dodging from tree to tree while waiting to draw a bead, Cordell Hull's selflessness makes him an ideal setup for attack. His utter lack of concern with the purely personal is the despair of his friends. Now and then a particularly false statement stirs him to an irritated mutter about "polecats," along with some words that he learned as a youth in Tennessee, but he soon zooms back to his plans for a world in which government will be carried on by peaceful processes based on justice, fraternity and morality.

This does not mean that he is stratospheric in any slurring sense of the word, for no man ever had his feet more firmly on the ground. Unfortunately, it's pretty high ground. With all his soul, Cordell Hull believes that the world can be lifted above the jungle level, and put on a civilized basis. His weakness, if it can be called one, is an indomitable faith in the essential *goodness* of people, backed by a confidence that truth, no matter how badly banged about in the beginning, will come out on top eventually. In this faith and this confidence, he minimizes the "polecats" and does not let them draw him away from the pursuit of great objectives.

Admirable, of course, but totally inadequate when dealing with an opposition that does not scruple to gouge, bite and use the knee. Nor is it only Cordell Hull who takes punishment, but national interests as well. His failure to fight back encourages attack. Any study of the seven-year drive against the Secretary of State—a drive that continued to the very day of the Moscow Conference—makes it plain that the real purpose was to discredit policies based on purely American points of view. The record proves it.

Accused of Appeasement

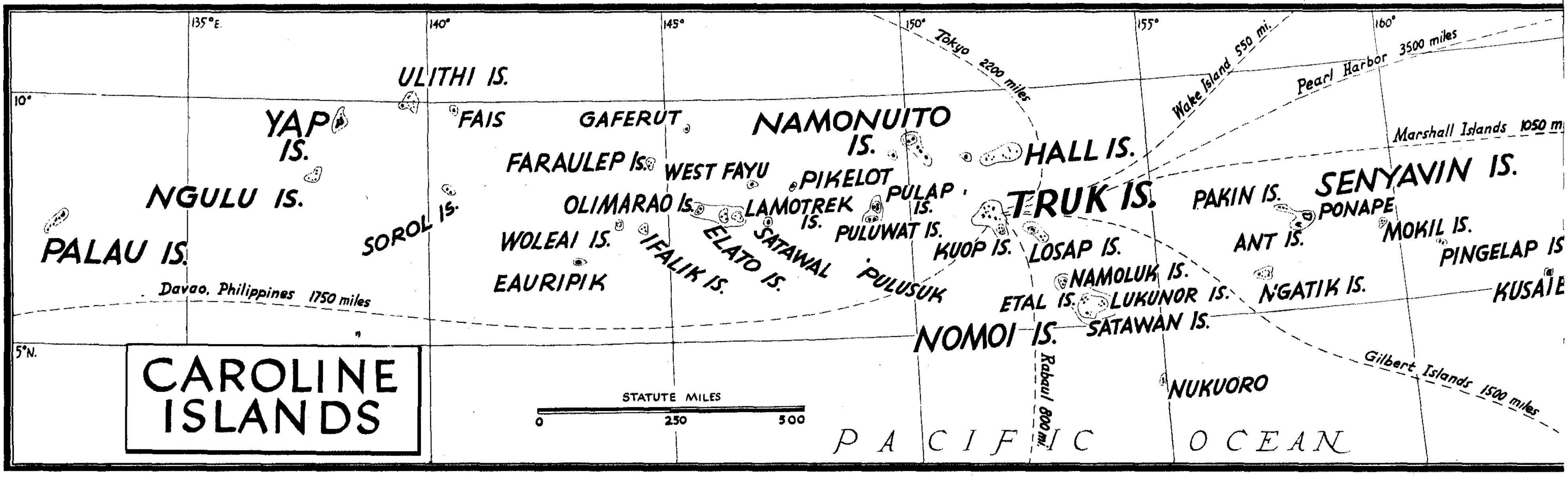
Taking up the charges one by one, what first excited the rage of the Liberal Front was the denial of arms and munitions to Spanish Loyalists for the suppression of the Franco revolt. The next supreme offense was his "Munich-minded appeasement of Japan," and, after that, his "fawning courtship of Vichy," his "infamous deal with Darlan," his "blocking of a second front" out of a secret purpose to have Russia "bled white," his refusal to give "proper recognition" to General de Gaulle, his support of "Badoglio and Fascism against Italian democrats," and his "coddling" of Franco. Notwithstanding that the drives were led by Earl Browder, freed from prison in "the interests of national unity," and promoted by the very forces that fought American preparedness until Russia's entry into the war, reputable men and women, even reputable newspapers, joined in the hysterical hue and cry.

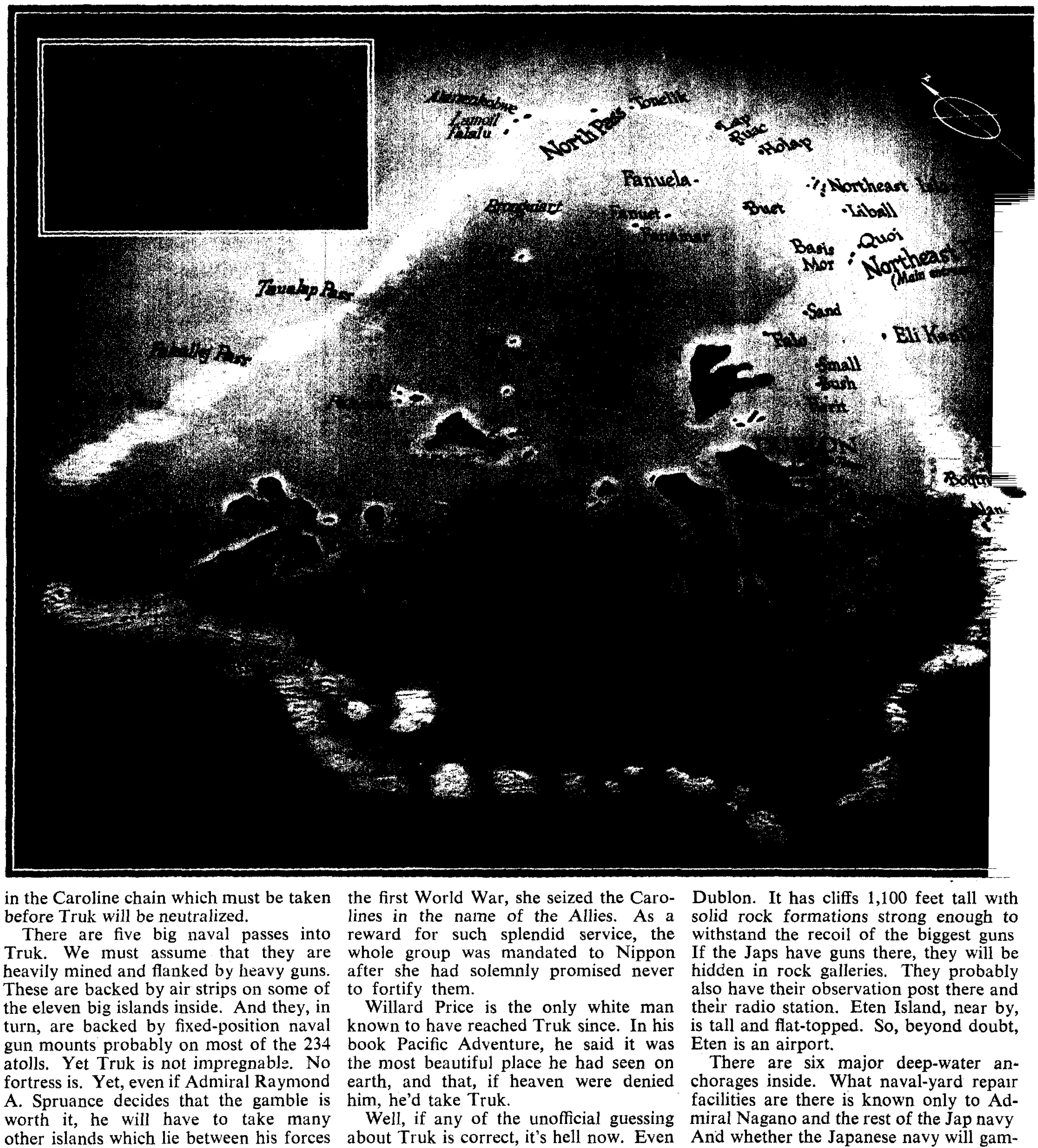
Mr. Hull could have pleaded that at no time did he possess the right of independent action. Foreign policies are the responsibility of the President, and while he may delegate authority, never is there any surrender. No State Department policy is announced until the White House has approved, and where battle areas are concerned, without the full assent of the High Command.

It was also well within Mr. Hull's power to have met each charge with facts of record. With respect to the Spanish Loyalists, as early as 1935, Congress prohibited the shipment of arms to any belligerent country.

On January 8, 1937, when Franco's rebellion reached proportions that threatened the government with defeat, House and Senate not only refused to lift the embargo, but by joint resolution specifically declared that "during the existence of civil strife now obtaining in Spain, it shall . . . be unlawful to export arms, ammunition or implements of war to Spain or to any foreign country for transshipment to Spain or for use of either of the opposing forces in Spain." As explicit as that!

(Continued on page 78)


CAROLINE ISLANDS
ULITHI IS.
YAP IS.
NGULU IS.
PALAU IS.
SOROL IS.
FAIS
GAFERUT
FARAULEP IS.
WEST FAYU
OLIMARAO IS.
WOLEAI IS.
IFALIK IS.
ELATO IS.
EAURIPIK
LAMOTREK IS.
SATAWAL
NAMONUITO IS.
PIKELOT
PULAP IS.
PULUWAT IS.
PULUSUK
HALL IS.
TRUK IS.
KUOP IS.
LOSAP IS.
NAMOLUK IS.
ETAL IS.
LUKUNOR IS.
SATAWAN IS.
NOMOI IS.
NUKUORO
PAKIN IS.
ANT IS.
SENYAVIN IS.
PONAPE
MOKIL IS.
PINGELAP IS
NGATIK IS.
KUSAIE
Tokyo 2200 miles
Wake Island 550 mi.
Pearl Harbor 3500 miles
Marshall Islands 1050 mi
Gilbert Islands 1500 miles
Rabaul 800 mi.
Davao, Philippines 1750 miles
STATUTE MILES
0
250
500
PACIFIC OCEAN
135° E.
140°
145°
150°
155°
160°
10°
5° N.


North Pass
Tonelik
Fanuela
Northeast
Liball
Quoi
Basis
Mor
Northeast
Sand
Small
Bush
Tavalap Pass

The fortress of Truk alone would be formidable. But this map shows that, for almost 3,000 miles east and west, it is protected by hundreds of Japanese islands, many fortified and waiting for the Big Day

TRUK

By Robert DeVore

MAPS BY LIAM DUNNE

Ahead of us on the high road to Tokyo lies Truk, one of the most formidable fortresses in the world. It's big; it's secret. No white man has been permitted on it for 20 years. What little is known about Truk is in this article

Surrounded by a great coral reef, Truk itself is a collection of 245 islands. It measures about thirty miles per side. The whole Jap fleet can steam at high speed, inside the reef!

IN THE Central Pacific, we now fight *in the Jap's back yard.* At Roi air strip, a bomber pilot is a scant 2,200 miles from Tokyo to the northwest and 1,050 from Truk dead west. When MacArthur gets to Rabaul, he will still be almost 3,000 miles from Tokyo, but only 800 from the terrible Truk. Before we march through the streets of Tokyo, we will have to cut our feet on the sharp coral of Japan's greatest naval base. So let's have a look at it:

From the air, it's a three-sided reef, averaging a little more than 30 miles to a side. Outside the reef, the jade breakers conceal 4,000 feet of ocean depth. Inside the reef are eleven fair-sized islands and 234 atolls and a sheltered anchorage big enough to protect the entire Japanese Imperial fleet. Nature made Truk a most formidable fortress ages before a yellow hand touched it.

There are two ways of handling Truk. We can storm it, or by-pass it. If we by-pass it, there are hundreds of other islands in the Caroline chain which must be taken before Truk will be neutralized.

There are five big naval passes into Truk. We must assume that they are heavily mined and flanked by heavy guns. These are backed by air strips on some of the eleven big islands inside. And they, in turn, are backed by fixed-position naval gun mounts probably on most of the 234 atolls. Yet Truk is not impregnable. No fortress is. Yet, even if Admiral Raymond A. Spruance decides that the gamble is worth it, he will have to take many other islands which lie between his forces in the Marshalls and Truk in the Carolines.

We could have had Truk for the asking in 1898. We had just beaten Spain. And Spain owned the Carolines. But we scorned all the coral atolls as places interesting only to missionaries, natives, traders and whalers in need of fresh water. Germany had other views. She paid Spain $4,500,000 for the whole kit and caboodle. Then, when Japan entered the first World War, she seized the Carolines in the name of the Allies. As a reward for such splendid service, the whole group was mandated to Nippon after she had solemnly promised never to fortify them.

Willard Price is the only white man known to have reached Truk since. In his book Pacific Adventure, he said it was the most beautiful place he had seen on earth, and that, if heaven were denied him, he'd take Truk.

Well, if any of the unofficial guessing about Truk is correct, it's hell now. Even if an American task force of heroic proportions silenced every gun on the outer reef and downed every Jap plane in the sky, the whole Japanese fleet could be sailing at high speed inside the lagoon, twelve miles away. Twelve miles is battleship range. No 8-inch gun cruiser of ours could hit any ship at that distance. And our task force would still not be inside the outer reef.

One of the biggest islands inside is Dublon. It has cliffs 1,100 feet tall with solid rock formations strong enough to withstand the recoil of the biggest guns If the Japs have guns there, they will be hidden in rock galleries. They probably also have their observation post there and their radio station. Eten Island, near by, is tall and flat-topped. So, beyond doubt, Eten is an airport.

There are six major deep-water anchorages inside. What naval-yard repair facilities are there is known only to Admiral Nagano and the rest of the Jap navy And whether the Japanese navy will gamble its existence to fight for Truk is another thing that only the Jap hierarchy knows. If they elect not to risk their fleet, then Truk will still be difficult to take because of the airports and fixed gun positions. The commander at Truk will have no difficulty calling for fighter and bomber reinforcements from hundreds of other Jap outposts near by. And that doesn't make the Truk problem any simpler for us. ★★★

I HATE ACTORS

BY BEN HECHT

The Story Thus Far:

SIGNED up by Empire Studios to do a polishing job on the film version of the old stage hit, Sons of Destiny, the author goes to Hollywood. He finds his agent, the wily Orlando Higgens, beset with troubles and on the verge of nervous prostration.

Dennis Wilde, a well-known screen idol, is being co-starred with Elvina Bliss in the new production. Laurence Bison, a has-been who starred in the original stage play, wants Wilde's part, and the temperamental Elvina balks at working with Wilde, who, she insists, spoils her acting.

Another principal—John Paul Jones—objects to the militaristic elements in the movie, which is full of military doings. The story is altered slightly so that Jones is led to believe it conforms with his pacifist ideals and the studio executives use his nervous condition as an excuse to prescribe a treatment of some sort of dope which keeps him in a more amenable, though somnambular, frame of mind.

Driven frantic by the clashing egos of his clients, Orlando finds a man who knows how to soothe his jangled nerves. He is a Cockney, posing as a *fakir*, who calls himself "Mr. Albert." He keeps the fellow near at hand; and he eases the man's daughter, "Caroma," into a job in the picture.

To solve the Elvina problem, Orlando finally becomes engaged to the lady. But things do not calm down, and daily he faces the wrath of "J. B." Cobb, big shot at Empire. Then—while Bison is terminating a terrific bender, in celebration of *not* getting the part he wants—*Dennis Wilde is murdered!*

Lieutenant Egelhofer of the Los Angeles homicide squad, a wooden Indian of a man, directs the investigation. He learns that, on the evening of the murder, Orlando and Wilde had quarreled, and, a bit later, someone—believed to have been Orlando—had slipped into Wilde's bedroom and slit that luminary's throat!

In the midst of the investigation, Elvina hurls a bombshell. She says that, a few hours before the murder, she had informed Orlando that she did not love him, that she loved Wilde. She says that Orlando, greatly disturbed, had threatened to kill himself. She is sure that Orlando is the guilty party.

Led by "J. B.," the author, Egelhofer and others—mostly cops—hotfoot it to Orlando's. They find the agent, now an ardent disciple of Mr. Albert's teaching, doing yoga exercises. A cut on his hand he attributes to his lack of skill in running a skewer through his skin (Mr. Albert's favorite trick; he can skewer himself without drawing blood). The cops are skeptical of his explanation.

Bison arrives on the scene. Orlando is overjoyed—apparently. He informs "J. B." that Bison will be a worthy successor to the deceased. "J. B." has his doubts concerning this great find. . . .

News then comes that Orlando's father is en route to Hollywood.

Is Orlando delighted? Decidedly *not*. "That maniac!" he exclaims. "Whatever he starts doing, head him off, will you?"

The author sees the unfortunate suspect led away. He goes home; and when, later, he retires, he is convinced that Dennis Wilde had been murdered by—guess whom . . . *Elvina Bliss!*

II

I WOULD say that the most distinguishing mark of our times is our adoration for movie stars. The war has put the kibosh on this infatuation—but not to any great extent. Let armies join and kingdoms fall, civilization totter and all the heavens rain death, we still quiver and coo before the darlings of the cinema. We will defend our country and cheer for generals and admirals, but our hearts belong to these idiotic and capering shadows.

This whole thing may be based on the giddy weakness people have for photographs. Before there were movies, we all used to spend evenings poring over the family album. Maybe the movies are our new family album, and the familiar movie faces are a new and superior collection of aunts, uncles, cousins and lost Lenores.

The response to the death of Dennis Wilde would bear out this theory. The public—from Pasadumkeag, Maine, to the Texas Panhandle—was as stunned and fascinated as if everybody's first cousin had had his throat cut. The voting strength of the nation, so long hexed with problems of global dimensions, turned gratefully to the parlor game of "Who Slew Cousin Dennis?" Poor Dennis Wilde, at rest, became more of an escapist phenomenon than had been any of the lollipop dramas in which he had exhibited his mustache and his renowned facial tic. . . .

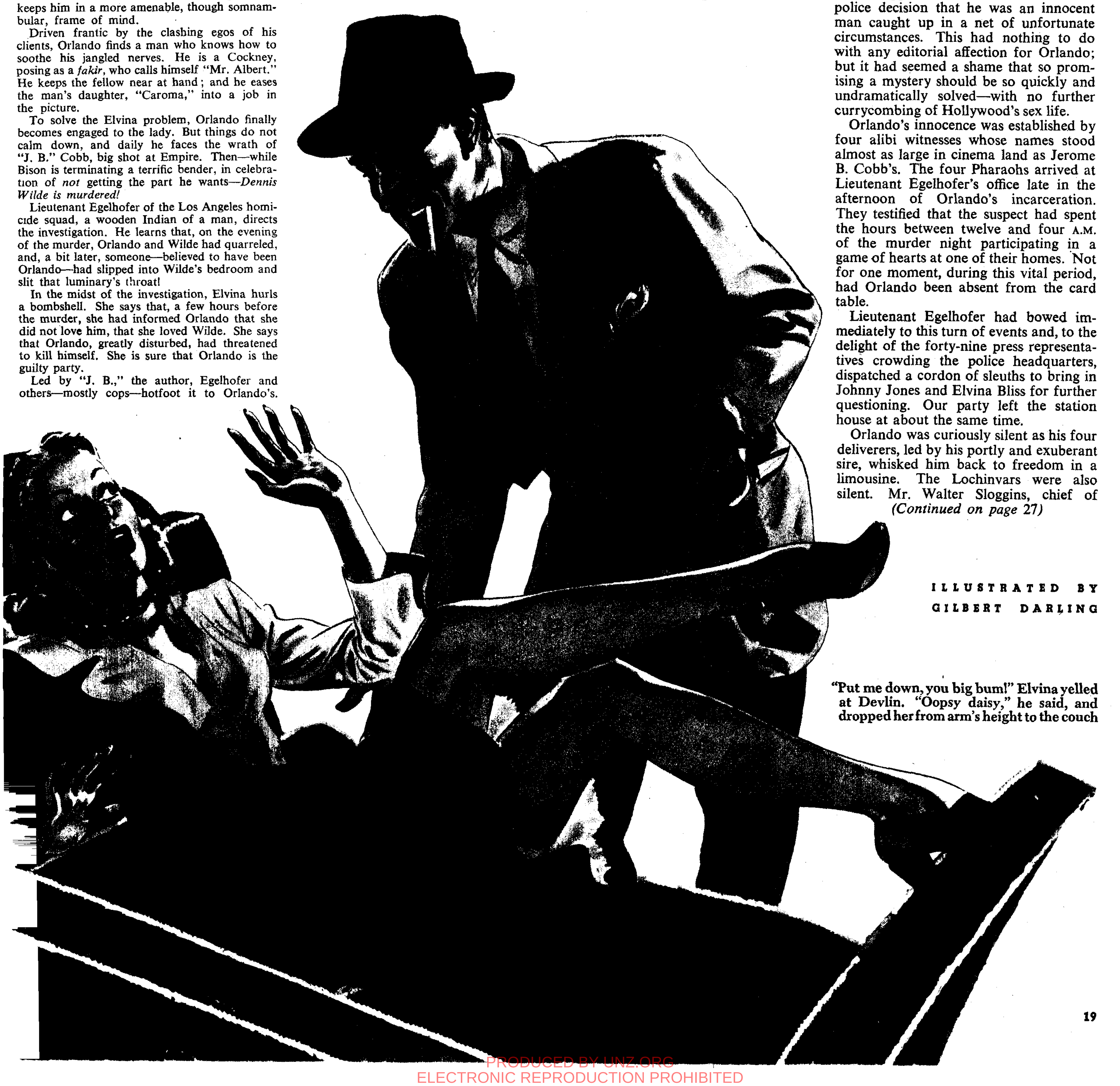
The press of the nation was, on the whole, delighted with the release of Orlando Higgens from his cell and with the police decision that he was an innocent man caught up in a net of unfortunate circumstances. This had nothing to do with any editorial affection for Orlando; but it had seemed a shame that so promising a mystery should be so quickly and undramatically solved—with no further currycombing of Hollywood's sex life.

Orlando's innocence was established by four alibi witnesses whose names stood almost as large in cinema land as Jerome B. Cobb's. The four Pharaohs arrived at Lieutenant Egelhofer's office late in the afternoon of Orlando's incarceration. They testified that the suspect had spent the hours between twelve and four A.M. of the murder night participating in a game of hearts at one of their homes. Not for one moment, during this vital period, had Orlando been absent from the card table.

Lieutenant Egelhofer had bowed immediately to this turn of events and, to the delight of the forty-nine press representatives crowding the police headquarters, dispatched a cordon of sleuths to bring in Johnny Jones and Elvina Bliss for further questioning. Our party left the station house at about the same time.

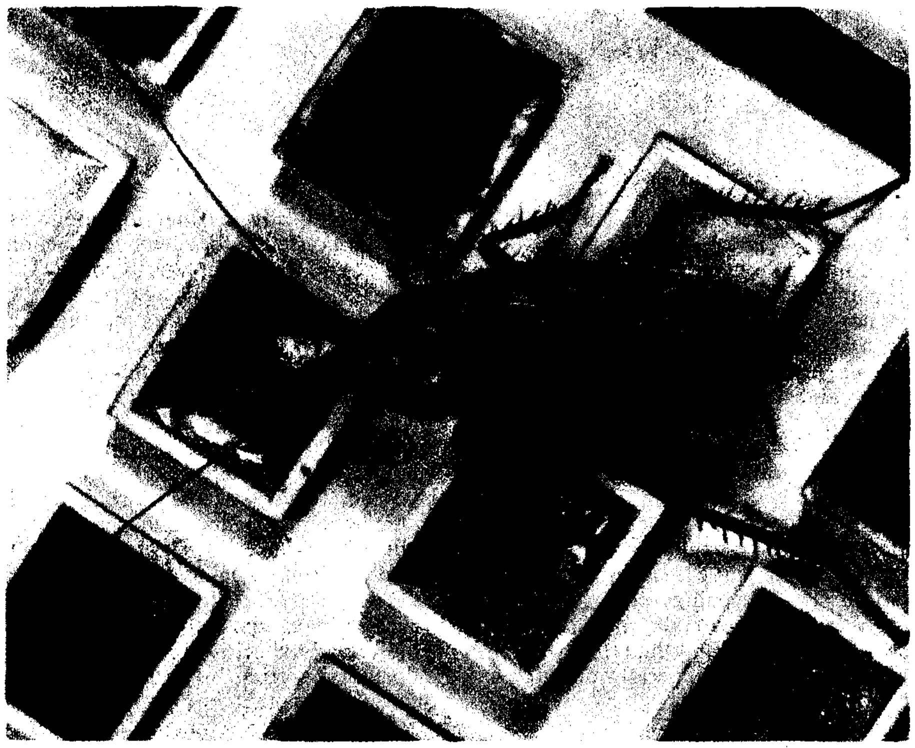
Orlando was curiously silent as his four deliverers, led by his portly and exuberant sire, whisked him back to freedom in a limousine. The Lochinvars were also silent. Mr. Walter Sloggins, chief of

(Continued on page 27)

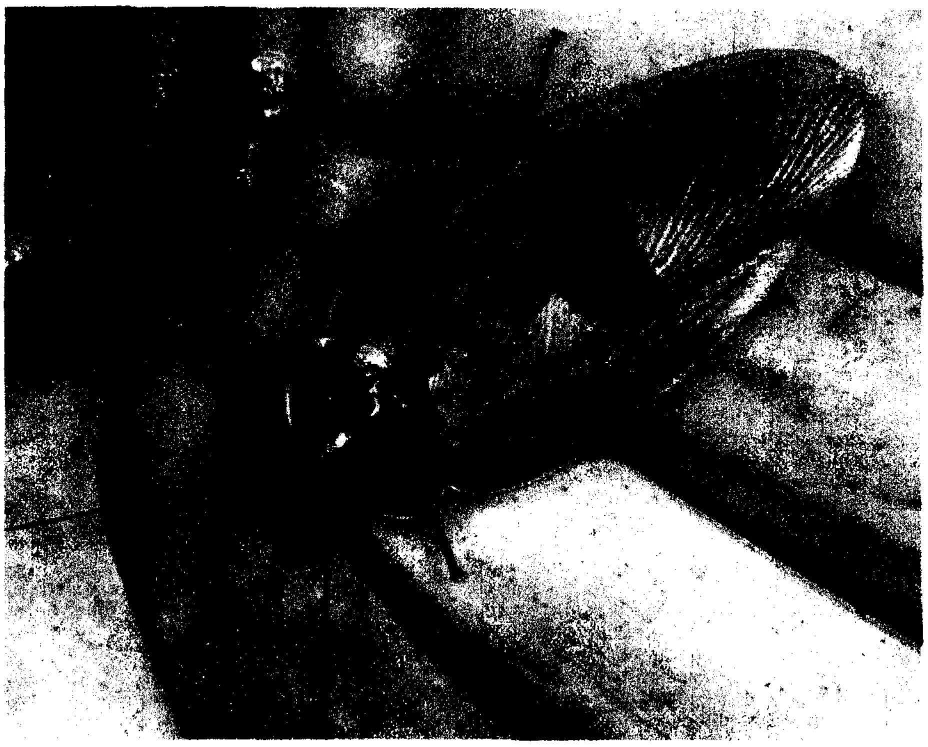


ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

"Put me down, you big bum!" Elvina yelled at Devlin. "Oopsy daisy," he said, and dropped her from arm's height to the couch



Out to lunch. An American cockroach dining off a set of watercolor paints. The photograph shows him twice natural size



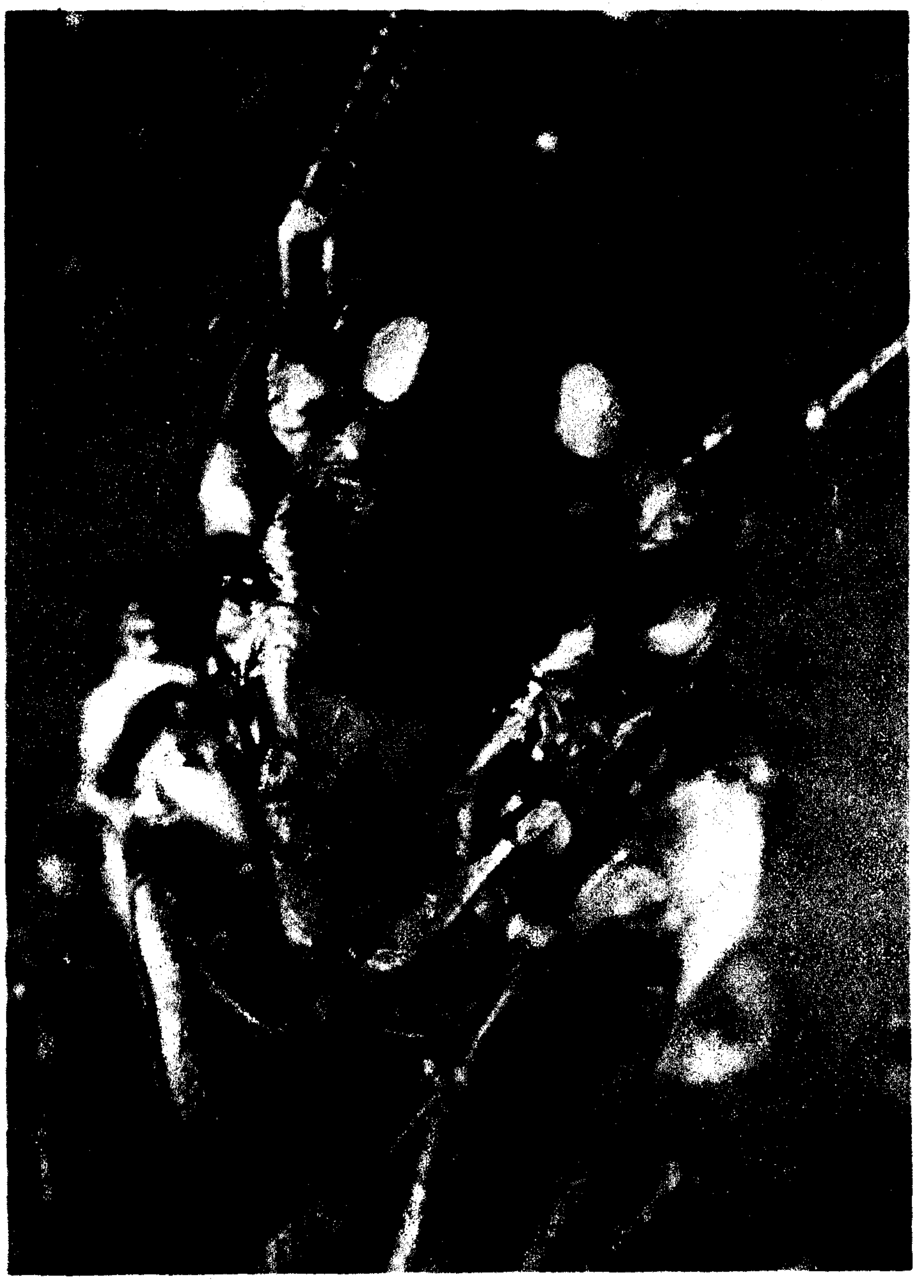
The tropical roach Blabera (one and two-fifths times natural size) frequently arrives in this country on bunches of bananas coming from the tropics

SUPERBUG

BY EDWIN WAY TEALE

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR

The face of Blabera magnified ten times. This species of cockroach has an over-all length of two and three-quarter inches



HE WALKS about with downcast eyes. His head hangs dejectedly between his knees. He shuns the light. He lives on lowly fare and in humble circumstances. He is drab-colored and inconspicuous. But don't let that Uriah Heep exterior fool you. He is a winner. He is the indestructible cockroach—Superbug, himself!

For 100,000,000 years, the cockroach has been ahead of the game. Dinosaurs sent roaches scuttling up the trunks of prehistoric trees; but roaches lived to see these monsters disappear forever. Before any bee or ant or butterfly appeared, cockroaches were holding their own, and they are today. Wherever food and warmth are found, as a rule, there is the cockroach also.

If you sat up nights trying to invent an indestructible bug, especially fitted to survive, you would have a hard time outdoing the roach. Consider these features of the 1944 model—or, for that matter, the 50,000,000 B.C. model, because they are virtually the same.

Its seed-shaped body is smooth and waxed, harder to hold than a greased eel. Its flat form permits it to squeeze into incredibly small cracks. Its nimble legs provide such speed and shiftiness it could give pointers on broken-field running to a Notre Dame halfback. Delicate body hairs catch vibrations and warn of approaching danger, and its long, slender antennae form a supersensitive nose for smelling hidden food.

Break off a cockroach's feeler or leg and, if the insect isn't full grown, presto! another grows in its place. By sleeping daytimes and coming abroad at night, the roach avoids most of its natural enemies. So sensitive is its body to light and shade that a completely blinded cockroach will infallibly seek the dark.

In addition, a roach seems to have an internal anatomy as immune to stomachache as a concrete mixer. Its body requires so little oxygen that it can live for hours after all of its breathing tubes have been sealed with paraffin. Roaches get along with about half as much blood, in relation to body weight, as humans do.

Deprive a human child of Vitamin A, and it develops rickets. But a cockroach goes gaily on its way, the only creature known that can live on food completely devoid of this vital element. Similarly with Vitamin C. In humans, scurvy and beriberi result from its lack. But for fifteen years, in one laboratory, generation after generation of cockroaches lived without Vitamin C and were none the worse. Nitrogen is needed in the diet of other forms of animal life, but none in that of the cockroach.

Given such features, a cockroach can, and does—as everybody knows—eat virtually everything. Nothing comes amiss. It is an insect goat with a goat's appetite raised to the nth power. Its jaws, biting inward from the sides rather than working up and down as ours do, will tackle whitewash, grease, hair and paint as well as honey, bread and beer. Cockroaches eat their own cast skins, they nibble gold lettering off books, they devour wallpaper, they are very fond of bedbugs.

At the headquarters of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, in Washington, D. C., roaches once ate all the red and blue paint off the drawings of important maps. Adding insult to injury, insects in the nation's capital once began chewing the bindings off bound bulletins of the U. S. Department of Agriculture—including one on how to get rid of cockroaches.

A smart bug, the cockroach knows a lot of answers but, even better, he can learn from experience. This fact got on the scientific record books a few years ago, when an American investigator rigged up an electrical gadget for determining the I.Q. of a cockroach. The insect was placed in the illuminated half of a small cage. If it ran into the other, darkened, half, it received an electric shock.

A Lesson Well Learned

So ingrained is the antagonism of cockroaches to light that the great Carolus Linnaeus selected the word "Blatta" for their scientific family name. Coming from the Latin, it indicates "an insect that shuns the light." Yet, in the electrically wired cage, roaches learned in only a short time to reverse this instinct inherited from millions of generations of ancestors.

Of the 1,000 and more kinds of roaches, which scientists have named and described, most are found in the tropics, although one species lives so far north it feeds on stores of dried fish in the huts of the Laplanders. All cockroaches belong to the order of Orthoptera; their cousins are the grasshoppers and the crickets. The largest roach in the United States, the American cockroach, is an inch and a half in length. It is found mostly in the extreme South. One of the two species which go furthest in boosting profits for the bug-poison manufacturers was first brought to England by sailing ships in the sixteenth century. The other is the small, dark, lively and luxury-loving German roach.

An international game for a good many generations has been trying to give away credit for the German roach. The Germans have called it the Russian roach and the Russians have termed it the Prussian roach. In Nova Scotia, it is known as the Yankee Settler. About the middle of the last century, it was this half-inch bug that added a brand-new term to Webster's Dictionary.

The term is Croton bug. At the time the Croton aqueduct brought a new water supply to New York City, the installation of water pipes caused a rapid spread of German roaches. They entered homes through openings made for the pipes. They seemed to appear, overnight, from nowhere. Dampness and warmth favored their multiplication. They clung by the thousand to hot-water pipes. Boys used to load air rifles with kerosene and spray the massed insects in effective slaughter. The whole city was talking about the invasion of the "black beetles," or "water bugs," or "Croton bugs." Thus the last term took its place in our language.

A Living Thermometer

Whenever a roach starts exploring for a new home, the first thing it looks for is a spot where the temperature stays between seventy and eighty degrees Fahrenheit. It doesn't need to bring along a thermometer. It *is* a thermometer. Its body reacts quickly to any change in heat or cold. From their earliest days, baby roaches are stimulated by any rise in the mercury. They grow exactly twice as fast at eighty degrees as at seventy.

The home life of the roach, except for a case of cannibalism now and then, is comparatively peaceful. Older roaches let the young ones snuggle under them, run over them and sit on them. Among the German roaches, there are three times as many females as males. The former are more resistant to poisons when they are about seventeen months old; it is then that they are depositing their eggs.

Usually cockroaches live in cracks that shouldn't be there and feed on crumbs which should have been brushed away. So a good protection against them is to keep all food tightly covered and to stop up all cracks with plastic wood, plaster or pulped newspaper mixed with glue.

Right now, cockroaches are getting a break as a result of the war. Ten thousand tons a year of a most effective poison, sodium fluoride, are needed to fight the insects. But essential fluor spar is vital to the manufacture of certain wartime steels. So milder poisons are doing their best to hold the roaches in check.

Powdered boracic acid, sprinkled around cracks, is said to discourage the insects. They get it on their feet, chew it off, get sick, and sometimes take the hint that they aren't welcome any more. But the simplest way of annihilating all the roaches at once, if you can protect your plumbing, is to let the temperature indoors fall below freezing. A cockroach gets numb at 35 degrees and dies at 23.

Not long ago, an English entomologist stated that the cockroach is on its way out. He maintains that the roach family is destined to become the dwindling remnant of a dying race. All we have have to do is sit tight. Our roach worries will take care of themselves—in a million years or so. But anyone who knows the Indestructible Archy will have doubts. He will be pretty sure that this Artful Dodger will think of something; that when the time comes, he will be found on top of the heap, pointing his feelers at the nearest food. ★★★

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

To See in the Dark

A new kind of goggles has been developed, fitted with plastic lenses of a special deep red color. They are being worn by thousands in the Armed Forces to adapt the men's eyes for exacting night duty. After the war, this scientific short cut for establishing night vision will be available everywhere to truck and bus drivers, railroad men, plane pilots, seafarers and automobile owners, and will help cut down the high accident rate associated with darkness.

The ordinary method of adapting the eye to see keenly at night has been to keep it in total darkness for a long time, to allow the iris diaphragm to open gradually, and so expose the highly sensitive rods in the circumference of the retina. The eye normally protects these rods against intense light by closing the iris down, so that only the heavy-duty cones at the center of the retina are exposed.

This tedious process is eliminated with the new glasses. The special wave length of red light passed by the lenses tricks the iris into opening, because the rods are insensitive to this particlar red and mistake it for darkness. But the cones see well by this light, so that the wearer can use his eyes for ordinary duties, even for reading, during the accommodation period.

Night-vision adapter goggles will be carefully fitted to each individual so that no white light can leak by them. They need be worn only half an hour and then removed, leaving the vision prepared for the most sensitive perception in darkness.

Tugboat captains and amateur boatmen, thousands of factory workers and others who depend upon the sound of whistles, will have a new deal in convenience and safety when an invention of famed John Hays Hammond, Jr., is put to use. The apparatus will release a puff of highly visible white powder along with each whistle blast, so that the sound can be "seen" as well as heard. This will be especially useful in harbor traffic or in high winds where the toots of whistles are often obliterated.

Slippery Decks Will Go

Among the Navy's most useful gifts to postwar safety and convenience will be a new kind of nonslippery deck surface of a fireproof plastic paint filled with ground-up garnets. The semiprecious stones protrude millions of tiny sharp points to grip the soles of hurrying feet. The invention is already of prime importance to sailors and naval gunners, who must keep their feet under them in battle no matter how wet or oily the heaving decks.

Wherever glistening walking surfaces introduce a hazard, the new paint will kill it—permanently—on land or sea or in the air. Motorboat and yacht owners will no longer slip and fall overboard. Travelers on ships, trains and trolley cars will stand firm however the gangways may lurch. Factories will use these coated floors where oil or water makes concrete or steel treacherous to walk on. Sidewalks can be armored with nonslipping paint wherever traffic crossings are dangerous in wet weather.

At home, kitchen and bathroom floors can be given the new surface in any color desired. The grease-coated floors of garages, always the source of many accidents, will never offend again. The coating, applied like any other paint, will wear like the rock that it is made of.

Stopping the Shakes

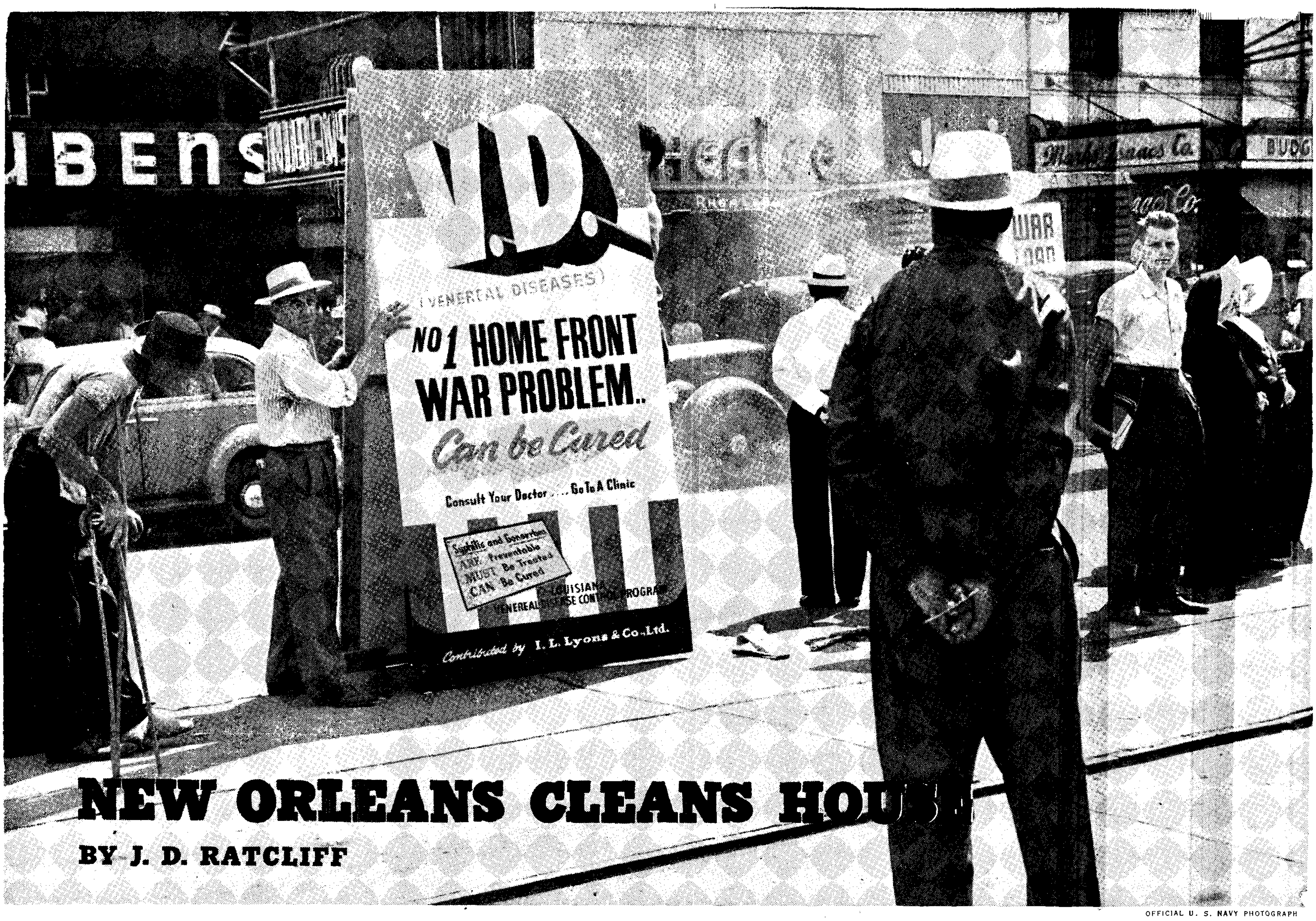
Vibration and noise—that team of mechanical killers that destroys machines and wrecks workers' nerves—will meet its match for the first time when a newly discovered principle of sound suppression is put to work in the nation's factories. Discovered by accident during studies of synthetic rubber performance, the new method uses specially designed rubber insulators under the bases of all machines guilty of vibration of any kind. Thus the shaking is stopped at its source before it can magnify itself and make trouble.

Springs and solid rubber pads, the old standbys for vibration control, can suppress only the heavy, low-frequency rumbles made by running machines. The high-pitched whines get through them easily and escape to floors and walls where they build themselves up and create bedlam. The new vibration insulators completely block all vibration, from the slowest shake to the scream of metal high in the audible range. They do it by diverting the impulses into a labyrinth of rubber ridges and valleys that play them off against themselves and cancel them out.

Besides giving the workers the advantage of quiet factories, tomorrow's silenced machines will be safer. Long-continued vibration gradually fatigues metal parts and even the beams of the buildings, and prepares the way for sudden crack-ups that cause many injuries.

Your electric iron of the future will probably have a fused quartz "shoe" on the bottom, to replace the present one of aluminum or steel. The glass will never smudge the clothes, will heat more evenly and stay hot longer than metal. ★★★

KENNETH W. THOMPSON


UBENS
V.D.
(VENEREAL DISEASES)
No1 HOME FRONT WAR PROBLEM..
Can be Cured
Consult Your Doctor.... Go To A Clinic
Syphilis and Gonorrhea ARE Preventable MUST Be Treated CAN Be Cured
LOUISIANA VENEREAL DISEASE CONTROL PROGRAM
Contributed by I. L. Lyons & Co., Ltd.
WAR LOAN

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Opening gun in New Orleans' drive to control venereal disease was educational. Street posters, radio, newspapers hammered home the serious problem with great effectiveness

NEW ORLEANS CLEANS HOUSE

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

In the first campaign of the Army's nation-wide war against venereal disease, the "widest open town in America" shows how it can be done

VENEREAL disease rates are climbing, as they inevitably do in wartime. Out of the first 2,000,000 draftees over 80,000 were rejected for syphilis. This situation among civilians is inevitably reflected in the military. Soldiers don't get venereal diseases from one another, and they don't spread it to civilian populations. An infected soldier is restricted to his post until drugs have given him a chemical quarantine that renders him noninfectious.

This civilian laxity is costly to the Armed Forces. Last war, venereal diseases took a toll of 7,000,000 soldier days—the equivalent of keeping an entire division off fighting fronts. With a larger army, the figure will be much higher this time.

Because of all these factors a great nation-wide drive on venereal diseases is planned this year. Fifty cities are ready to start campaigns. New Orleans has provided a blueprint for them. It is staging the most effective war on venereal disease ever put on in this country.

New Orleans, lush and lazy, has always prided itself on being the most wide-open city on the North American continent. Since the days when frontiersmen rode barges filled with salt, hides, and iron down the river to New Orleans, the city has found it profitable to provide entertainment. Sugar, rice and cotton planters headed for the city when they sold crops. And tourists weren't too reluctant to see a few sights that would raise their moral cockles at home. New Orleans, always aiming to please, took a comfortably relaxed attitude about vice.

The late Wilson Mizner complained about the prudery of his New York hotel—it didn't permit opium smoking in elevators. New Orleans has always drawn a rigid line here too, but nearly everything else has gone.

True, from time to time, police would put on a show. They would tub thump, snort fire and promise action—then end up by righteously smashing a few pinball machines. But under this cloak of high morality, the beautiful old city went along in its easy ways.

This was well enough in peacetime. If a man contracted venereal disease it was sad—but it was his own fault. Or so New Orleans thought. But when thousands of soldiers and sailors began contracting these diseases, that put another aspect on the problem. It meant a heavy-footed brake on the war effort.

A bomber pilot who gets gonorrhea is grounded while taking curative sulfa drugs. While getting this medication his reactions aren't to be trusted. This means loss of the key man in a highly trained bomber crew. It's the same story with a naval gunner or other valuable, highly trained military personnel.

To get some notion of how bad the situation was, note that in New Orleans soldiers and sailors were contracting several times as much venereal disease as they were in other large cities like New York and Chicago.

The city needed a good scrubbing. And it got it. A year ago if you had told a citizen that New Orleans was going to get a *real* cleaning, he would have given you a tolerant, amused smile. But that is exactly what happened.

To get some idea of the scope of the problem, look at a little background: New Orleans has a deeply rooted history of organized vice. The city's legendary Storyville, bounded by Canal and St. Louis Streets, North Robertson and Basin (famous today for the radio program of swing music), housed a population of 2,000 prostitutes. This 20-block segregated area was abolished in 1917—and its inhabitants were scattered all over the city.

This was the situation last year when military authorities demanded action. New Orleans had 100 known houses of prostitution, as well as scores of "call" houses, and juke joints with accommodations in the rear.

Operators of these places made a ludicrous attempt at self-policing by refusing admittance to men in uniform. Shops immediately sprang up alongside where a suit of civilian clothes could be rented for $1. And if there wasn't one of these handy, a taxi driver always carried a spare suit of civvies, available for a small fee.

Off to a False Start

On July 14th last year—Bastille Day, appropriately—the big drive started. The vice squad, aided by military police, closed every known house of prostitution. The drive was pretty much of a farce. The fancy ladies went through the Recorder's Court mill—getting $25 *or* 30 days. They paid up and went free. Venereal disease rates among soldiers and sailors continued to soar.

Military authorities—particularly Commander T. A. Fears, venereal disease control officer for the 8th Naval District—demanded real action. They wanted a war on vice, not a sham battle. They weren't thinking of a polite blood-testing campaign which would alarm ladies-aid societies, and parent-teachers associations, but a campaign which would break the whole situation wide open.

Fears pointed out that venereal diseases were costly to civilians as well as to the Armed Forces. A fourth of all inmates in prisons and insane asylums were syphilitic. On the basis of Selective Service figures, New Orleans had three times as much venereal disease as the national average.

Even at the outset, no one had any doubt that the job would be difficult. New Orleans politics are strange and wonderful, and the city is as socially touchy as any other in the land. The clean-up campaign had to be an inside job, put on by citizens, not an outside job put on by the military or by federal agencies.

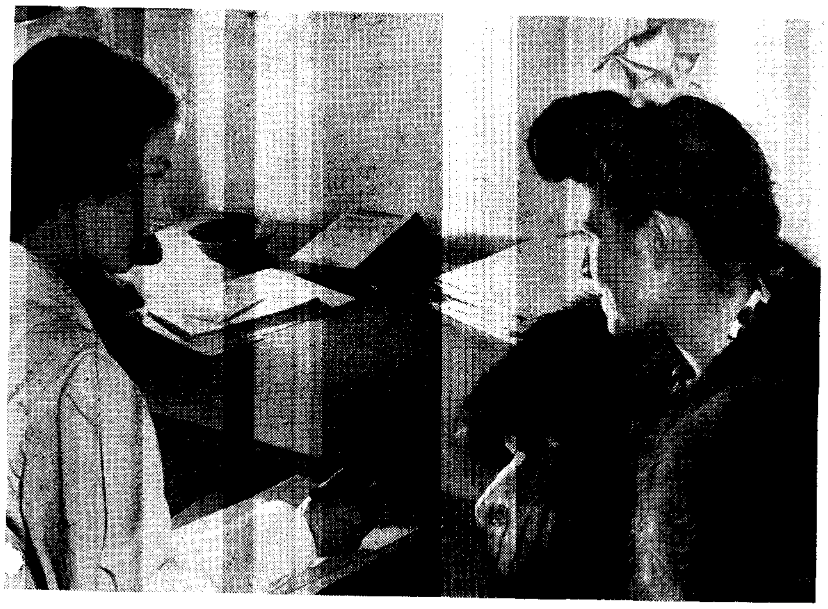
The Association of Commerce took responsibility for the job. It appointed a committee for a venereal disease education campaign, headed by Leonard V. Huber, New Orleans businessman. Huber energetically laid out a rip-roaring campaign, aimed particularly at the bottom of the social pile, where most venereal disease is bred.

Huber plastered the city with posters. He put them on trash cans and billboards, in tavern toilets, busses and streetcars. He enlisted speakers to give VD—venereal disease—talks to shipyard workers, union meetings, church gatherings, girls' schools, Negro longshoremen. Radio stations gave time for talks, and newspapers blossomed with half-page ads, telling the story in the bluntest language ever used in

(Continued on page 76)

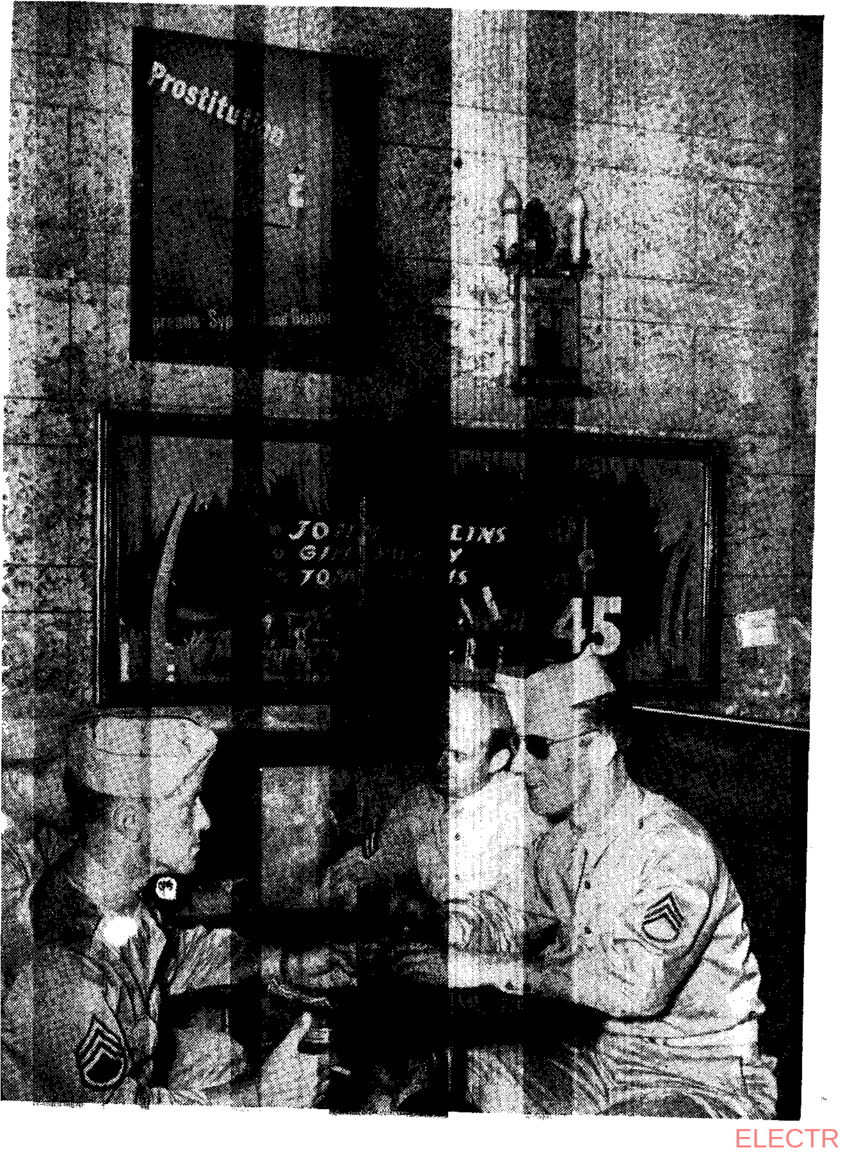
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Men behind the fight to control America's worst venereal disease problem were, left to right Leonard V. Huber, New Orleans businessman; Commander T. A. F[illegible]ars, U.S.N.; Police Captain James E. Cripps and Dr. John M. Whitney, New Orleans Health Director



Rehabilitation begins with an interview that determines what treatment, other than medical, will be required to prevent relapses into prostitution. Below, an approved drinking place for soldiers prominently displays one of the warning posters

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH



Two of 67 Negro girls picked up by police in one morning are brought to a venereal disease clinic for examination. Of 2,000 girls arrested, nearly 1,600 were infected

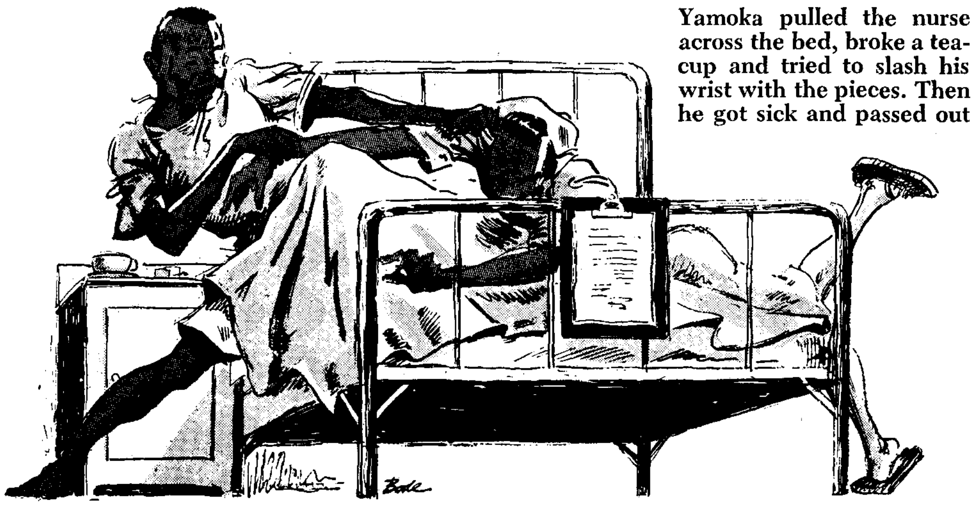
Matrons provide sewing to entertain girls awaiting reports of tests that will determine whether they will be held for treatment. Girl seated farthest from camera is not a prostitute

One Jap

BY CAPTAIN LUTHER DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BODE

This psychological study of a Jap pilot may help you to understand the stupid cruelties of "The March of Death"



Yamoka pulled the nurse across the bed, broke a teacup and tried to slash his wrist with the pieces. Then he got sick and passed out

THIS is the success story of a Jap named Chunosuke Yamoka who, at the age of twenty-four, has contrived to die a hero's death, win a posthumous decoration from his emperor—and remain very comfortably alive.

His life-after-death began one February morning over an American airfield in China while Sergeant Major Yamoka was radio operator on a twin-engined bomber—one of three which had set out from Canton to do or die for old Nippon. He remembers hearing the bombardier call that they were over the initial point, and then there was a lot of vibration, the sound of bullets chewing into the tail, a moment of salty terror—full stop. A few days later his family was informed of his glorious death and was paid some compensation.

The only individual among the crews of the three bombers who lived, Yamoka suffered a slight concussion and remained unconscious in a Chinese-American hospital for two days. When he first awakened—late at night—the sole attendant in the ward was a Chinese girl nurse.

"I am dead," he said in Japanese.

"You're a prisoner," she told him and reached to feel his brow.

He grabbed her arm, pulled her across the bed, and jumped to his feet. The nurse screamed; Yamoka broke a teacup against the wall and tried to slash his wrist with one of the jagged pieces. Then he became sick to his stomach and passed out again.

Thereafter, intelligence officers took over the case. Experts on Japan, they anticipated more attempts at self-destruction; forestalled them by posting burly guards at his bedside. These had been instructed to handle the prisoner gently because many Japs try to die by making a break and getting the guards to kill them.

While they watched for symptoms of hara-kiri, the warders had another important function—to keep anyone from speaking to him. Japs are frequently garrulous people and one of the best ways of predisposing them to talk is to starve them of conversation.

Otherwise the young airman was treated kindly; given the best care and food the little field hospital had to offer. This is part of the routine, too, because many Japs believe they will be tortured—a conviction which has as much to do with their suicide attempts as does a sense of shame at being captured. As their fear goes away so does their truculent manner and after a week or so of no talk but much solicitude they usually are reduced to rather pathetic little creatures who sigh a lot.

Yamoka was shot down on his first mission from Canton. Just before that he had been stationed with his squadron in New Guinea—and hated the place. The climate made him lazy while the food gave him diarrhea; he had entirely too much time to lie on his bunk and dream of Japan, spring, a girl. In a letter written to his family at this period appears the sentence, "Constant thinking makes me afraid." There he expresses something which has haunted him since childhood—thought always shook up his nice stable world. "Was the emperor completely infallible or just slightly so? Why did the Greater East Asia War have to be fought right now—with *his* life?" He would pray for strength—and less time to think.

He never talked about his doubts to anyone, but the head of his "progressive" school once gave him a lecture about such matters. He was an old man who had taught archaic Japanese at a university in Tokyo and his school, although far from progressive by our standards, represented modernity to the Japs because it stressed the new fads—courses in ancient dances and folk lore, the so-called "pure" Nipponese language instead of the city speech which contained foreign words like "baseball" and "movies."

Just before Yamoka was to graduate, the headmaster took him for a long walk in the lovely woods of that part of Northern Japan. "You will soon be in the army," the old man said, "and will be fighting our country's enemies in China; perhaps elsewhere. I have never been a soldier but one bit of guidance I can give you: Do not doubt that the emperor is truly the son of heaven and inspired by God. He cannot err."

The eighteen-year-old boy, terrified lest the teacher had guessed his soul struggles, took to denying hotly that he had ever had a treasonable thought. "In this year of 1937," he said, "one is too well educated to doubt."

"Nevertheless," said the professor, "every morning and every evening say softly to yourself, 'The emperor is divine. In doing his will I am doing right.' "

Fighting the Battle of Fear

From time to time Chunosuke has taken that advice. In New Guinea, for instance, where his doubts came often, he answered them with that catechism, and, in 1940, when he flew on his first combat mission over Foochow, China, he was afraid and said it many times before he returned safely to base. "It brought love into my heart," he says, "and made thinking go away."

After school Yamoka was not immediately conscripted. Although in that year men were being called up very fast, for some reason he had a full seven months of civilian life. It had been decided in family council that, inasmuch as he was the last born and would inherit no part of the land, he had best take a job. So every morning he walked five miles to a factory which manufactured paper from rice straw and there worked ten hours as a copyist in the accounting office. He was paid two yen a day—in buying power the equivalent of one American dollar.

Thanks to this wage he had money of his own for literally the first time in his life—got drunk one night and caught a spy. Like most country people, he had little real knowledge of the political currents which were turning Japan into a war machine, but he read enough posters to get thoroughly spy conscious.

On his way to the local brothel with two others boys from the paper mill, he saw a lone American trudging from the railroad station down the main street of town "muttering to himself," as Yamoka tells it, and carrying a suitcase. As a complete absence of taxis was the regular state of affairs there, the young Japs couldn't imagine why the stranger showed such interest in every vehicle that passed.

The boys followed and, when they saw the foreigner hide his suitcase under a tree, jumped him. He struggled frantically and Yamoka held his arms while the other two helped half-drag, half-carry the "agent" to the local police station.

Yamoka heard no more about it—the police would tell him nothing—until shortly after Pearl Harbor. At that time, having finished a year of basic training and a special radio course, he was on his first tour of foreign service in Manchukuo. He received a letter from the political police in Tokyo asking him to sign a statement that he remembered seeing an American of certain description hide dynamite in a "critical place."

Yamoka proudly signed the document.

Manchukuo, interior China, and then to New Guinea, his bombardment squadron replacing a *chutai* which had fought through the first Solomons campaign. There they were billeted at Port Moresby in the midst of a considerable Melanesian population—the first colored people Chunosuke had ever seen. "The human race seems odd," he wrote to his father, "when you realize that these dark-skinned creatures are also human beings—just like us."

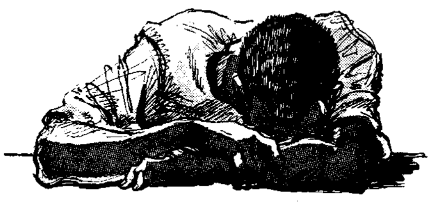
While there he was awarded the Order of the Golden Kite, a decoration given after completion of twenty-five combat missions. It meant a small addition to his pay—bringing his monthly earnings to about sixty dollars—but the great thing was that it came in the name of the emperor. "It seems I am dreaming when I hold the emperor's gift in my hand," he told his commanding officer.

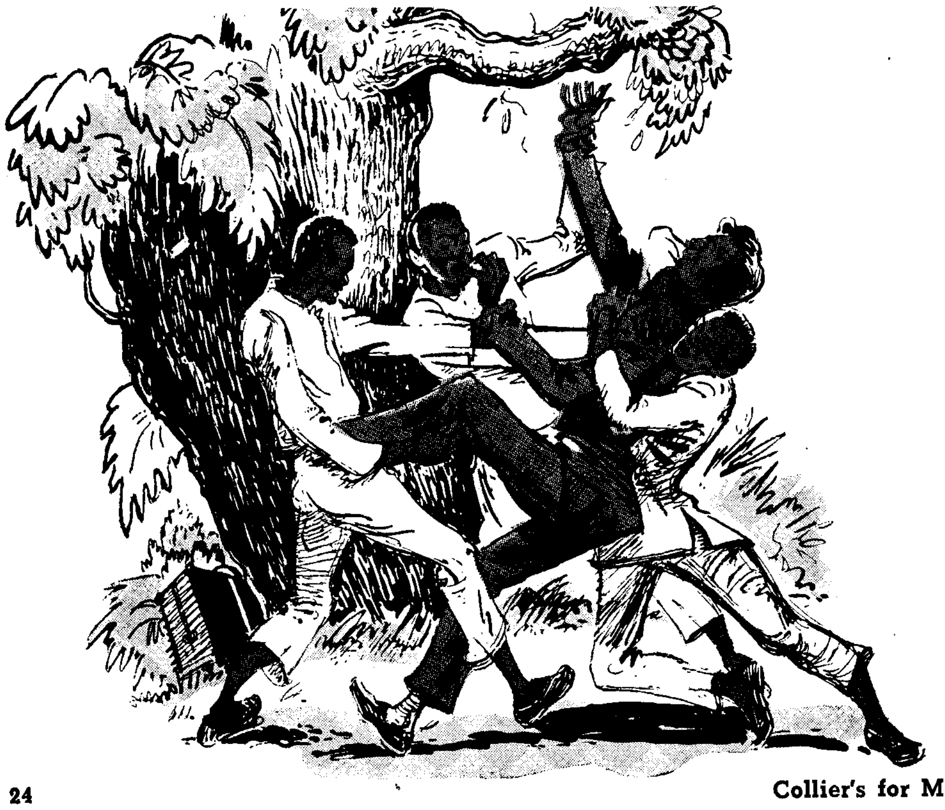
Today Yamoka lives quite comfortably in a prisoner-of-war camp in the Far East. Three hours of every day he teaches Allied soldiers the rudiments of Japanese; the rest of the time he resorts to thought. Such leisure is permitted because he now has certain special privileges—having been officially declared "completely harmless."

This label—and the accompanying privileges—Yamoka won about two months after his capture when an Intelligence Officer brought him a Japanese newspaper. It featured a long and reverent description of the emperor's presenting Yamoka's "ashes" with a decoration for gallant death in battle.

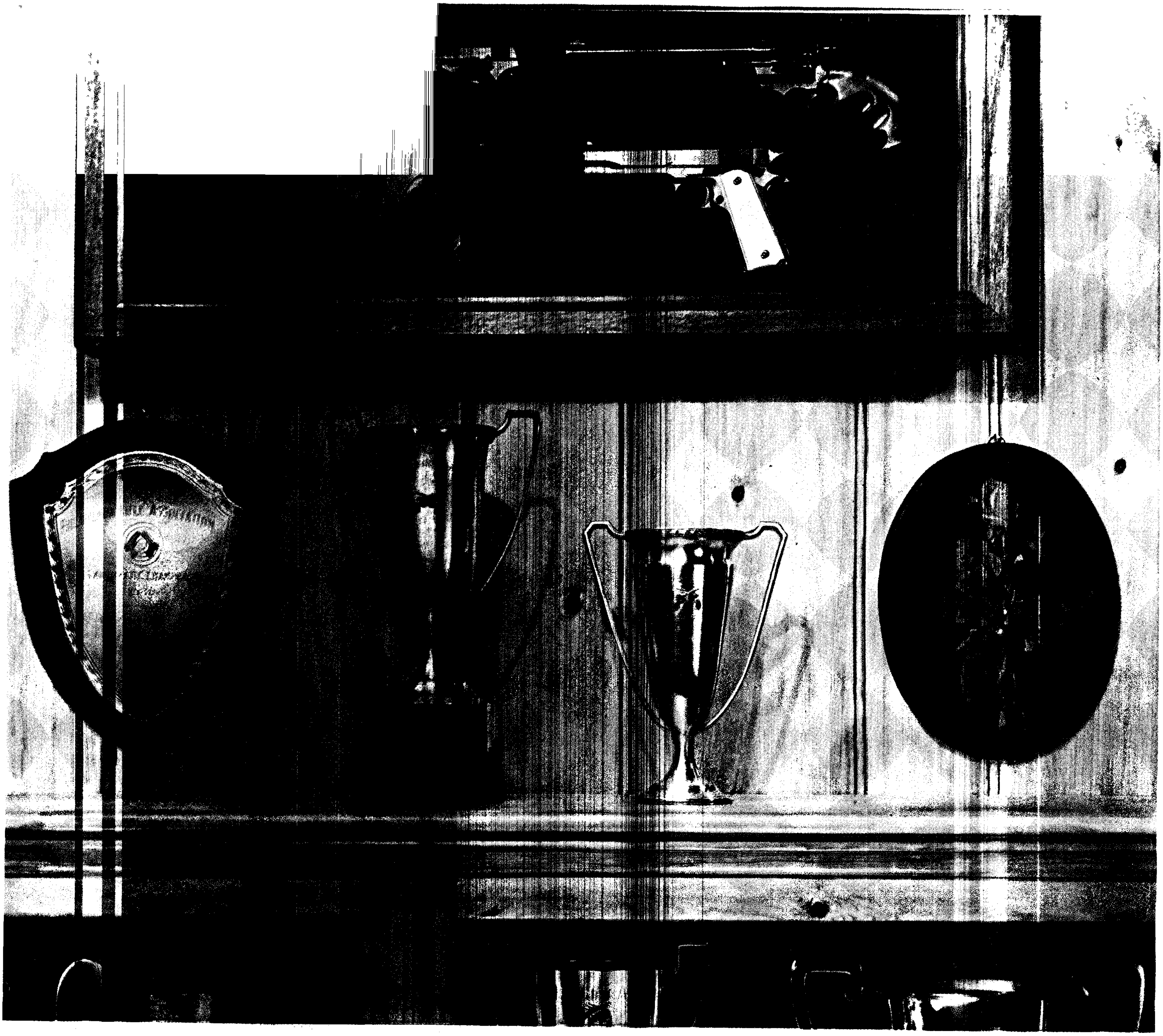
The young Jap read the story very carefully. After several minutes of silence he said simply, "The emperor has made a very grave error."

Then he put his head on his arms and cried. ★★★





The three Jap boys jumped the American "spy" and arrested him



Guess which trophy the guests gave him

THEY DID IT more as a friendly gag than anything else.

But when they put that plaque up there beside the other trophies their host had won, they were sincere in wanting him to know that his Four Roses Old Fashioneds rated a special token of appreciation.

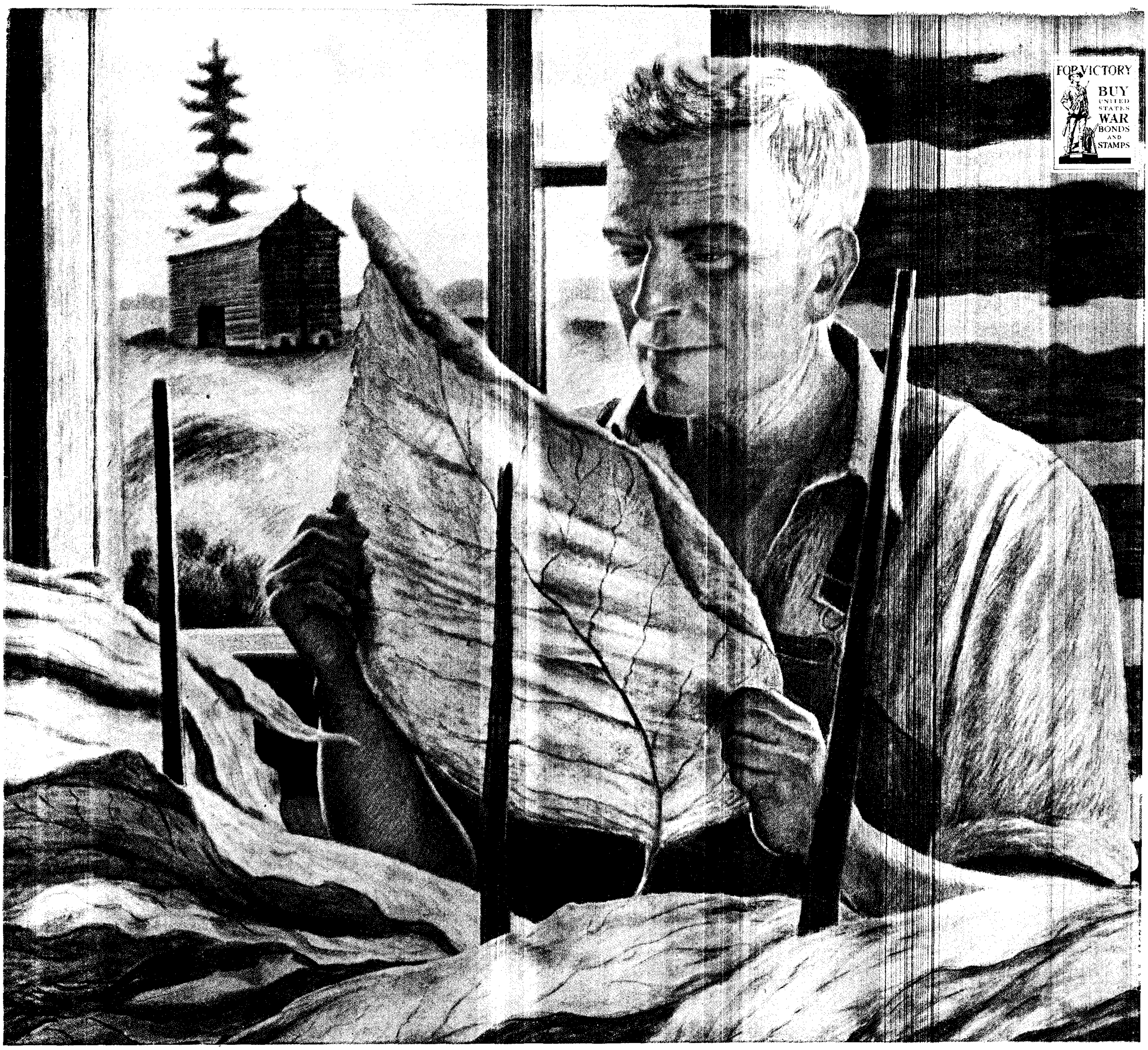
Perhaps *your* guests will never go so far as to award you a trophy for serving drinks made with Four Roses. But you can be certain they'll find *some* way to tell you how extra special your cocktails are!

Perhaps, these days, you can't always get Four Roses when you ask for it. But if your dealer is temporarily out of it, please be patient and try again. He'll be getting more, soon.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City


FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

"I'VE GOT A CROP FINE FOR LUCKY STRIKE"

Fine for LUCKIES

so round – so firm – so fully packed
– so free and easy
on the draw

L.S./M.F.T.

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I Hate Actors

Continued from page 19

Sentinel World Studios, Mr. Samuel Zupelman, mighty satrap of Zupelman Pictures, Inc., Mr. Gamaliel Winkelberger, president of Atlantic Productions—second in prowess only to Empire—and Mr. Harry Arlington, presiding wizard of the Superba Studios, sat all glumly eying the cloudburst through which our limousine moved in a sort of Australian crawl.

But there was no dearth of conversation. Gilbert Higgens was always a man who regarded any silence around him as a tribute. We had no sooner packed ourselves into the car, than Higgens *père* launched into a report of an encounter during the London blitz with a man he had recognized as a German spy. This was followed, without pause, by the tale of how he had flown an entire gypsy orchestra from Budapest to Barcelona to serenade a Spanish duchess who had caught his fancy.

I listened, as always, fascinated by the anecdotes of Orlando's father. I had never known exactly what Gilbert did outside of being the hero of Homeric adventures. I had heard that he was an "international banker," but it was difficult to believe that so harum-scarum a figure had ever seen the inside of a bank. He was more Cyrano than Morgenthau.

I knew only that Gilbert at the age of sixty-eight still traveled the war-torn world as if he were an ingénue dreaming of romance, that he knew practically all the famous people on the face of the earth—specializing in royalty and literature; that he was fat as Friar Tuck, rich as Croesus, ate like a kennel of St. Bernard dogs, and chose to talk like a stuffy snob with an English accent; that he suffered from a combination of diseases, including gout, dropsy and a bad heart, and remained, withal, as energetic as a puppy.

His chief charm, however, lay in the fact that this society-smitten fat man, who had consorted everywhere with everybody, was as naïve at sixty-eight as he might have been at eleven. He was at home in all the capitals of the world but always as a sort of *enfant terrible*, whose outstanding social accomplishment seemed to be eating himself into a coma.

NOBODY interrupted Gilbert in our car, nor did any of his brightly told sagas lighten the curious mood that prevailed, a gloom that matched the nasty elements outside. Orlando stayed with a sour look on his face and avoided the twinkling eyes of his Falstaffian parent. Occasionally he offered me a reproachful glare.

Gilbert was still talking when we arrived at Higgens, Inc. "We're getting out here," I reminded him.

He started squeezing himself through the door. Exits and entrances involving anything less than a ballroom were always difficulties for Gilbert. Orlando, standing in the flooded evening, tugged on his sire's coattail and fetched him out of the car.

"See you tonight." Gilbert thrust his beaming face into the tonneau for a last look at its surly load of Pharaohs. "We'll get up another hearts' game."

The limousine plowed off in the deluge as we scurried toward the Higgens' façade.

"By George, that was pretty rotten of you, Orlando!" Gilbert cried above the storm. "Not even thanking them. I did my best to cover up your filthy manners."

Orlando said nothing.

Miss Flannigan looked up as we entered.

"I'm very glad to see you back, Mr. Higgens," she said stoically. "I hope the suit fit that I sent you."

Orlando walked moodily to his monastery table.

"There's been a little excitement since you left," Flannigan continued. "We arranged for Mr. Bison's test. I think they're going to look at it this evening in projection room B at the studio. Shall I call up to verify?"

"The hell with it," said Orlando. "Where's Mr. Albert?"

"He's in there, studying." Flannigan nodded at a door. "He came back two hours ago. Would you care to see him?"

"No," said Orlando, "tell him to go to my hotel and wait for me, no matter how long."

"Well, old boy," Gilbert cackled suddenly, "how does it feel to be a jailbird?"

Orlando regarded him sullenly before replying.

"Listen, Father," he said, "you've got me into the damnedest jam I've ever been in. So just keep quiet, will you?"

Gilbert turned his back on his son and tried to hoist his right leg onto the couch. He winced, grunted and gave up the task.

"I knew the minute I heard you were in town that I was as good as in that gas chamber," Orlando's voice rose. "What the devil did you have to do it for, Father? Why couldn't you, for once in your life, behave like a normal human being?"

"You're a free man, aren't you?" Gilbert demanded petulantly.

Orlando glared.

"By George, after all I've been through," his parent went on indignantly, "I must say you have a filthy way of showing your gratitude. Really, old boy, it wasn't easy to get those four moguls to lie for you. I rounded them up soon as I got the news and told them it was for the good of the industry. I had to tell 'em also that you were innocent." He winked at me. "After they'd swallowed that, it was a little easier sailing. I promised to introduce that ass, Zupelman, to King George. Gave Walter Sloggins my word I'd get him invited to the White House. By George, I've jeopardized my entire social future for you, old boy. As for the alibi itself," he cackled happily, "that was apple pie. It so happened that they were all together last night in Zupelman's house playing hearts. All they had to do was deal you in—and you were saved. I think they asphyxiate in this state, don't they? Now just what are you grousing about, old boy?"

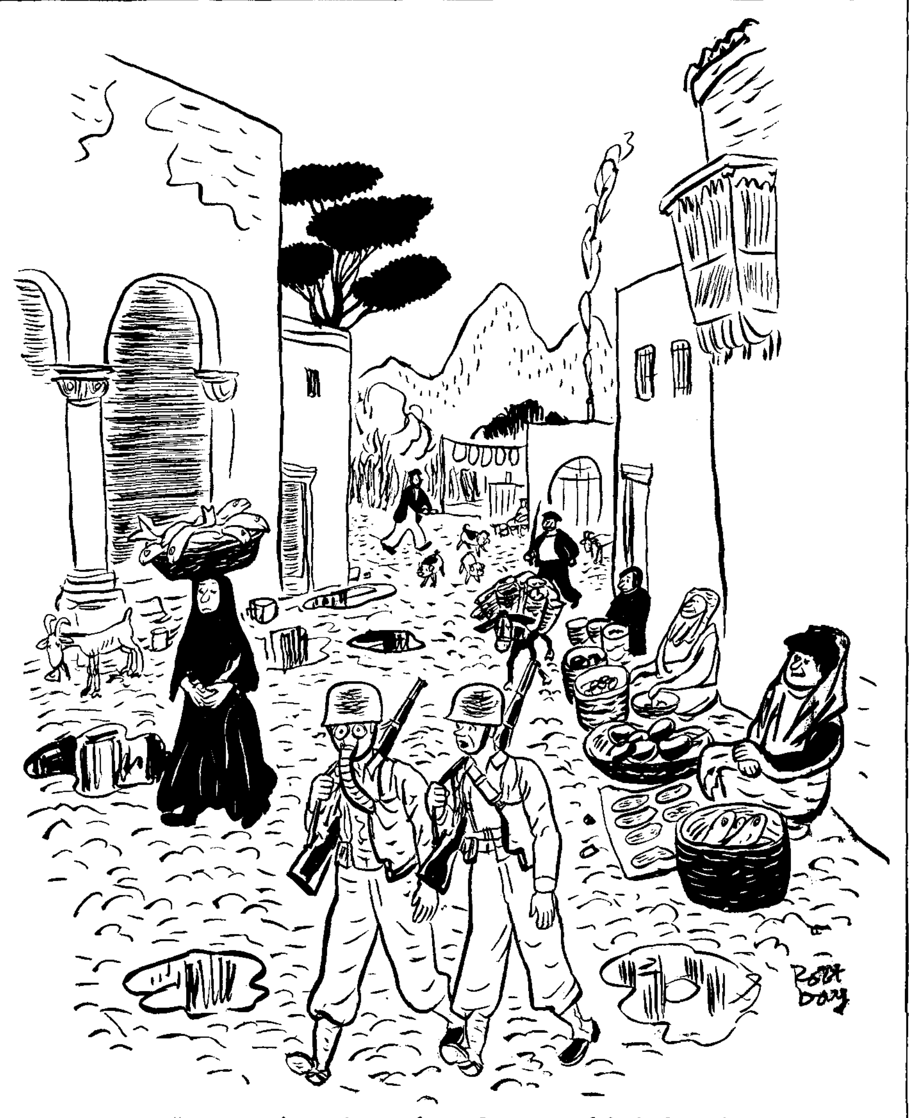
"Damn it, Father," Orlando, who had been listening sourly, now exploded, "you've just ruined everything! It happens I've got an alibi—an honest one!"

"DON'T lie to me, old boy." Gilbert looked stern. "Or I won't be any good to you. You cut that rotter's throat, and anything you may have dreamed up as an alibi isn't worth a dime alongside the one you've got now. Thanks to me!"

"Oh, so you think I'm a murderer." Orlando frowned.

"Absolutely." His father looked back at him tenderly. "But don't brood about that, old boy. I heard the whole story. Utterly excusable. I remember once in Vienna—"

"Shut up about Vienna!" Orlando cried, "and listen to me. I never touched that lunkhead, Wilde. And I had a perfect alibi until you butted in. Now I got to go around under a cloud." Orlando shuddered. "I'm at the mercy of those four dumb producers. And I got to do business with them, too! I hadn't thought of that." Orlando's voice filled with alarm. "Well, Father, you've just squashed my whole career. Those apes will blackmail me for the rest of my life—on the strength of having done me a so-called favor. I'm as good as bankrupt. They won't leave me my eyeteeth."



COLLIER'S "Lou, you're going to hurt these people's feelings!" ROBERT DAY

"I thought of that," Gilbert murmured, "but if you'll look at the thing in the right light, the shoe's quite on the other foot, you know. If there's any blackmailing to be done, old boy, it's you who can do it. As a matter of fact"—Gilbert looked appealingly at his son—"you've got 'em right over a barrel—for lying to the police and obstructing justice. You can ruin the blighters if you care to open your mouth about it."

Orlando scowled but nodded fairly.

"The damnedest crook who ever lived!" he muttered to me, with a proud glance at his parent.

"By George, man," Gilbert continued, feeling victory was his, "if you had an alibi, why didn't you tell it to the police—instead of letting me run around pulling one out of a hat?"

"Because I didn't want to involve a sweet, innocent human being," Orlando snarled.

"Oh, some girl!" Gilbert's almost invisible eyes opened a fraction.

Orlando looked disgusted.

"Very noble of you, old boy," Gilbert said. "That's exactly the line I gave that thickheaded lieutenant. You didn't want to involve the heads of the industry. It's practically the same thing."

"It's not the same thing at all," Orlando cried. "I'd have thrown that gang to the dogs like a shot."

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Her name is Betha Fancher," said Orlando gently. "I met her for the first time last night."

"Before or after the crime?" Gilbert insisted stubbornly.

Orlando sneered. "You're like some half-baked child."

Gilbert had manipulated a foot into his hand and was rubbing it tenderly.

"I had the stupidest accident." He grimaced appealingly. "Cracked my right foot into a boulder as I was running to catch that bus. I'm afraid I'll have to put it into a cast."

"You did nothing of the sort," Orlando answered. "You've been overeating like a pig and you've got the gout again. Now don't start bothering me about a broken leg. Anybody can see through you."

A VICIOUS look tightened Gilbert's face but he remained silent.

"Look here." Orlando turned to me. "I want you to know the real truth in case you ever have to testify. After I left Dennis' place I was, naturally, sore as hell. I'd told Bill to wait at the hotel with the car till I called him up. Well, I wasn't going back into that dump of Wilde's and ask to use a phone. And you know where the joint is—right in the middle of Tarzania. It's like a jungle. Not a house for miles. So I kept on walking in the rain till I was nearly drowned and suddenly I see a light in the woods—twinkling."

"Sounds like a fairy tale." Gilbert's bulk rippled with sarcasm.

"It was," Orlando agreed unexpectedly. "That's exactly how it turned out." He stared at the rain moodily. "It was a tiny little house—like a hut. I knocked on the door, and this girl appeared with a book in her hand and a great big dog beside her."

"She was reading to him," Gilbert said gleefully; "what every dog should know."

"You're not funny," said Orlando and went on. "I got there before midnight and stayed there exactly till a quarter to four."

"Sounds as if you had a fascinating time, old boy," Gilbert muttered.

"Father, I don't want you to talk like

that." Orlando's face flushed. "I had the sweetest, decentest time I ever had in my life. She's the first pure, fine human being I've ever met in this dizzy town."

Orlando needed no further prodding. His memories crowded eagerly to the front.

"She knew who I was," he went on softly, "and we got to talking about the art of acting."

"Oh, an actress!" said Gilbert with a cackle.

"Damn it, Father," Orlando cried, "you make me feel utterly cheap, talking about her."

"Sorry, old boy." Gilbert placed his hands penitently on his Santa Claus stomach. "I don't mean to be uncouth."

"That's exactly what you are," said Orlando coldly, "uncouth. I'm trying to tell you about a girl who really belongs in a fairy tale. And if there's anything I know in this world, it's female tramps. I can spot them a mile off. All those phony baloney vampires. You know, I'd got so I didn't think it was possible for a woman to be a real human being—I mean something really delicate and unsullied."

"Hard to find, I agree," said Gilbert ominously.

"What does she do?" I asked, keeping my voice as tender as I could.

"Just dreams," Orlando smiled. "Lives on dreams."

"Is that a fact?" Gilbert cradled his troublesome foot. "Any particular kind?"

ORLANDO ignored him. "We just sat there and talked for four hours straight," he went on. "It was like being in another world. She's the kind of a girl who wants to be Bernhardt, you know. Nothin' less. It was terribly cute. All alone in that little, tiny hut and full of the darnedest, goofiest ideals. She's been trying to break into the movies for a year. I laughed my head off when I heard it. A little, skinny thing with a big, wide mouth and freckles. She'd photograph like a pollywog. I told her she was all wet. A girl as decent and sensitive as she was had no place in the movies." Orlando chuckled. "We got into the darnedest argument about what's art. You never heard such a goonywart," he went on fondly. "I kind of broke her heart, I guess."

"How was that?" I asked. The mystery of Dennis Wilde's murder had taken second place in my mind to this other startling event—Orlando prostrate before the altar of love.

"Well, I explained to the poor kid," he answered eagerly, "that the movies have nothing to do with art. I sort of proved to her that fame in the movies is based ninety-eight per cent on publicity." Orlando looked at me fondly as if I were someone quite else. "If you've got that lousy genius for personal publicity, I said to her, you can become a star. But if you're somebody decent and sweet and you're not a big public ham, you can't get anywhere—no matter how much art you're full of."

"I'm getting awfully hungry," Gilbert spoke up suddenly. "I haven't had a bite since yesterday afternoon."

Orlando ignored this wail. "You can see why I didn't want to drag that sort of a girl into this Dennis Wilde mess," he sighed. "It would be like soiling a child."

"Mr. J. B. Cobb is on the wire," Flannigan announced.

Orlando picked up a phone. "Hello, J. B.," he said abstractedly. "What's new?"

Mr. Cobb spoke at some length.

"That's okay," Orlando finally answered. "We were all a little upset, I guess . . . Yep . . . Yep. I agree with you absolutely. It certainly looked bad for me . . . Yep, that's right—playing hearts at Zupelman's . . . Nope, you know better than that, J. B. I never hold a grudge . . . What's that? . . . Oh, Bison. What about him, by the way? . . . You did, eh? How'd he look? . . . Is that so! Well, J. B., I'll say this for you; you never miss out on a great artist. Always the first to spot him . . . Yep . . . Yep. I told you he was terrific. Real fire . . . What! One grand a week! Don't be silly! That's not like you, J. B. You owe it to the memory of Dennis Wilde not to put some basement bargain in his place. The public would loathe it—if they should happen to find out . . . Yep . . . Yep. Fifteen hundred for the first three months and twenty-five for the rest of the first year. We'll talk about five-year options later—at the proper time. Okay. It's a deal. Be on deck first thing in the morning. Yep . . . Okay . . . Without fail . . . Will do."

Orlando sat back and looked wistfully at the ceiling.

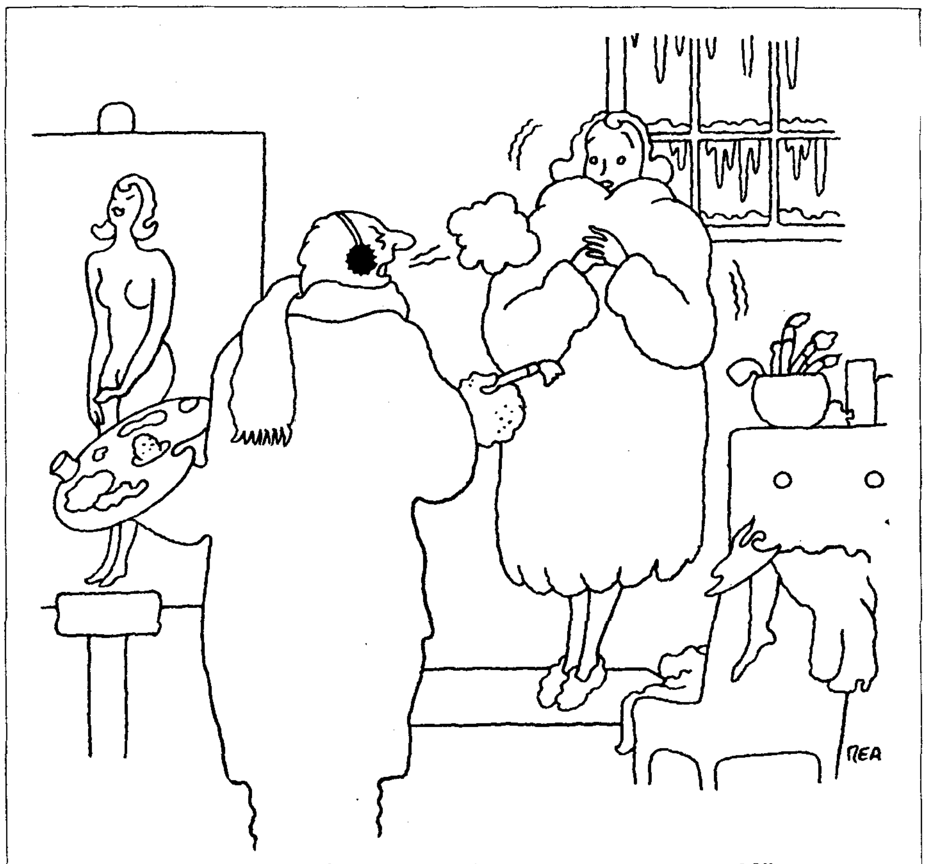
"Did they buy Mr. Bison?" Flannigan asked.

Orlando nodded vaguely.

"I knew they would," she sighed. "I guess I'll go home if you don't want me for anything. My!" she looked out of the window. "It's still raining. It's been a very interesting day, hasn't it?"

The door closed behind her.

"Funny," Orlando said quietly. "It doesn't mean a thing to me. Not a thing—selling Bison or anybody else. It's like playing around with mud pies. I got an absolutely new perspective," he muttered. "This whole town strikes me like some frowsy old clambake."



COLLIER'S "Now, Miss Holmes, may I have another quick peek?" GARDNER REA

"Sounds like love," I suggested.

"I don't know what it is." Orlando sneered suddenly at no one in particular. "I never had it before."

WE ENTERED the hotel dining room two hours later—in dry clothes. A few of the tables were still occupied by hotel hermits deep in their newspapers as if bent over their devotions. They were reading the Dennis Wilde case.

Walking to our table, I caught glimpses of Dennis Wilde as a tot with a rattle in his hand, of Elvina Bliss in bloomers and tam-o'-shanter, riding a bicycle to school; and various other peeps into the past. The newspaper illustrations in a great murder mystery usually convey the impression that school children, grandmothers and well-known public officials have been participating in some carnival of lust.

"Order what you want," said Orlando. "I'm just going to grab a bite and beat it."

"In this miserable rain!" Gilbert frowned. "Where to, old boy?"

"Never mind," Orlando smiled and fell to humming as he studied the menu. "Ham on rye," he said to the waiter, "and a glass of ice-cold milk. Hurry it!"

Gilbert, the international gourmet, shuddered.

A BELLBOY appeared with an armful of partially dry newspapers. Orlando grabbed them. His father pointed at an enormous headline and inquired petulantly:

"What does that say?"

" 'New Clue in Wilde Murder,' " I read. Gilbert put on his glasses to verify it.

"They'll never catch the man who did that job," he told his son. "It's just stirring up a useless row. The thing'll blow over in a few days with no harm done anybody—except Mr. Wilde and a number of other loathesome movie types. I say"—he looked intently at Orlando—"what's the matter, old boy? You're not sick or somethin'?"

Orlando had been staring popeyed at the front page of the latest "extra." His face was white and his mouth was open in the manner of a dead fish on a pier.

"Ulcers," Gilbert diagnosed, "I never had them."

I leaned over to have a look at Orlando's morning paper, and so did Gilbert.

"By George! That's very interesting," he whispered cheerfully, staring at a large photograph of a girl with a child in her arms and tears streaming down her face. The caption read, "Betha Fancher, Mother of Dennis Wilde's Baby Boy, Breaks Down."

The story under the picture was labeled in large type "Exclusive." Its lead bristled with the doting self-love which only newspapers have for their own deeds of cunning and derring-do. It appeared that Miss Fancher's tale of unbridled passion and grim aftermath—a tale certain to shake the world to its moral foundations—was to be read only in that particular newspaper; and that the publication, appalled at the turtlelike movements of the police, was pledged to serve the public with a streamlined investigation of the Dennis Wilde scandal.

The exuberant columns related that Miss Fancher, an ethereal type of beauty ("The Mona Lisa of Tarzania," cried the streamlined investigator) had revealed to the newspaper (exclusively) that she had been Dennis Wilde's mistress for a year; that she had (in her innocent trust) born him a child; that she had, subsequently, pursued the devil-may-care film idol for six months, begging him to marry her and give the fruit of their great love a name; and that she had broken into Mr. Wilde's home two nights before his murder and quarreled with him violently.

Two of the "monosyllabic Koreans" in the Wilde household (the story continued) had identified Miss Fancher as the young woman who had run screaming from the movie star's bedroom at 2 A.M. on that occasion, and stated further that Mr. Wilde, in his pajamas, had followed the Mona Lisa to the door, shouting, "If you ever come around here again, so help me, I'll knock your block off!"

Miss Fancher was then quoted as crying out tearfully to a representative of the paper: "I loved him. I loved him madly. He was my Prince Charming. And he loved me, too. I was his Cinderella. He was ready to give up his career for me, and we were going to live alone on a mountain with our dreams and our baby boy—when this other woman came on the scene and ruined both our lives."

I read on.

"What other woman?" asked the newspaper's representative.

"Without replying, Betha Fancher slid from her chair in a dead faint. Revived by A. L. Benzinger, the lawyer engaged by this paper to protect her rights in the case, the little Cinderella moaned, 'My baby—where is my baby?' The infant was placed against her bosom, and Miss Fancher whispered, 'His eyes are just like Denny's—except that they smile on me.' For several minutes, the little mother's sobs filled the garishly lighted office."

Orlando failed to turn the page.

"You better have a drink," Gilbert cackled. "Waiter—a double bourbon for this gentleman. And don't poke around all night getting it. I say, old boy," he said to Orlando, "that's quite an item you flushed. I like her mouth. It's very expressive."

ORLANDO was silent. The color was still out of his face but his teeth were together. Gilbert, taking advantage of his son's abstraction, ordered a repast.

"That's Hollywood for you," Orlando finally muttered. "False from top to bottom!"

"Didn't she mention Dennis Wilde while you were with her?" Gilbert asked.

Orlando shook his head wearily.

"They talked about art!" Gilbert smirked.

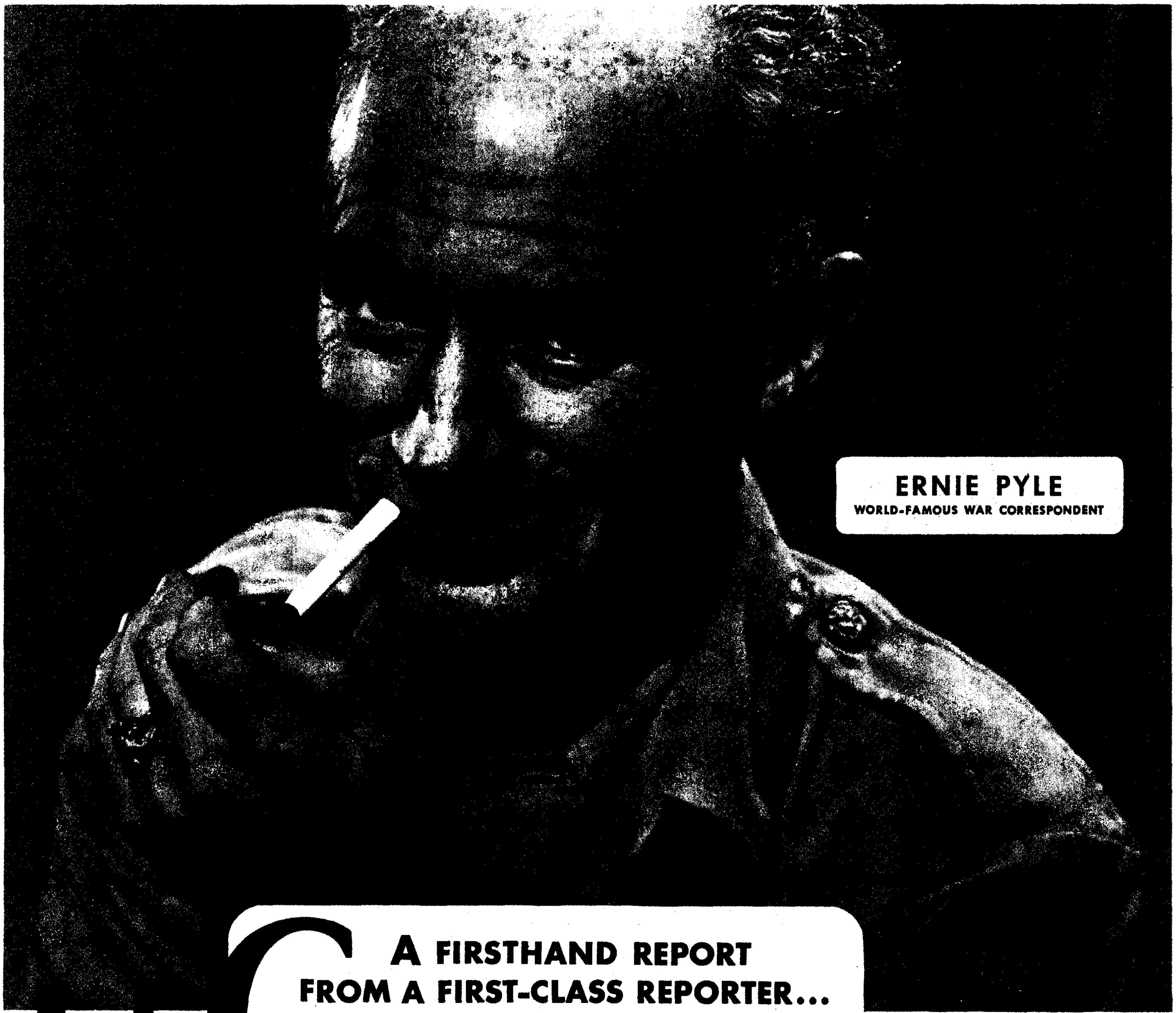
Orlando swallowed the drink placed in front of him. "That's about the worst blow I ever had," he sneered at Miss Fancher's photograph. "No girl has ever made a monkey out of me before. A drooling monkey!"

"Have you ever noticed this about women?" Gilbert said soothingly. "They're a race that walks on tiptoe—due to their high heels. Watch 'em sometime. They pussyfoot back and forth. I wouldn't be surprised if that's responsible for their lack of moral balance."

"If you don't mind"—Orlando stood up—"I'd rather we didn't talk about this. Just drop the whole thing, will you?" He swept the paper from the table. "That two-faced chippy—I'll fix her wagon!"

Orlando walked quickly from the dining room in quest, I was sure, of Mr. Albert's osmosis. I finished the dinner with Gilbert who entertained me with tales of a dozen amorous mishaps in various capitals of the world—the while he ate like a man with a stowaway under his vest.

Hercule Potnik took me aside the next morning on the Destiny set and assured


ERNIE PYLE
WORLD-FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT

A FIRSTHAND REPORT
FROM A FIRST-CLASS REPORTER...

IT'S CHESTERFIELD

ON EVERY FRONT I'VE COVERED...WITH OUR BOYS AND OUR ALLIES, CHESTERFIELD IS ALWAYS A FAVORITE Ernie Pyle

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They march, they march, they march.
Onward and onward determinedly
When the order is, "Forward—*Harch!*"
It's plenty hard on hosiery
So send your lad a box
Of sturdily made for the Infantry
Tan-ribbed Westminster Socks.

What do you do in *civilian* life?
You walk, and walk, and *walk!*
Without any fanfare of drum and fife,
Without complaining talk.
Now if you hope to walk through life
With plenty of stylish flair,
It's wiser to buy Westminster Socks
That wear, and wear, and WEAR.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

me that the disasters that had been happening were all money in the bank.

"This man, Bison, is a smash. Sensational," he declared. "He is an artist from his finger tips down. He is so much better as was Denson Willis that it is only laughable. We are now going to have a picture with a soul, instead of a piece of cheesecake."

I was glad to hear this and I was glad to be on the set. It was dry and romantic-looking. We were shooting in the Queen's boudoir—and there were no echoes of the murder-mystery tumult that filled the modern world outside.

Here on the set where Dennis had blazed two days ago as one of Hollywood's brightest stars, no apparent interest in him survived, nor was there any noticeable curiosity over his enigmatic finish.

Mr. Bison interrupted my meditations. He was glorious in red tights, a purple velvet jacket and a dashing wig.

"When I think," he cooed in a throaty voice, "how damnably close I came to *not* playing Erik Periwinkle, I shudder. I am glad to say that the rest of the studio does also."

"I hear the picture's coming along marvelously," I said.

"Not quite." Bison knotted his brows. "There are a few things about the script I don't care for." The viper raised his voice. "I've told Mr. Potnik about them. That first love scene—I just stand there like a frozen robin while Miss Bliss chatters away for an eternity. I know what you had in mind, of course, but I assure you it doesn't come off at all. Great Scott, man! You can't turn Periwinkle into a robot!"

"I'll look the scene over," I said coldly. "Any other complaints?"

He leaned gracefully over my chair.

"Potnik," he said, "is an ass. An illiterate jackanapes. What is a bounder like that doing in Queen Anne's boudoir? The man doesn't know a Louis the Fourteenth wig from his mother's corset."

He looked around and continued in a whisper, "Miss Bliss is pathetic. Her gestures are those of a swimmer. And her voice—she'd be barred from a brothel with such diction. The girl acts entirely with her bosom. She thrusts it about as if it were a set of Shakespeare. But"—Bison raised his voice—"I can cope with that. There's another matter, far worse. That dreary clod, John Paul Jones. He ruined my best takes yesterday by falling asleep—dozing, mind you, as I was doing that speech under the rosebush. It's unnerving. Every time I launch into dialogue, I'm terrified of being interrupted by a snore. It can't go on." Bison gripped his sword hilt. "And it's not *going* to go on!"

A SURPRISING group entered the queen's boudoir and took my mind from the hypersensitive Bison. Some ten folk, led by a grim-eyed J. B. Cobb, stood under the spotlights. In addition to studio personnel, including Monty Fineman and three of his crack publicists, and Freddie Blue—all looking as grim as Mr. Cobb—were a number of strangers. I noticed particularly a tall man who looked like a cowboy in store clothes and, beside him, clinging to his arm, a slender, wan-faced girl with a most astonishing sparkle in her eyes. It was my first glimpse of Orlando's Delilah and I looked at her carefully.

Miss Fancher was one of those girls who are, chiefly, all face. Not that they have no bodies—in Miss Fancher's case, a fine and youthfully curved affair, but nevertheless no more than a pedestal for her face. From its large violet-blue eyes, its wide, sensitive lips, its delicate blond hair, from even its ear lobes, high cheekbones and unplucked little brows, personality signaled as vividly as rockets in a storm.

What this personality was, I couldn't make out, except that it was something rather intense. Intellectual girls who go in for global problems and poetical young ladies atremble before the arts, are usually easy to spot. There is always information in their eyes—and some in their coiffures. But Miss Fancher's eyes offered nothing but a buzz of excitement, and she wore her hair enigmatically—as if it were a golden cave of the winds.

I had seen children on Christmas Eve who looked like Miss Fancher. But this was March, and this young lady was much too curved and tall to pass for a child. I decided that Miss Fancher was a beautiful enigma of the sort that I, personally, never would care to investigate—and came forward to greet her lean and solemn escort.

He was Chester Devlin, a survivor from the more fabulous era of journalism. A daffier and more rococo gentleman had never served the press. He was a combination roving correspondent and circulation boomer—taking his stand with pad and pencil wherever the heavens were falling.

Cavalier, bloodhound, master of lamentations, one-man vigilante committee and loose on the world like a Monte Cristo, Devlin was of a tribe grown thin in the newspaper rooms. I had known him fifteen years ago when I, too, had been a newspaperman and shared the admiration of our newspaper world for his macabre and sometimes lunatic exploits. Though a man of fiercesome eccentricity, Devlin always affected an exterior of piety and politeness. I was pleased to see he hadn't changed.

"Hello, sir," he drawled in his old manner of a Chesterfieldian Westerner. "How *are* you? Glad to see you, son." We were of the same age but Devlin had started calling people "son" with the appearance of his first gray hairs. "These gentlemen have been kind enough to allow me on your movie stage." Mr. Cobb quivered at this news. "I want you to meet a lovely little woman." He introduced me to Betha Fancher, adding, "You can shake hands with him, my dear, without fear of losing your honor. He used to be a newspaper reporter."

Miss Fancher greeted me in a soft, husky voice.

Devlin smiled frankly on the studio personnel. "I hope I am not intruding on the sacred precincts of art at the wrong time, although I always feel at home where there's a bed."

"You know this man," Mr. Cobb said to me. "Handle him then. I wash my hands of the whole thing."

"A good idea," Devlin nodded solemnly. "I suggest, Mr. Cobb, that you go lay an egg—a square one."

The Pharaoh's face tightened, and Monty Fineman stepped loyally into the breach.

"Mr. Cobb is in charge of the studio, Mr. Devlin," he said firmly, "and would appreciate your getting this thing over with as quickly as possible."

Devlin bowed courteously to Mr. Cobb. "You remind me," he said in a friendly voice, "of a celluloid wart on a pickpocket's fanny."

"You can't use such language on one of my sets," the Pharaoh cried, but his cry was curiously mild. "We don't stand for that sort of thing." He looked around nervously at his immobilized cohorts.

"You must forgive me." Devlin inclined his head again. "I was carried away."

"Just what do you want, Chester?" I asked soothingly.

"I am waiting for someone to produce a lady by the name of Elvina Bliss," he answered sternly. "Or do I have to notify my paper that this studio is cowering before a little honest publicity?"

THE two newspaper photographers behind him spoke up. "Yeah, bring Gorgeous on. We can't hang around this joint all day."

Monty Fineman hurried toward Elvina's dressing room, which was a bower on casters.

"Just be patient, my dear." Devlin turned a fatherly, cavalier charm on Miss Fancher.

Elvina appeared. She was wrapped tightly in a canary-yellow negligee.

"Miss Bliss," said Monty, "this is Mr. Devlin. He wants to interview you."

A look of joy lighted up Devlin's face as he bowed. "Won't you sit down," he said, "although I hate to have any part of you disappear."

Elvina smiled faintly and sat down. "Please, please, nothing about Dennis," she murmured. "I can't stand any more questioning." Miss Fancher was regarding her tensely.

"I'll only ask you a few essentials," Devlin said sympathetically. "As I understand it, you were in love with the murdered man."

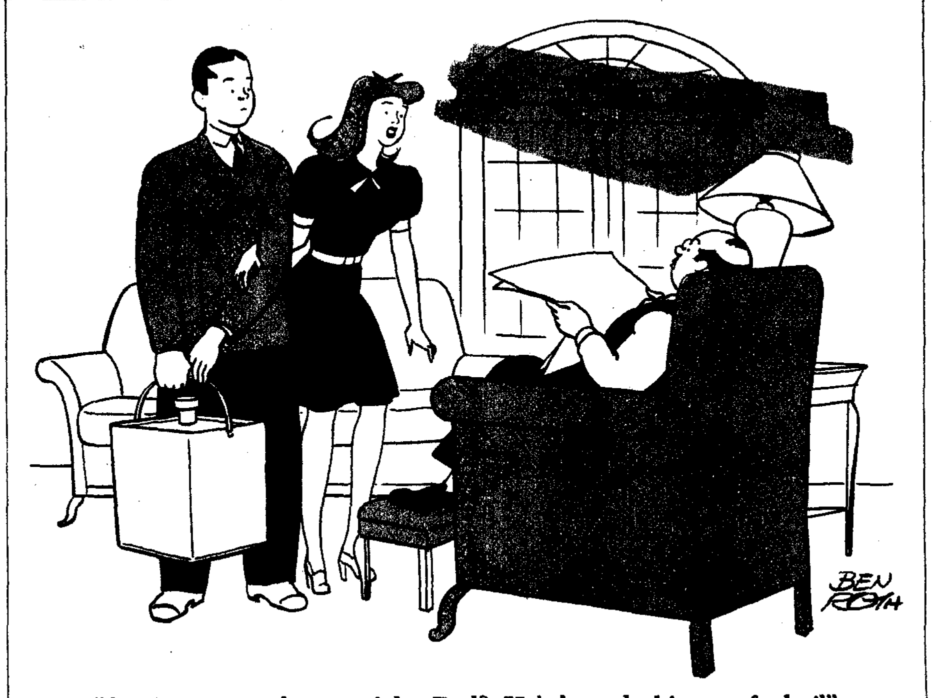
Elvina sighed and nodded.

"And he," went on Devlin, "was in love with you."

"Madly," said Elvina.

"When did this mutual passion come upon you?" Devlin asked.

The photographers were exploding



"Can Harry stay later tonight, Dad? He's brought his own fuel oil"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

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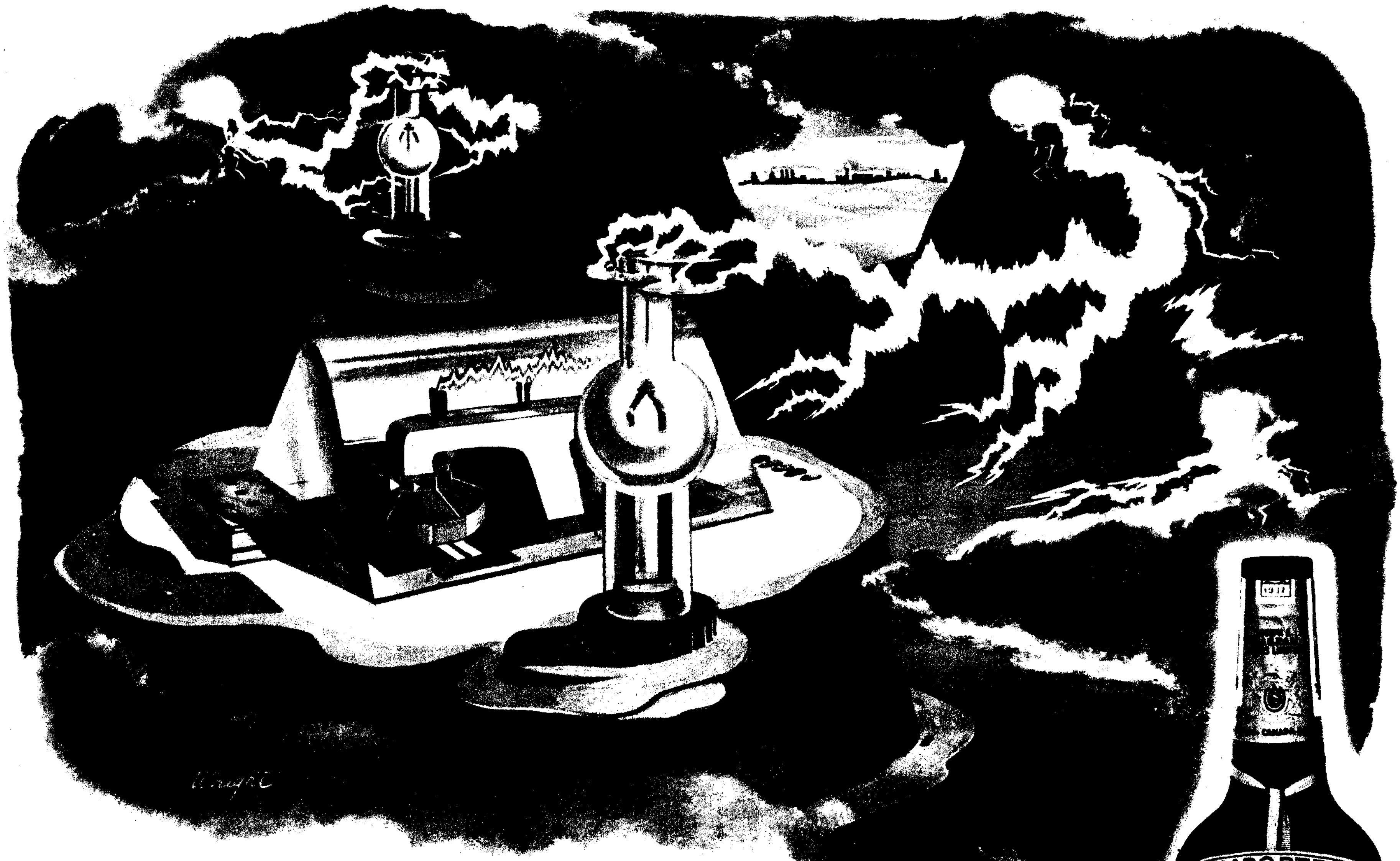

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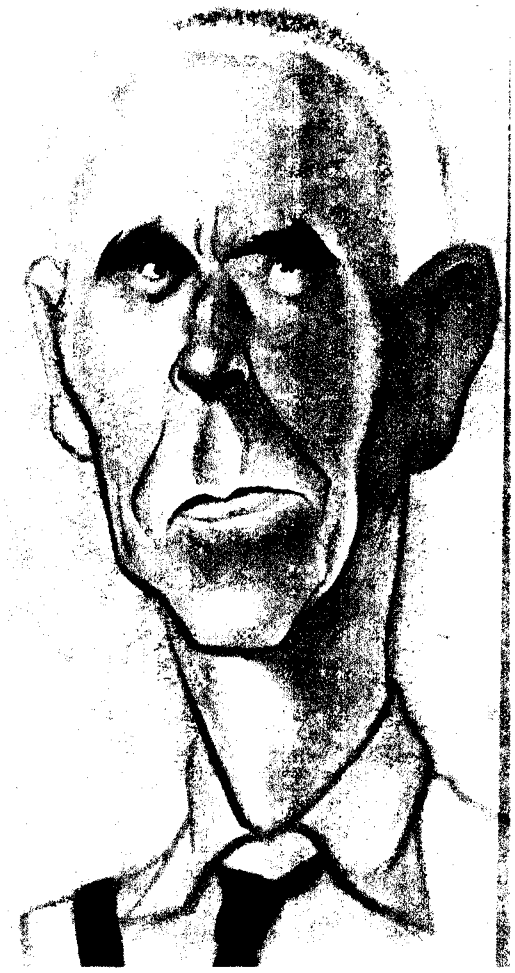

WILHELM FRICK

XXXII

SENDING Wilhelm Frick to the gallows should not take long, for this gaunt, vulturine bureaucrat is as much of a criminal as Hitler, Himmler or Goering. Others did the work, but it was Frick who gave orders for the sterilization, castration and murder of Jews, non-Nazis and similar "unfits." Doctor Walther Gross conceived sex as a weapon, but it was Frick who stopped "inferior peoples" from breeding, set up breeding pens for Nordics, preached the beauties of illegitimacy, and turned decent homes into sties.

His greatest crime, however, is direct responsibility for the rise of Adolf Hitler. But for Frick, the drab ex-corporal might have lived and died a local crackpot. At the time of the famous *Putsch* in 1923, Frick was head of the political section of the Munich police. An ardent Nazi, not only did he aid and abet the abortive revolt, but afterward came forward as champion of the rebels. "Yes," he shouted, "I held my protecting hand over Adolf Hitler because I saw in him the germ of Germany's regeneration."

Largely due to Frick's influence, Hitler served only six months of his five-year sentence, and then, with the active support of the police, made his hoodlums the real rulers of Munich. For once at least, he showed gratitude, for on coming into power, one of his first acts was to make Frick Secretary of the Interior, master of Germany's internal affairs and Heinrich Himmler's boss. The true nature of the man, his utter meanness, was soon made clear. Although he himself had never shouldered a gun, an initial decree erased the names of Jews from all war memorials.

Making the "purification of the race" his first business, Frick laid down a series of rules that led directly to the massacres of 1934. The Jews, he declared, were so odious that even their touch constituted "racial defilement," and to walk or talk with one must be considered a crime against the state. Girls, caught in company with Jews, had their heads shaved, and then, draped with a vile, insulting sign, were driven up and down the main thoroughfares. After such a shameful ordeal, many killed themselves.

The birth records of cities and towns were searched to discover traces of Jewish blood, and as home after home was broken up, there followed another wake of suicides. If a child was too dark for Frick's taste, even though the parents were pure Aryan, he claimed the right to question its legitimacy, and both mother and father were compelled to undergo degrading examinations and tests. After a month of Frick, the price of peroxide tripled. As terrible in his anti-Semitism as Julius Streicher, he imprisoned a Jewish doctor who gave his blood to save a Gentile patient.

Many American correspondents have reported that the women of Germany were more fanatical than the men. This was the work of Wilhelm Frick, for as Secretary of the Interior, he had charge of the political organization of the women. Under his able tuition, they became spies and informers, tattling on their neighbors for any infringement of Nazi rules. Did this or that person grumble about the food or fail to teach the children that Hitler was now the one true God? Then off to a concentration camp and away with the little ones! Under Frick's decree, "Parents are permitted to keep children only if they bring them up in the manner which the state expects."

A thorough man, even in little things! When the people, for example, got their stomachs full of Doctor Goebbels' dull propaganda films, and began to demand some comedies and dramas, Wilhelm Frick took stern action. Failure to applaud any motion picture issued by the state, no matter how boring, would be regarded as "treasonable behavior." Since that time, Gestapo men stand at the back of every theater.

One thing—and one thing only—is to Frick's credit. For years, homosexuality has shown a steady increase in Germany. Captain Ernst Roehm, Hitler's intimate until assassinated, wrote a book in its praise that was compulsory reading for Storm Troopers. As late as 1937, according to *Das Schwarze Korps*, official organ of the S.S., 2,000,000 Germans were openly identified with homosexual associations and clubs.

"Even pederasty was organized in Germany," to quote Wallace Deuel's jeering comment. Frick, to do him justice, has driven hard against perversion, although his action has no basis in morals. As he himself made clear, homosexuality was "cutting down Germany's birth rate."

Despite his record, Wilhelm Frick is no longer Secretary of the Interior. Himmler has the job, and Wilhelm now sits in Prague as Protector of Bohemia and Moravia, with small chance of staging a comeback. Heydrich and Kurt Daluege, between them, killed off all the Jews and rebels, and Frick will have a hard time living up to his Berlin record. But he is painstaking and industrious, if not brilliant like Himmler, and may yet win back to favor by a few notable butcheries. . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

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flashlights as Elvina answered. "A year ago. In spring. On the set of The Swamp Man. Oh, I can't bear it," she sobbed unexpectedly. "The thought of him lying there—butchered in his bed! That great, big heart—butchered! I loved him so. He was everything I ever dreamed of. He was a son and father and sweetheart to me. And now—they're all gone."

Elvina sobbed above the flashlight bulbs.

"That's the woman," Miss Fancher's husky voice sounded. It was a quiet but dominant little voice, and Mr. Cobb quivered as it went on: "She stole his love from me and Herman. He—he couldn't resist her vulgarity."

Devlin had removed some copy paper from his pocket and was making quick notes.

Elvina's sobbing ended. "What's that?" she cried. "Who is this jerk?"

"I am the woman whose life you laid waste," said Miss Fancher softly. "I'd rather not speak to her any more, Mr. Devlin. It hurts me too much."

"Chin up!" Devlin said tenderly. "Remember Herman!"

"Who the hell is Herman?" Elvina demanded, glaring at them.

"My baby," said Miss Fancher quietly but proudly, "whose father you dragged into the mire which is your natural environment."

"Get this screwball out of here," Elvina cried, "or I'll bust a chair over her!"

"One moment, Miss Bliss." Devlin looked up from his notes. "Did Dennis ever confess to you he was a father?"

"He confessed nothin'," Elvina shouted. "She's nuts. Dennis wouldn't lay a hand on her. He hated skin and bones."

"He hated you," Miss Fancher spoke softly. "He told me how he fought against your demands. I forgave him the first two times. But I sat watching him grow coarser and uglier as he sank into your toils."

"Why, you rotten little tramp!" Elvina leaped up and grabbed a chair.

Monty Fineman wrestled with her, panting, "Not in front of the photographers."

"I never knew your name," Miss Fancher continued huskily, undisturbed by Elvina's demonstration. "I only knew there was a very vulgar woman ruining the man whose child I had borne."

Elvina, underplayed by the quiet voice, tried a burst of tears, but she was too angry for weeping.

"Why did you do it?" Miss Fancher asked softly. "You had everything—fame and hundreds of lovers! Why couldn't you leave me my baby's father? Why?"

Miss Fancher covered her mouth as if to hold back her grief. But it welled out, and in a voice that suddenly shook the rafters, the stricken girl cried out, "Oh, this wretched studio! Full of dreadful people! Horrible people—all of you!" She turned her streaming face toward the Pharaoh. "You did it! You helped her! Just to get a little more cheap publicity for your stupid pictures—you sent her after him. You didn't care that he loved me and that he loved his little son. You did it! You!"

Monty Fineman, aided by Freddie Blue, pulled the hysterical girl from the Pharaoh's bosom. She let out a hair-raising wail and flung herself on the royal bed.

"One side, one side!" The photographers shoved Potnik violently out of the way and pointed their cameras. Elvina had not moved or spoken.

"You can't print this kind of stuff!" Mr. Cobb cried.

"Only in the three hundred and twenty newspapers that use our wire service," Devlin answered coldly. He sat down on the bed and began soothing his charge.

I LOOKED up and saw Egelhofer, three detectives, and a little army of newspapermen descending on the set.

The ensuing vocal scrimmage was full of nostalgia for me. I had almost forgotten the cry of the newspaper pack in full pursuit. Here it was again, unchanged by an oath since the olden, golden days. Bitter, cursing, rain-soaked, looking like a concourse of mendicants and arrogant as a herd of high priests, they crowded around the royal bed, sweeping all before them.

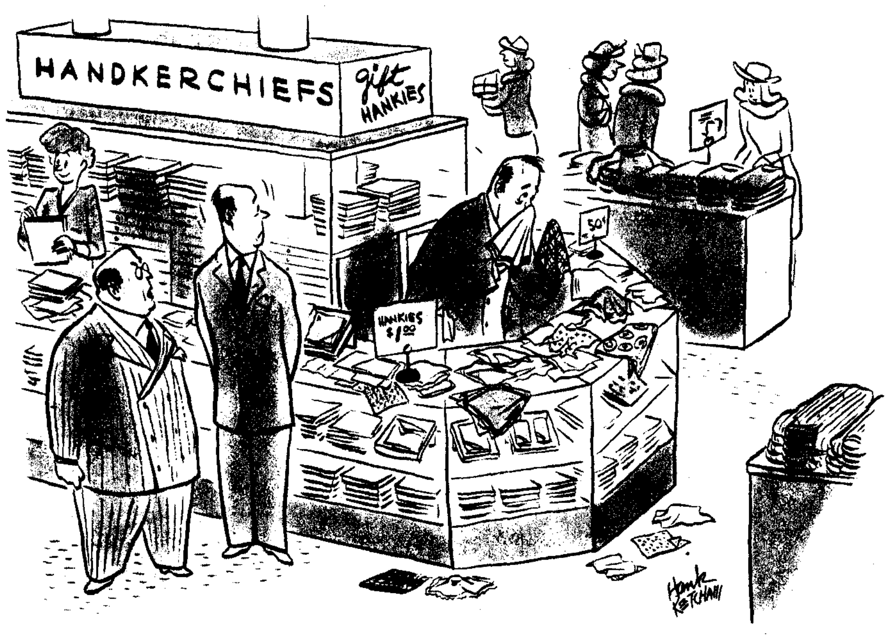
Their outcries indicated that Miss Fancher, propped wide-eyed on the satin pillows, was their journey's end, and that they had finally broken the back of the underhanded competition. The personality of the studio seemed to fade before their onset—as if the Marines had taken over a bonbon factory. The Pharaoh and his cohorts, usually all powerful in these precincts, were tossed aside like puppets. Only two figures met the attack without loss of stature. One was Devlin and the other, oddly enough, Hercule Potnik.

Devlin stood beaming at his clamoring colleagues as three of them brought Lieutenant Egelhofer triumphantly to the foot of the royal bed.

"There she is!" one of the dripping scribes sang out. "I told you we'd find her. Go on, do your stuff, Lieutenant!"

"This young lady is the property of my paper," Devlin said amiably, his jaw muscles working, "and any varlet who lays a hand on her will be hauled into court—or rather, carried there."

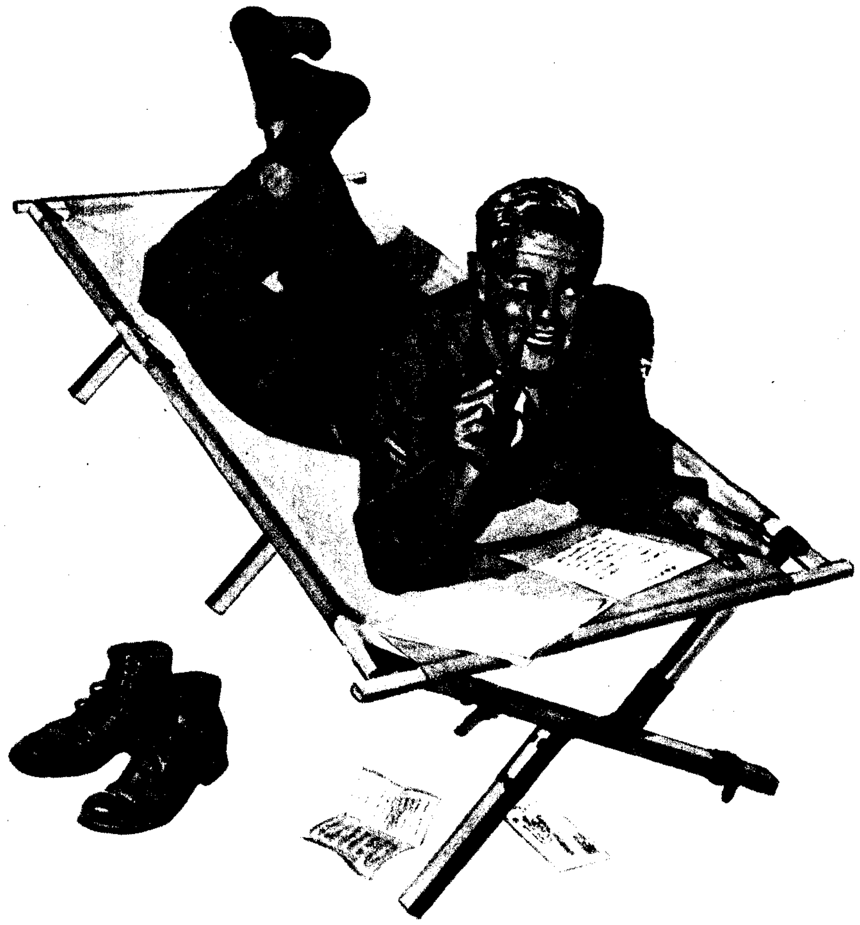
"Shut up, Devlin!" a journalist roared



"We'd better transfer Mulligan to kitchenware until he gets rid of his cold"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

• THE GIRL WHO SHATTERED THE DREAM OF CORPORAL CLARK

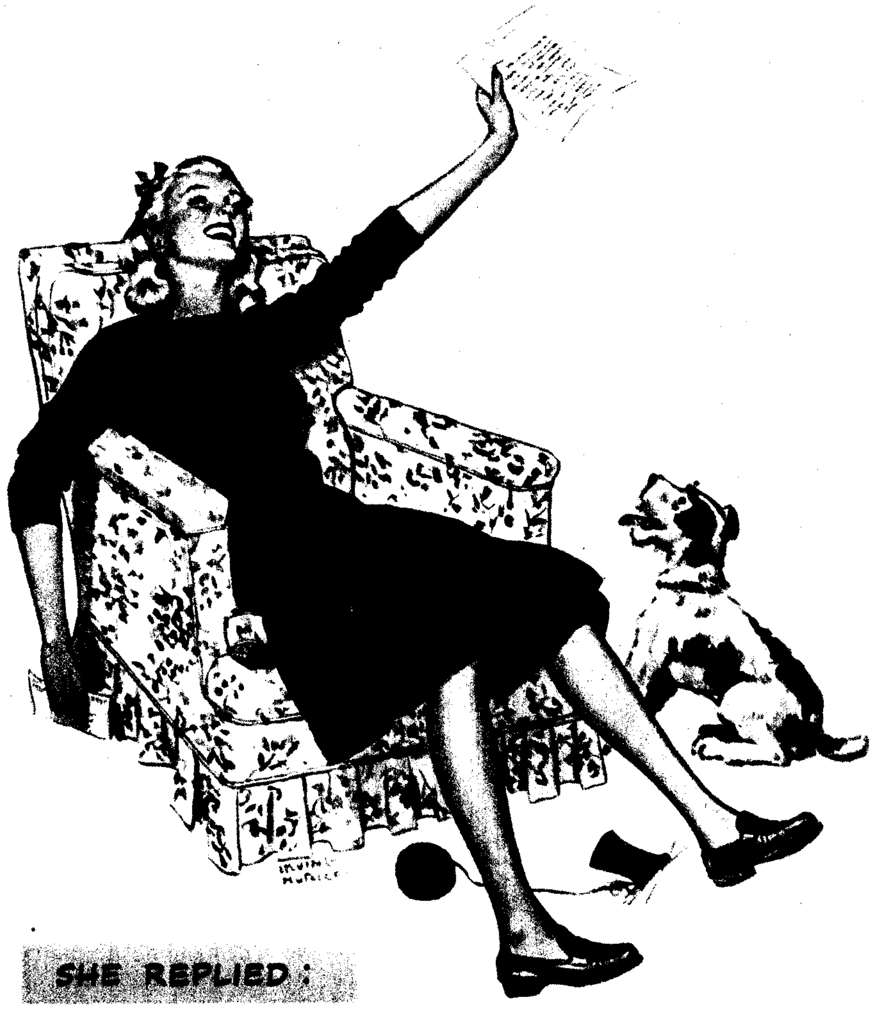


HE WROTE:

". . . and I keep dreaming about that home we're going to have when this shindig is over.

"I can just see you in the kitchen, after dinner. You're wearing some kind of frilly apron and you're up to your elbows in dishwater and maybe there's a smudge on your pretty cheek that you got from cleaning up the stove. I'm drying the dishes, of course, and probably I break one or two but I give you a kiss for each one and we laugh it off all right.

"Gosh, honey, it is going to be great . . ."



SHE REPLIED:

". . . got a great kick out of your picture of us in the kitchen, and I love you for it.

"But, darling, do you mind if I shatter your dream—in a nice way? Our house—yours and mine—isn't going to be built like that, especially the kitchen! We're going to have a home that's built for comfortable, convenient living for a long, long time!

"It's going to be built with all the things in it that I've read about. Like the General Electric dishwasher that does the dishes without my getting a drop of water on my hands or *you* touching a dish towel. Imagine! And that's just a sample of what we can have, even if we aren't a bit rich!

"Oh, darling, after what you're going through you rate a wonderful life, and I'm planning . . ."

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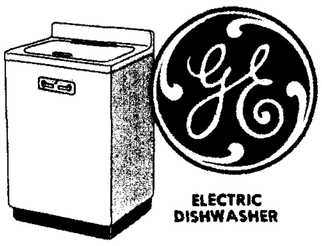

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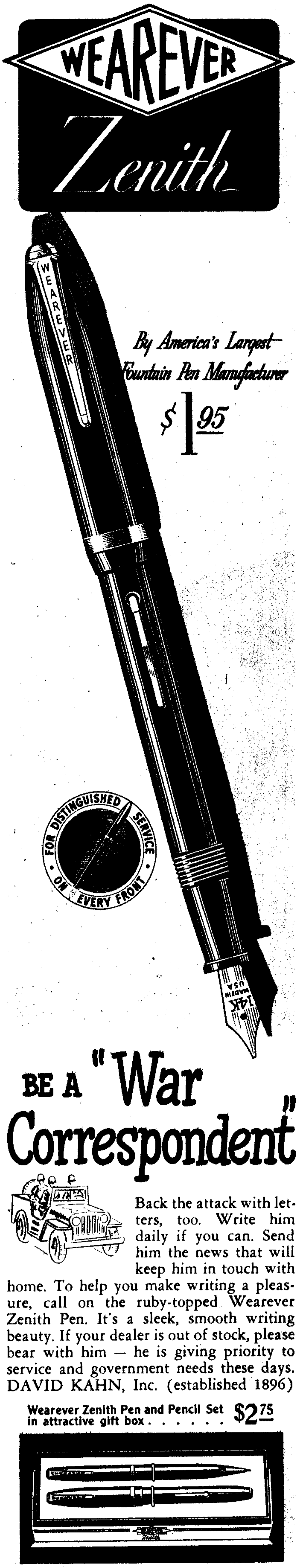
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from a distance. "You can't get away with this hopscotch, and you know it."

There was an upsurge of voices and Potnik's half-falsetto pierced the din.

"You are killing my picture!" he screamed. "What do you think we are doing here—a picnic? Take the murderers outside! Nobody wants them here!"

"Control yourself, Potnik," Mr. Cobb's voice commanded.

"Control myself for what?" Potnik cried wildly. "How can I make a picture, surrounded by Cossacks? What am I, a World's Fair! Don't tell me what's going on!"

The assistant director brought Potnik his chair, and he collapsed into it.

"If you fellas will pipe down," Egelhofer shouted, "I'd like to talk to this girl."

"Get that little rat out of my bed," Elvina shouted. "I got to act in there."

Five of the journalists whistled awesomely in unison.

"I ought to run you in, Devlin," Egelhofer said bitterly, "for tampering with a police witness."

"Go ahead, officer," Devlin smiled. "It would be a pleasure to go to jail sober."

"Cut the jokes," one of the journalists ordered. "Are you going to talk to her, Lieutenant, or do we have to do it?"

"Miss Fancher, I want to ask you a few questions," Egelhofer spoke slowly.

The press became silent and drew its pencils.

"I would like to know," the lieutenant continued in a rumbling, embarrassed voice, "when you last saw Dennis Wilde."

"It was four nights ago," Miss Fancher answered softly, as Devlin slipped another pillow under her tousled head. She smiled at him fleetingly. "In his bedroom."

"Did you threaten him in any way at the time?" Egelhofer asked.

"If you can call it that." Miss Fancher was wistful. "I tried to appeal to his better side and have him do the right thing by Herman."

"You were demanding he marry you, in other words," said Egelhofer.

"Naturally." Miss Fancher lowered her large eyes.

"What are you wasting your time on that bull-shooter for?" Elvina cried. "She's lying like a dog."

The press pencils flew.

"He was true to me," the lovely Elvina continued emotionally, her negligee opening as her memories overcame her. "We were like Siamese twins."

"Hold it!" a half-dozen photographers sang out, and Elvina's fabled thighs were headed again for the front pages.

"Hey, Sam, bring those fellas over here," Lieutenant Egelhofer called.

A DETECTIVE pushed the three Koreans forward. I turned and saw Orlando standing behind me. His chin was tucked down and his eyes were regarding savagely the woebegone little face against the satin pillows. Beyond him, I glimpsed two other newcomers. Caroma, undressed as ever, was bending over Johnny Jones, stretched out on a divan, and massaging his forehead intently. A look of concern was on her soft, cat face.

"When'd you get here?" I asked Orlando.

"That little bum!" he breathed in my ear. "It's enough to make you sick to your stomach."

I turned toward the main show.

"Do you recognize this young woman here?" Egelhofer was asking.

The three Koreans nodded with certainty and one of them spoke up. "She come Mister Wilde's house. She stay two o'clock in the morning. Two o'clock in the morning Mister Wilde kick her out. He holler, 'You come by me again, you pesky thing you, I knock him block off for you.' "

"Did you see her the night Mr. Wilde was murdered?" Egelhofer asked.

"No see, no more," the Korean answered. "That's goomby when Mister Wilde kick 'em out like that. We see 'em, we kick 'em out, too."

"We want to ask her a few questions, Lieut.," one of the journalists said, "if you're washed up."

"Just a minute!" Egelhofer frowned and turned to Miss Fancher. "Where were you Wednesday night between midnight and three A. M.?" he asked.

"I can tell you very simply where I was." Miss Fancher's voice silenced the buzzing scribes. "I was home with my baby."

"Herman's no good," a journalist sneered. "We saw him. He can't talk yet. Any other witnesses, sister?"

"Yes, indeed." Miss Fancher's voice grew huskier. "It so happens that on that fatal night between the hours of twelve and four A. M., I was in the company of Orlando Higgens, the famous agent."

A HUSH fell instantly in Queen Anne's boudoir. I looked at Devlin. His eyes had taken on a thoughtful glitter. His nose had started twitching like a setter's. He was almost pointing.

"Is that so?" said Egelhofer with elaborate indifference. "You were with Orlando Higgens—from twelve to four, you say."

The newspapermen, as if fearing to break a spell of good luck, stayed their pencils.

"It may sound a little foolish." Miss Fancher sensed all this tension around her, and it seemed to go to her head. "Really"—she fluttered her eyes dramatically—"it's cruel of you gentlemen to make me remember that night."

"Try to tell us about it," Egelhofer purred.

"Mr. Higgens came to my house at midnight," the voice from the royal bed spoke softly, "soaking wet. It was just after I had put little Herman to sleep."

A teary note sounded, but there were no takers. Devlin and the little army of journalists were listening with the dream of new "extras" on their faces. Egelhofer and his three detectives were plainly fascinated, and so was everyone else within earshot. That Orlando Higgens had spent the "fatal hours" playing hearts with Pharaohs Sloggins, Winkelberger, Arlington and Zupelman was known to every man, woman and child in the U.S.A.—with the exception, apparently, of Miss Fancher.

"Mr. Higgens said he was a poor wanderer in the night," she continued, "and wouldn't I pretend I was the Lady of Shalot and let him in."

Orlando quivered behind me.

"I wasn't afraid of him," Miss Fancher added primly, "because Charlemagne was with me."

"Who's that?" Egelhofer asked.

"My Doberman pinscher," said Miss Fancher. "He would tear any man to bits who touched me. Except Dennis." The husky voice broke. "He loved Dennis."

"And, as I understand it"—Egelhofer's casualness was too corny even for an Empire stage—"Mr. Higgens remained all night—in your house."

"Yes, it was terrible outside," Miss Fancher frowned. "I don't see what you're making such a fuss about." She turned appealingly to Devlin.

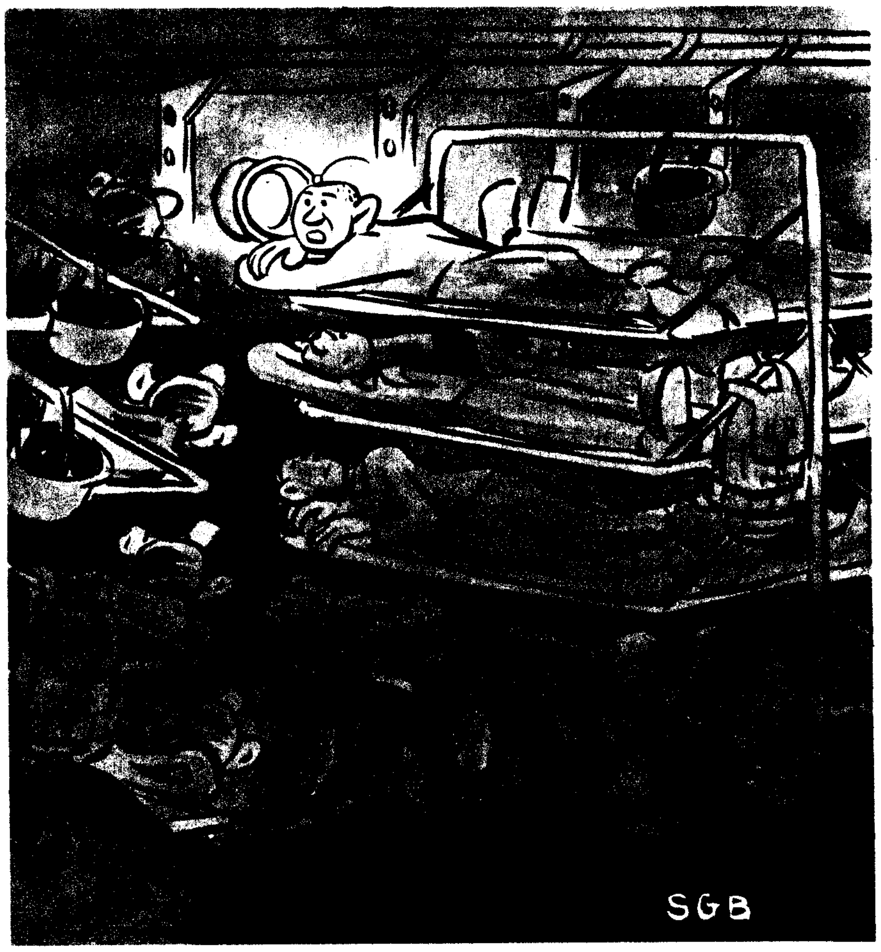
"Go on," the news ace nodded like false Tarquin. "Just tell the truth."

"It may sound silly," Miss Fancher sighed, "but I was so brokenhearted over Dennis, I was glad to talk to any human being."

"What did you talk about?" Devlin asked tenderly.

"About art." Miss Fancher smiled a little. "Although Mr. Higgens was hardly informed on the subject. But it really didn't matter. I think he did most of the talking. I don't quite remember. I barely listened to him. My heart kept crying out, 'Dennis, Dennis,' all the while he sat there babbling." She straightened suddenly in the bed and pointed, "Why, there he is right now. You can ask him."

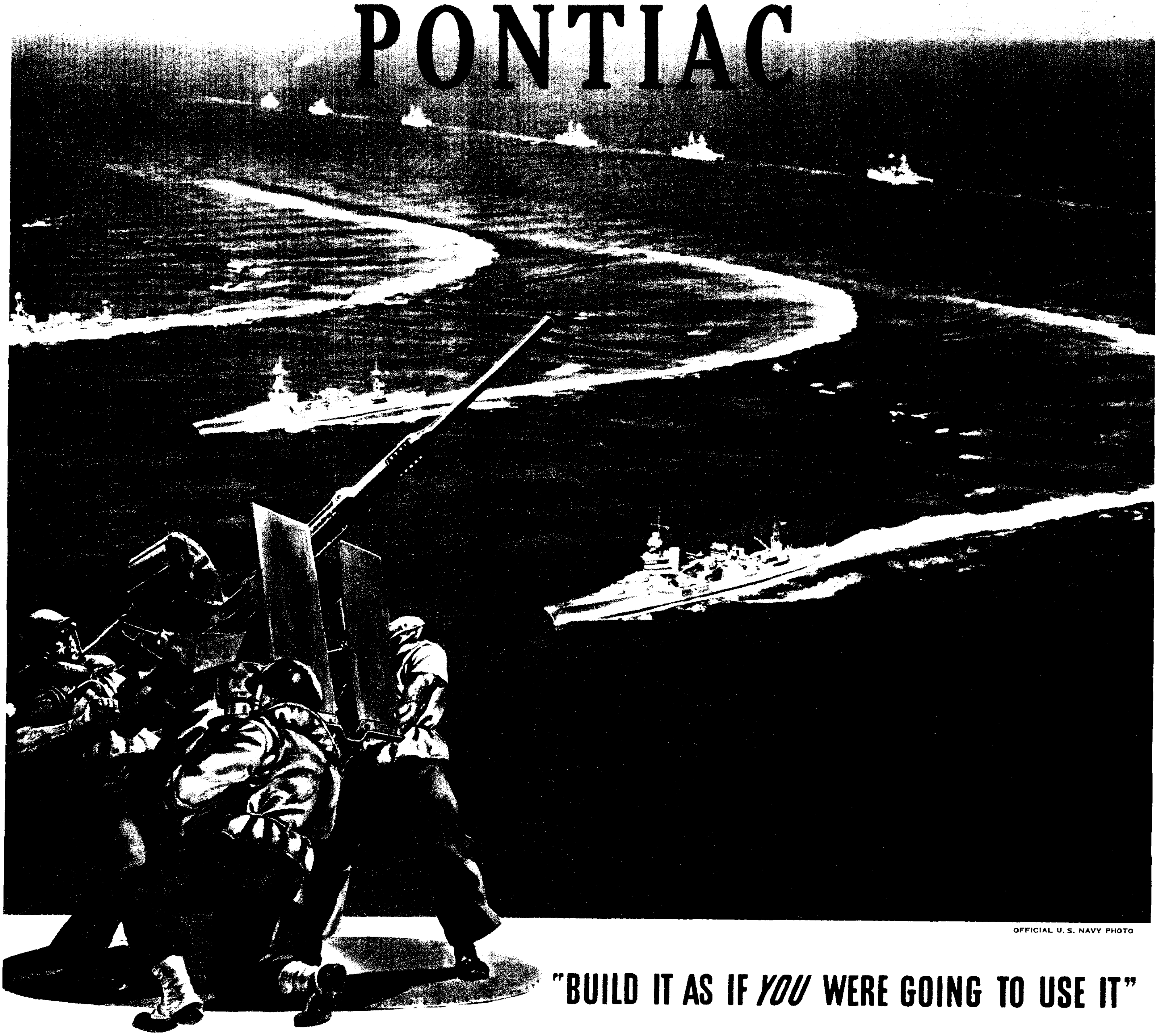
Scores of eyes turned to Orlando and beheld a tall, youngish-looking man with



"Partly cloudy with moderate winds—no decided change in temperature"

COLLIER'S SGT. GEORGE BAKER

PONTIAC



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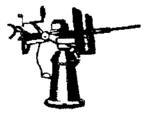

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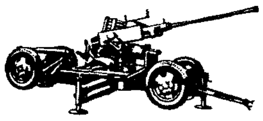

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BUILD IT AS IF YOU WERE GOING TO USE IT

Sisters are the Craziest People!
YOU'LL FIND OUT WHO'S CRAZY IF YOU DON'T STOP SNOOPING IN MY DIARY!
AW, KEEP YOUR SWEATER ON, SIS! GLEEPS! IF YOU DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO READ IT—WHAT DO YOU WRITE ALL THAT MUSH ABOUT MIKE FOR?
Diary
OH, GO 'WAY, JOHNNIE! YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!
YOU'RE NOT SO SMART YOURSELF, SIS! DO YOU FIGGER MIKE'S GONNA HANG AROUND A GIRL THAT NEEDS TO SEE HER DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH? HUH! MIKE'S NO DOPE!
Diary
SISTER SEES HER DENTIST
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
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LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
GET A LOAD OF MIKE AND SIS! NOTHIN' BUT MUSH, MUSH, MUSH! SISTERS—AND SERGEANTS—SURE ARE THE CRAZIEST PEOPLE!
COLGATE'S MAKES TEETH ACTUALLY SPARKLE—GIVES TRUE BRILLIANCE TO YOUR SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

the largest, ugliest sneer on his face ever seen on a movie set.

"I never saw this little fool in my life," he spoke in a voice to match.

"Mr. Higgens!" The blue eyes in the royal bed grew large and angry. "How can you say such a thing? We talked about Bernhardt and David Garrick, and you said they were palookas. And about Jerome Cobb, and you told me what a stupid, dreadful man he was—" She stopped for breath.

"You're out of your mind," Orlando said coldly. "Why would I spend my time talking to a little tramp like you?" He drew himself erect, his face white, and turned to the panting Mr. Cobb. "The girl is mad," he snarled.

Lieutenant Egelhofer tapped Miss Fancher on the shoulder, as if he were playing tag. "You're under arrest," he said. "Come along quietly."

MY OFFICE had been changed, despite Orlando's continued neglect of this problem. I had presented the case, a little stormily, to Mr. Cobb myself some days ago. As a result, I was ensconced on one of the back lots in a wooden bungalow, half of which had been converted into a Ladies' and Gents' walk. The constant stream of heads bobbing past my window was a drawback to the concentration I had hoped for. But the fireplace, the velour curtains, the massive furniture moved in from the Night With Dubarry set provided a sort of caricature of home atmosphere without which I have always found work in Hollywood impractical.

I was mixing highballs for my secretary and myself when Orlando came in out of the storm. The cloudburst had subsided to a harmless downpour and I was already beginning to dread the sun-blistered days that would follow it. It is twice as impossible to work in Hollywood's sizzling heat waves as in its typhoons.

It was five in the afternoon, and Miss Fancher had been in the clutches of the police since our morning levee in Queen Anne's boudoir. I had heard some accounts, over the radio, of her screams and expostulations, but the whole matter was getting on my nerves and I had made no private inquiries.

Orlando flung himself on a couch and refused a drink. "What the hell did you want to move into a dump like this for?" he frowned. "It's like a morgue."

I have always thought, since that utterance, that Orlando, despite his other mental failings, was gifted with second sight. I signaled Miss Wondershake, my secretary, to retire. Her name is spelled differently, I imagine, but that's the way it's pronounced—and not without reason. I finished my drink and said nothing.

"I suppose you think I'm a simon-pure rat," Orlando said, "letting them take that little chippy to jail. But what could I do?"

"I don't suppose it's ever occurred to you to tell the truth," I said.

"What truth?" Orlando demanded. "That I was with her for those four hours—babbling!" he added with a sneer. "A fine chump I would have sounded like—in front of all those reporters, too. Like some dopey Galahad without a nickel's worth of brains. You can thank my idiotic pa for this whole mess. She'll just have to stay in jail a while—and suffer." Orlando chuckled. "I'm certainly not going to expose four of the biggest men in Hollywood who were kind enough to lie for me—as a bunch of gangsters. Besides, who'd believe me? They'd only figure I was in love with that lousy little chippy and trying to save her with a fake alibi. Fat chance!"

He sat up and stared at me.

"What a mess!" he chuckled. "I'll have a drink."

"She put on quite an act in the royal bed," I said.

"That's the biggest, phoniest, lopsided monkey on a stick who ever came to Hollywood," he said quietly. "I'm not through with her. Betha Fancher," he snorted. "Tell your girl to see if she can get ahold of Mr. Albert, will you? I've got the shakes. Had 'em all day."

I gave the instructions over the phone. Miss Wondershake informed me back that Elvina Bliss wanted to see me.

Elvina entered in a raincoat. She hurled a bundle of newspapers on my desk.

"Of all the lowdown tripe!" she cried. "Just read that! Particularly that pal of yours, Mr. Devlin. I'm going to sue every paper in the country! Those pretzel-dusters!"

"Take it easy, sugar!" Orlando got up to join me.

"You're a fine agent, you are!" Elvina cried. "A lot of protection you give me! I might as well be tied up to a snake."

The first five pages of the "extra" were devoted to the high lights of the mystery. Chief among these was an arresting layout depicting the thirteen loves of Dennis Wilde. Devlin had done a rather brilliant job, for I recognized his touch in the captions. The top line read, "Wilde Worshipers," and under it were the photographs of twelve of Hollywood's leading actresses, most of them ninety-five per cent nude.

They postured over swimming pools, hung nymphlike in the branches of trees, sat on teeter-totters, lay on their stomachs reading books, with their legs thoughtfully raised in the air, stood on ocean-girthed rocks with the wind blowing their filmy dresses dangerously around their necks.

Elvina's picture was at the bottom of the page. She was covered with a bit of tulle and holding a large balloon coyly on her shoulder. The identifying caption read, "Was Dennis Wilde Another of the Bubbles She Chased?"

The thirteenth photograph was of Betha Fancher. It was in the center of the page. Betha was sitting amid this carnival of box-office attractions, in Madonnalike simplicity. She was not only clothed but a cooing child was in her arms. The caption read, "Broken Blossom in the Hollywood Garden of Love."

I skimmed through the Devlin prose, looking for a few new facts. There were none. I was a little startled, however, by the wantonness of the language. Mr. Wilde's love life over the past six years sounded like the disordered dreams of a Robinson Crusoe. It was difficult to believe that so many Venuses had actually diverted one man.

THE thing that impressed me most, however, was the certainty that this lecherous exposé would serve only to endear Mr. Wilde's memory to the public. I could remember in the old Hollywood days when the slightest hint of scandal was sufficient to blight any cinema career. In those grim days, Women's Clubs rushed to limbo any star who vacillated on the narrow path, and pulpits thundered the mildest of kissing bugs off the screen.

Studying this afternoon's reports of our mystery, I was struck by how mightily not only Hollywood, but its public, had changed. Where once it had posed as a sort of last stand of the Puritans, our cinema capital was now eager to present itself as a year-round saturnalia. Its publicists were constantly offering the world a whirligig of grand passions. Its heroes and heroines were switching sweethearts in the open in a sort of gaga sexual minuet. Sin had become one of the happier roads to fame, instead of to oblivion. And the public that had once demanded unflagging virtue in its idols now sat by and huzzaed at every sign of lechery.

The glamorous Elvina was still cursing when the door opened and Devlin entered, as Jimmie Durante says, "unannounced"!

I recognized Devlin in an alcoholic mood and felt a bit nervous. He had always been a house wrecker when in drink. He bowed formally to Elvina whose bosom lifted like a bellows pumping rage.

"I am at my wits' end," Devlin addressed her, "and walking on my eyeballs."

"Drop dead, will you?" Elvina answered flatly. "You stink!"

"An unkind statement," said Devlin. He bent over and picked her up in his arms. "A hundred twenty-one pounds." He hefted the lovely burden. "I would have said more. Honey"—he peered into Elvina's widened eyes—"you are the most beautiful woman in Christendom. Don't let anybody tell you different. I adore you!"

"Put me down, you big bum!" Elvina yelled.

"The face of Helen and the voice of Madam Tosspot," Devlin said moodily. "Oopsy daisy." He dropped her from arm's height to the couch. Elvina, after a bounce or two, lay looking up at him reflectively.

"Sorry, I can't join you," said Devlin, "but the editor's lash is on my withers." He turned and spotted the half-filled bottle of bourbon.

"I'm getting hoarse," he apologized, lifting the bottle to his mouth. He drank as at the Pierian spring. "Son"—he looked suddenly at Orlando—"you are a great disappointment to me. I know your father—an unsightly but gallant gentleman. You are his opposite in all respects."

"What's biting him?" Orlando asked me confidentially.

"Son," Devlin went on, "you ran out on a woman in distress this morning. You denied your manhood. You behaved like a poltroon. And what's more, you lied like an Arabian camel chauffeur."

"There was nothing else I could do," Orlando argued. "I've got to be going. See you later."

Devlin barred the way. "Not till we have a few words," he said, "about that sad little girl, Betha Fancher, to whom I owe my present incoherence. If I *am* incoherent."

"I'm following you," said Orlando crisply. "What about that little tramp?"

"You will eat that phrase," Devlin glowered. "Betha Fancher is a pure and virginal child with the imagination of a werewolf. I have tracked down her tale of motherhood." Devlin reached for the bottle again. "A lie from beginning to end. Herman, the pie-eyed and puking infant, belongs to her sister, a Mrs. Amy Broadhead, lawfully wedded. Madam Broadhead, who is, perhaps, misnamed by a furlong, left Herman in Betha's care while gone to visit her husband's aunt, a Miss Harriet Kautsky, residing in Azusa, California."

"You're not making sense." Orlando watched the bottle emptied.

"To the contrary," Devlin answered a little more slowly. "I have the story sewed up in a bag—and me with it. My publisher will trumpet like an elephant when he learns that Betha Fancher is a virgin who has been pulling his journalistic leg. I never admired virtue less." Devlin leered at Elvina.

"I knew it, I knew it in my bones." Elvina sat up. "A publicity stunt! Why, the nerve of that flea-face!"

"Do the police know this?" I asked.

"All is known"—Devlin grimaced—"including the fact that Miss Fancher is a total stranger to cohabitation."

"What about those Koreans?" I asked. "Were they in on the frame?"

"Miss Fancher visited Mr. Wilde in quest of employment as an actress," Devlin gurgled, "on the night in question. She recited for two hours from the classics, unaware that her host was a satyr biding his time. When she had finished rendering Uncle Vanya, Mr. Wilde laid his hands on her with lewd intent. The scene described by the Koreans, followed."

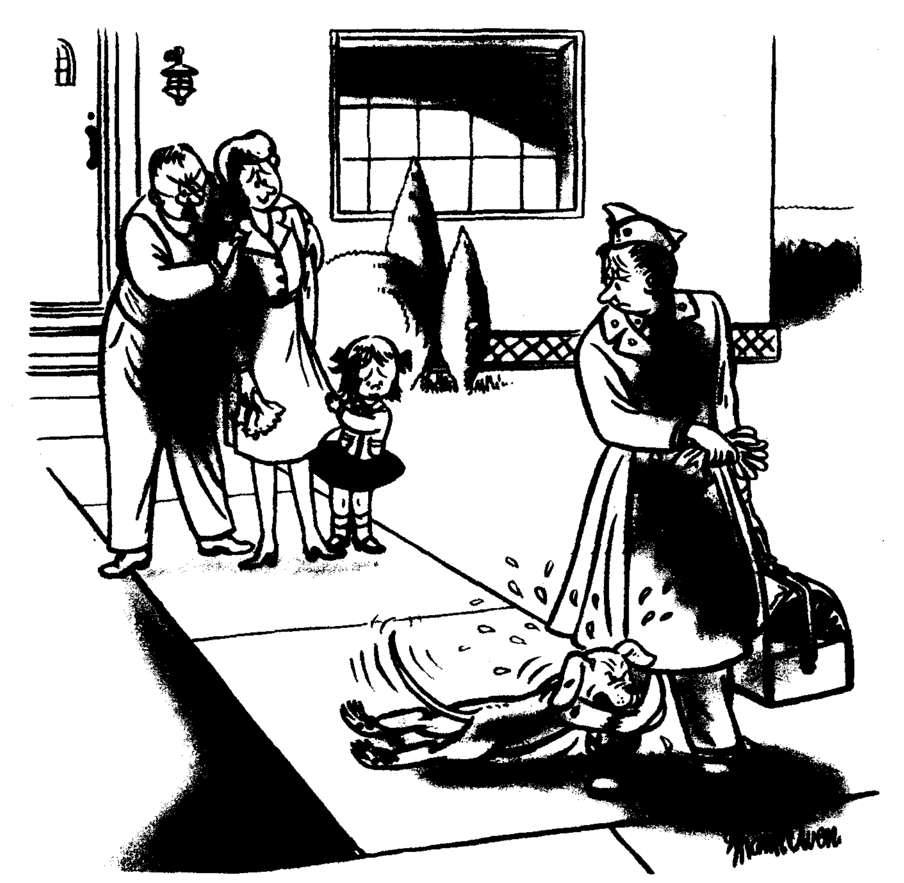
DEVLIN sat down heavily on the couch beside Elvina. "Son," he looked foggily around for Orlando, "you should have spoken out this morning. It would have made a man of you."

Orlando, who had been standing for several minutes like a man in a trance, recovered his bearings and turned a happy face to Devlin.

"Where is she?" he demanded. "Have they got that poor kid in jail yet?"

"Jail is no place for impostors, Mr. Higgens," Devlin answered sleepily, "but the matter is out of my hands."

"I'm going to call headquarters." Or-



COLLIER'S "That pooch certainly makes these goodbys tough!" FRANK OWEN

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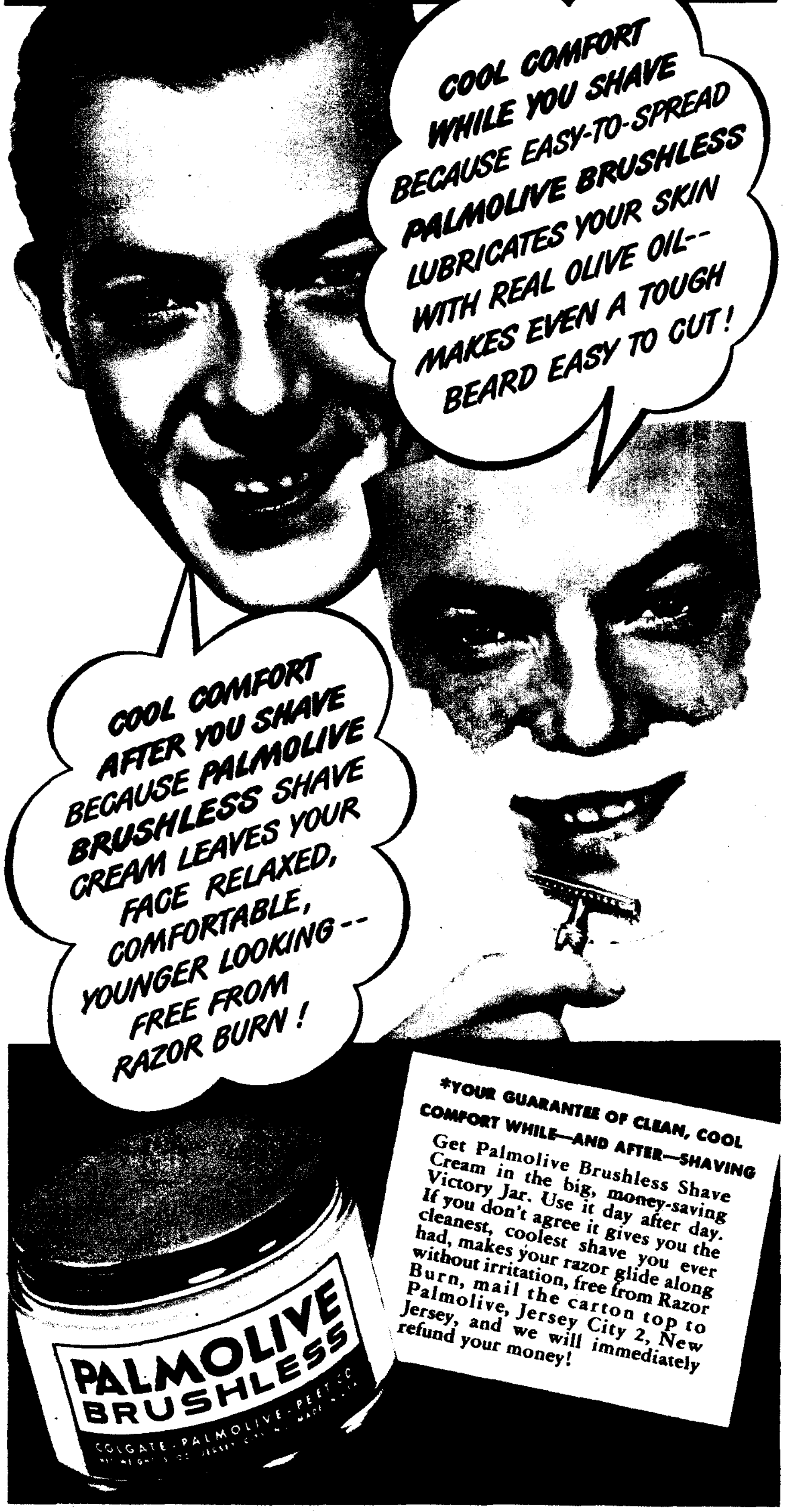
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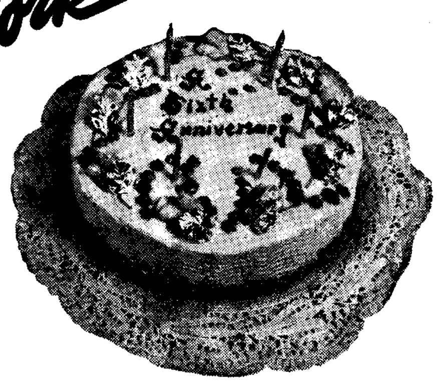
The Week's Work



Stamaty Anniversary Cake No. 6

Faithful Cartoonist

THE birthday cake you see here arrived in Collier's editorial office last week addressed to Gurney Williams, cartoon editor. The accompanying card reads: "This celebrates my sixth year of not selling a cartoon to Collier's. Faithfully yours, Stanley Stamaty."

Well, it was a nice cake and everybody on the staff ate while Williams reviewed the touching case of Stamaty, the faithful cartoonist. It seems the two gentlemen have carried on a correspondence for the past seven years, ever since Stamaty, who lives in Dayton, Ohio, submitted a cartoon by mail, and Williams, in a polite letter, rejected it. On the anniversary of the rejection date came a cake, from "Faithfully yours, Stanley Stamaty." And from then to now, Stamaty has continued to submit cartoons, Williams has continued to reject them, and punctually on each anniversary, the cake has arrived, only growing bigger and fancier as the years roll on.

We don't know how Stamaty feels about it all by now, but Williams is in something of a quandary. The cake, he feels, has become a fine old Collier's tradition and the Stamaty-Collier's friendship, however curious, is on a firm basis. If Williams, after all these years, accepted a Stamaty cartoon, would not something be lost? Something fine, something beautiful? We are afraid so.

Desert Dirge

But the Stamaty cake dilemma is only one of our Mr. Williams' knotty problems. Within the past year, for instance, he has had to look at more than 1,500 cartoons showing two castaways on a desert island, with one man saying to the other . . . Well, you know what two men on a desert island always say, more or less, and Williams knows, too, and he'd rather not hear any more about it.

Williams loves jokes—good jokes—and always has, from age 14 or so, when he enrolled in a correspondence course in cartooning. He took 21 of the 25 lessons, worked his way through all the mother-in-law jokes and all the who-was-that-lady? jokes, and quit the course because he clearly saw that what the world needed was not more cartoonists but more gag-makers. He wrote gags and funny pieces for the University of Michigan humor magazine, wrote more as a free lance in New York, and still more with the old Life magazine. Seven years ago, he became cartoon editor at Collier's, and a happy day it was, too.

Williams sends his monthly Gagazine, with professional news and personal notes, to some 125 regular contributors. He can't see every artist who comes in, but he personally looks at all drawings, an average of 2,000 a week.

He was the first to realize that Virgil Partch (pp. 46 and 62) and Foster Humfreville (p. 51) were rare finds. His collection of Humfreville's drawings, Alfred, Ahoy!, is out this week, and a Partch book entitled It's Hot in Here, is due in April. Two other collections, It's a Funny World, and Collier's Collects Its Wits, are selling well.

Williams emerges from the stacks of cartoons on his desk from time to time to write articles. Three—all of which appeared in Collier's, of course—have been included in recent war and science anthologies.

Williams lives country style in Chappaqua, N. Y., surrounded by his wife, his son, all the gadgets he can make or buy, trap drums and a marimba. After the war, he hopes to install electric eyes (complete with electric eye-opener) all over the place, and an elevator and a garbage chewer-upper.

"My favorite cartoonist," he says, "is two-and-a-half-year-old Gurney III, who draws funny animals on tablecloths with green crayon, but I keep tapping him on the head with a blunt instrument in the hope I can knock all that out of him."

The Great Dissenter

Dan Parker, who clarifies the income tax for you on page 14, guesses he is the most barred sports writer in the business (he is sports editor of the New York Daily Mirror). "Madison Square Garden barred me for blasting its fights," he says. "The Giants once had me on their unwelcome-guest list. Larry MacPhail denied me the privileges of his Ebbets Field press club. The race-track owners would like to have me behind bars, I think. People who read my ferocious stuff are surprised to find that the author, despite his six feet four and 250 pounds, is a mild-mannered, harmless fellow who wouldn't hurt a rattlesnake, if he could run away fast enough."

After this piece, we wonder will he be barred from the environs of the Collector of Internal Revenue, or merely be forced to fill out form No. 1040 himself? . . . A. P.

Dan Parker

INTERNATIONAL

Gurney Williams

IFOR THOMAS

---

lando scowled. "I can't leave that crazy little kid rotting away in a cell. You don't know what it's like." He shuddered reminiscently. But the telephone rang as he reached for it and I answered it. It was Miss Quackenbush, the Pharaoh's monitor.

"Mr. Cobb wishes you in his office at once," she spoke in a voice that seemed, again, a little high-pitched. "It's very important. If Mr. Higgens is with you, bring him. Hurry!"

"Who's been murdered now?" I asked, but the phone clicked.

"Mr. Cobb," I said to Orlando. "It's an S O S."

"Ignore that cuttlefish." Devlin stretched himself on the couch and murmured dreamily to Elvina, "Rub the back of my neck, princess. I've got growing pains."

We left Elvina ministering to the stricken journalist. Orlando chuckled as we dog-trotted through the rain.

"What brains!" he panted.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"Betha," he grinned. "Imagine having the gumption to make a monkey out of the whole of Hollywood. Every studio in town'll try to grab her now. I got to get ahold of her."

"You can call from Cobb's office," I promised him.

A GATHERING reminiscent of that first mystery morning was scattered about the Pharaoh's sanctum. Wazirs and police lined the walls. Lieutenant Egelhofer stood once more like a bewildered fullback with the ball arrested under his arm. Mr. Cobb, wearing his shark's-belly pallor, was again behind his desk.

"What's up?" I greeted Monty Fineman. "Somebody hurt?"

"Not yet," he answered ominously.

"What's the matter with J. B.?" Orlando chirped. "A stroke?"

"This way," one of the cops spoke. "We want you to go in the other room and get fingerprinted."

Orlando was talking quietly to Egelhofer. I caught the tail end of his argument:

"You can't hold a decent kid like that, Lieutenant, you'll ruin her with all this unfavorable publicity."

"That screwball Fancher!" Freddie Blue scowled. "We're going to run that tramp out of California."

"You and who else?" Orlando inquired.

"Here, have a look at this." Egelhofer broke his trance. He held out a letter on a handkerchief. "Don't touch it," he said, "we've got some fingerprints off it."

Orlando and I read the exhibit together.

"Jerome B. Cobb, Dear Sir: I am giving you this last chance to put an end to something that is a seed of evil. I am referring, dear sir, to the motion picture called Sons of Destiny. Unless this picture is discontinued at once and the actors and actresses participating in it all demobilized, I am going to hold you responsible. You will share the fate of that son of evil, Dennis Wilde. I will wait only till ten o'clock tonight before striking again. Bear in mind I am a man of power and desperation."

There was no signature.

"Well, that letter lets Bison out." I looked at the lieutenant.

"Don't start those kind of rumors," Freddie Blue scowled. "Bison's doing a terrific job."

"Well, I always figured he might be a

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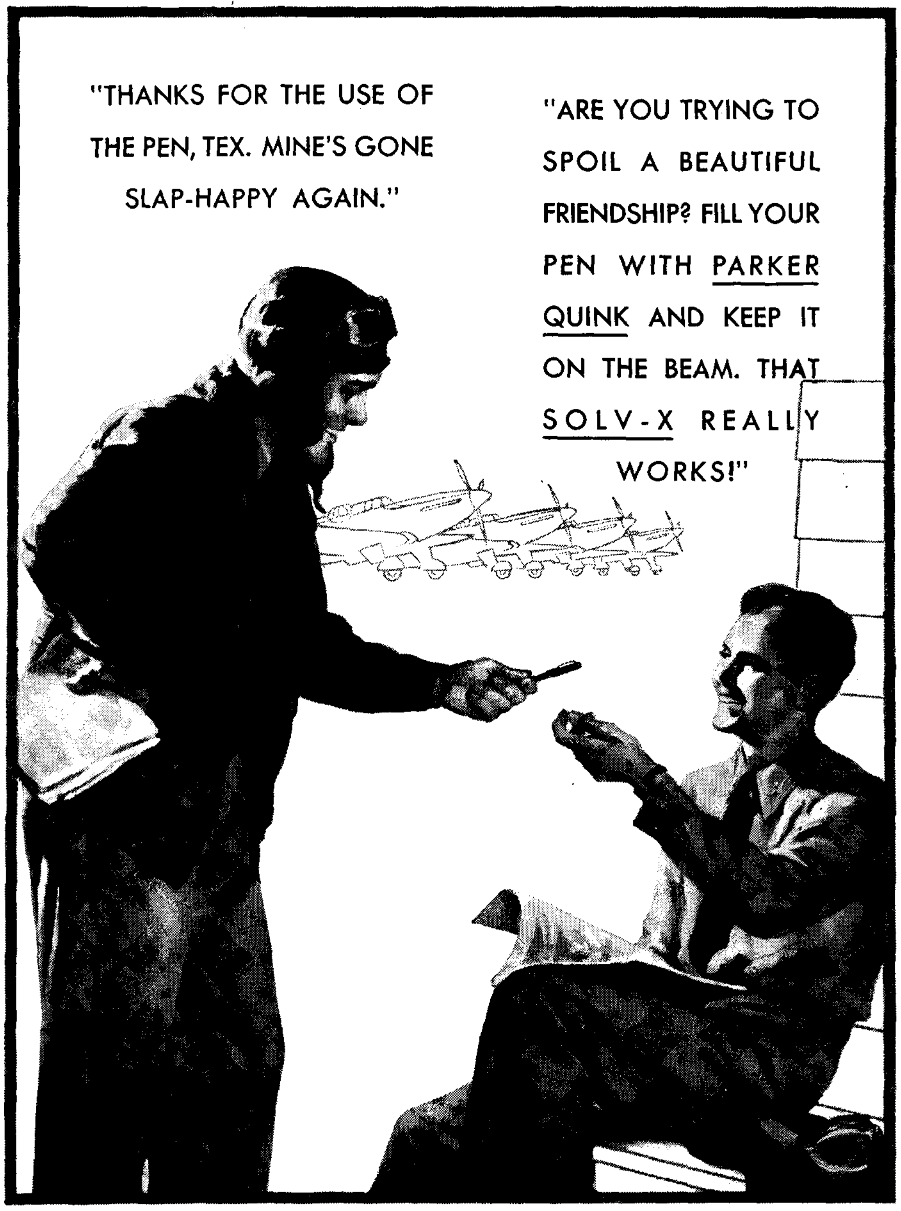
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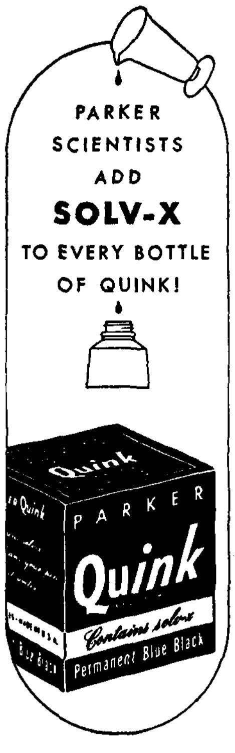

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contender for the cutthroat honors," I said. "But the motive in this letter is all wrong for Bison. He'd never stab anybody to get *out* of playing Periwinkle."

"I've thought of Bison several times," said Orlando quietly. "But this sounds more like Johnny Jones. Where's Johnny, by the way?"

"He's having a nap in Mr. Cobb's private study," said Monty Fineman. "We're taking everybody's fingerprints in the studio—I mean—people close to Mr. Cobb who might have some motive. You'd better hurry."

"That door," the cop pointed.

I had to pass the Pharaoh's desk. He was sitting glassy-eyed, holding a box of pills in a quivering hand. Three huskies I recognized as the studio's leading stunt men were standing like a Praetorian guard behind him.

"That letter just sounds like a dirty gag to me," I said, as I paused in front of him.

He shook his head vaguely. "Uh-huh," he murmured. "There's a murderer loose. A bad one." He tried to swallow and added in a thin voice, "My life means nothing to me. If I have to lay it down for the studio, that's fate, nothing else. A man faces things like that every day on the battle front." He glanced at his three bodyguards. "I'm going inside and lie down," he whispered. "Come along, boys."

Mr. Cobb usually invited ten people for a hearts' game. The first six who arrived were allowed to play. The other four were regarded as a sort of turnover or backlog. There was always a Pharaoh or two present with an amorous entanglement that necessitated his leaving the game earlier than he would have liked—making his farewell with the statement, "If my home should happen to call up, tell 'em I've gone to the washroom for a minute. And give me a ring."

I have had this line, by the way, cut out of some nine scripts on the ground that it might offend the Hays office. Mr. Zupelman, more honestly, chided me, "What do you want to go snitching on everybody for and spreading unhappiness? You know Mrs. Zupelman attends every one of my previews. Put that line in a Harry Arlington picture."

Although not actually invited to the Cobb manor by the sea on this night, I sloshed out nevertheless. Hollywood invitations are so loosely issued, usually by a harassed secretary with a list of wrong telephone numbers, that you can always pretend you received one. I know that when I have entertained, a sprinkling of people I wouldn't be found dead with always show up. It's a sort of give and take.

IT WAS a disgusting night, windy and with the rain degenerated into an outright bore. The prospect, however, of kibitzing, not only at a hearts' game but a promised murder, caused me to swallow my aversion for both the weather and the prospective victim, and head for the Jerome Cobb castle by the raw Pacific. There were seven already around the table when I arrived. Mr. Cobb and Messrs. Sloggins, Arlington, Winkelberger, Zupelman and Orlando Higgens were playing. Monty Fineman was on the bench.

There were a number of other people whose names I didn't know. I had passed five of them before entering the great house. They were bundled in cod-fisherman raincoats, with pistols strapped around their middles, and standing in the hammering rain, alert for a glimpse of Mr. Cobb's murderer. I presumed there was another platoon on the beach side, for the Pharaoh never did anything by halves. In the gothic library where the less grimly preoccupied guests were gathered, I saw more Cobb sentinels. An armed figure sat beside each of the three oaken doors leading into the room.

The hearts' game itself was already in its nastier phase. Mr. Arlington, a loser, was accusing Mr. Zupelman, a winner, of being a man without taste or courage; and Mr. Sloggins, the other heavy loser, was crying out to the company that J. B. Cobb was looking into everybody's hand and that he was positive, to boot, the deck was marked.

Mr. Cobb, the largest winner, was dividing his attention between peeks into his opponents' hands (as charged) and frightened looks at the three doors. Orlando was playing inattentively in the manner of one who had other fish to fry. He was still aglow from his three-hour get-together with Betha Fancher, who had been evicted from her cell at five o'clock as a morbid little publicity seeker. That lecture he had given her on publicity being the only thing that mattered in the movies, Orlando had reported proudly, had set fire to her.

I LOCATED myself a little behind Mr. Cobb, as a student of his play. Oslando was sitting next to him, a place he always preferred since it enabled him to guide the Pharaoh to victory by offering him strategic glimpses of his cards. Mr. Cobb was shuffling abstractedly while two butlers were refueling the table.

"I'm only telling you, J. B.," Orlando picked up what was evidently the thread of a discourse, "that that little girl is the biggest bet in pictures today."

"She's an impossible person," Mr. Cobb stared nervously at a half-draped window.

"Naturally," Orlando agreed, his face shining with a heady combination of love and salesmanship. "Did you ever see a genius who wasn't? Listen, you saw yourself what that kid's got. Took you in hook, line and sinker. Frankly, J. B., have you ever seen acting like that?" He turned happily to the other Pharaohs. "The greatest performance I've ever witnessed. Every word, every gesture—the mood, timing, everything—like some Bernhardt. Talk about putting a heartbreak scene over! Boy, how she hit it! And with that audience, too. Fifty sluggers around her."

"It must have been quite a show," said Mr. Zupelman. "I'm sorry I missed it."

"If you want an idea of how good this kid is"—Orlando arranged his cards so the Pharaoh could get an easier look at them —"I can only tell you that she played Elvina Bliss right off her feet. Stole the whole scene from her. Elvina had to walk off the set. Am I exaggerating, J. B.?"

"Come on, play cards," Mr. Sloggins sneered. "Can't we go five minutes without somebody talking shop?"

"I'm interested," said Mr. Zupelman, above the chatter of the playing. "What kind of type is she?"

"Ask J. B.," Orlando chuckled.

"No sex," said the Pharaoh curtly, leading his ace of spades.

"Watch that slippery guy," Mr. Arlington warned, "he's going to shoot the moon. Hold off your high cards!"

"I don't like signals like that," Mr. Cobb growled; "it's dishonest."

His eyes lighted up as the right cards fell for him, and for several minutes the threat of assassination lifted from his spirit.

"Anybody can win," Mr. Zupelman screamed suddenly, "if he wants to stoop to cheating."

The chips were being transferred to Mr. Cobb, and a new deal started.

"You've mentioned what I consider Betha Fancher's biggest asset, J. B.," Orlando was purring like the sultan's slave.

"What's that?" Mr. Cobb asked gruffly, always pleased with news of his perspicacity.

"No sex," Orlando reminded him (and himself). "It's the most wonderful side of her possibilities." I thought here the lover was mixing the salesman up a little. "I mean," Orlando straightened himself out, "from the point of view of the public. I got a hunch the public is getting fed up on these sweater types around here."

"There ain't any around here," said Mr. Sloggins gloomily. "What the devil are you running, J. B.? A monastery?"

"Don't bother him tonight," said Mr. Arlington. "He's playing Stalingrad."

"I mean it," said Orlando candidly. "There's too much sex in the world."

The company looked noncommittal at this news.

"The public," Orlando went on, "wants to see somebody, for a change, they can trust. There's nothing on the screen but vampires. This kid's different."

"How would she be for Moon Dragon?" Mr. Zupelman inquired cautiously. "I'm having a hell of a time getting just the right kind of Chinese type for that lead."

"Perfect!" Orlando snapped out of his swoon. "Just fix her eyes up, and she's a natural for it."

"Right under my own nose"—Mr. Cobb glared at Orlando—"this guy starts double-crossing me. How do you like that! I have forbidden you, Higgens, a hundred times, to talk shop in my house."

"Who's talking shop?" Orlando was hurt. "I was just discussing the most interesting girl in the United States."

"Listen, gentlemen," the Pharaoh's voice rose, "I'm trying to keep my mind off certain things. We're playing cards on a volcano. There ain't many men who would sit like I'm sitting—with their life at stake—and pay no attention. And I'm not going to have people in my house, at such a time, double-crossing me. Bear that in mind, Higgens."

Monty Fineman, who had absented himself, made a dramatic appearance. He held a morning paper in his hand. It was marked "Extra" across the top.

"Hold everything, gentlemen," he announced. "I had this sent out. I figured something like this was in the wind. I think you ought to hear it."

The game had come to a full pause.

"Front page. Four-column box. An editorial," Monty continued. "The heading is 'A Declaration of War.' I quote:

"'We wish to apologize to our readers for permitting ourselves to be duped by the unscrupulous mendacity of a certain leading Hollywood film studio. We take this occasion to assure our readers, however, that from this day on, we will regard all so-called news stories emanating from the irresponsible motion-picture industry with the suspicion and cynicism they richly deserve.

"'That a leading studio should take advantage of the cruel murder of one of the nation's film idols, to wrest some publicity from the bloody shambles for one of its so-called starlets, is the sort of phenomenon that has given Hollywood the name it has. That this same studio should corrupt the soul of a foolish girl and make of her a national laughingstock, blight her with a reputation that will follow her to her grave, is an instance of cupidity and heartlessness that calls for decisive action. We pledge such action to our readers. We will, henceforth, devote ourselves to making certain that the movies keep all their abortive and tawdry plots for the screen—and that none of them ever seeps into the pages of this family newspaper.'"

ORLANDO broke the ensuing silence. "That's all gravy," he said softly.

"To do that to me on a night like this!" Mr. Cobb groaned. "To attack me from every side!"

"What are you talking about?" Orlando cried. "It doesn't mention any names. It might be anybody."

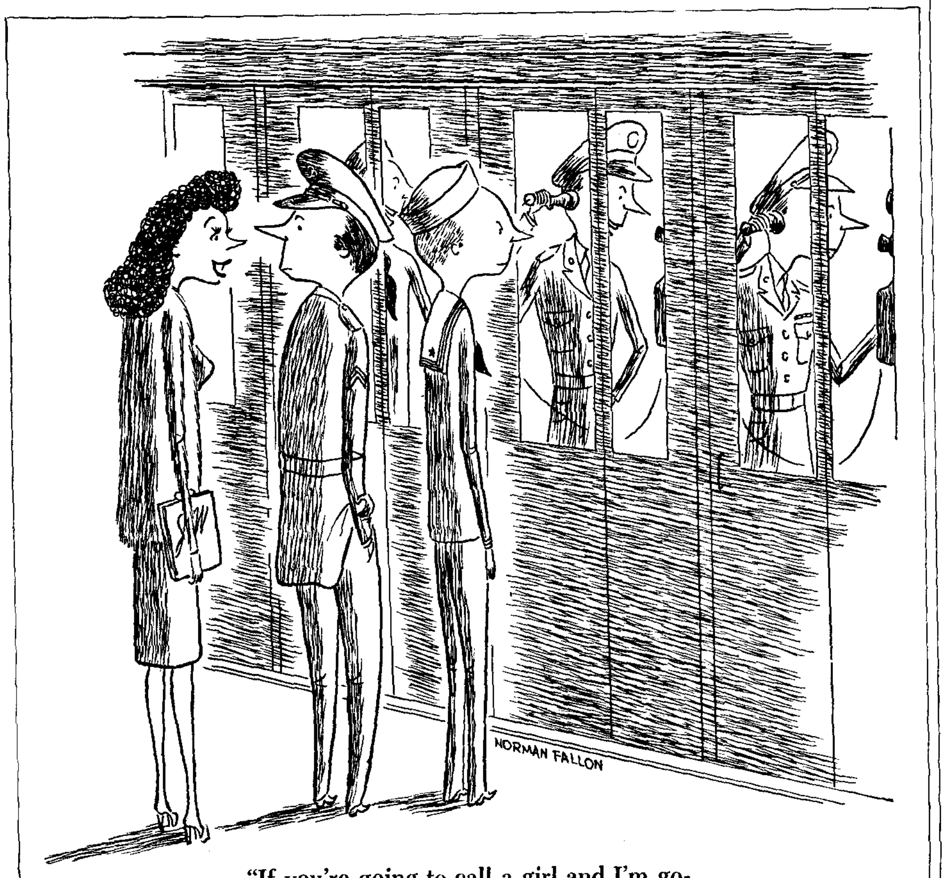
The other Pharaohs were listening interestedly.

"J. B., you're taking an absolutely silly view of the whole thing." Orlando's cheeriness was alone in the room. "Remember one thing: That statement is in at least fifty papers all over the country tonight! Fifty million people are going to read it! And fifty million people are going to think of J. B. Cobb as the greatest publicity genius of our time. You'd be a fool not to take the bows on that!"

"Don't pull the wool over me," the Pharaoh cried. "That editorial is undignified."

"I'm sending out a statement at once," Monty Fineman announced, "exonerating you, J. B., from any and all connection with that girl. And mentioning names." He looked at Orlando. "People can't play Halloween with the studio—and let Mr. Cobb take the rap. No, sir!"

Mr. Cobb looked up with sudden terror at a bald-headed man with a half-foot mustache who had come swiftly into the



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room. The three sentinels were on their feet, pistols drawn.

"What do you want?" the Pharaoh cried hoarsely, his hand fumbling in a coat pocket.

"Don't shoot!" screamed Mr. Zupelman. "That's my lawyer! What the hell you doing here, Mr. Cruikshank? Come in! Sit down, please!"

"I'm sorry to break in like this." Lawyer Cruikshank removed a saturated garment. "But it was too important to discuss over the phone. Have you seen the paper?"

"We seen it," Mr. Zupelman frowned. "Nothing to get excited about."

Lawyer Cruikshank pulled a soggy newspaper out of an inner pocket and tossed it, front page up, on the table. Four of the Pharaohs rose to their feet as if by levitation. The paper was marked "Double Extra." Headlines announced:

INDICT FOUR MOVIE
CHIEFS FOR PERJURY

DIST. ATTY. MOVES TO BRING STUDIO
HEADS TO JUSTICE FOR FAKE
HIGGENS ALIBI

Charges Sloggins, Winkelberger, Arlington and Zupelman Perverted Murder Facts

The story under these cannonball pronouncements carried the by-line "By Chester Devlin, Staff Correspondent." It revealed that this remorseless investigator had learned from the butler, the cook and the two maids of the Zupelman ménage that Orlando Higgens had not been present under that roof for a single moment during the now celebrated hearts' game on the night of Dennis Wilde's murder.

The next paragraph related that the four movie moguls, under indictment due to the paper's alertness, had raised a fund among themselves the next day and bribed the Zupelman servants to back up their fake Orlando Higgens alibi.

Mr. Zupelman was white-faced. "We're crushed!" he moaned.

The phone was ringing.

"It's for you." Mr. Cobb, who had been beaming for several minutes, handed Mr. Zupelman the instrument. The tempo of our evening was getting out of hand. Lawyer Cruikshank and three of the menaced Pharaohs were talking at once above the sudden screams from Mr. Zupelman standing with the phone in his hand.

ORLANDO rode into the din like an artillery division. "Will you listen to me?" he shouted. "That's pure bunk. They haven't got a Chinaman's chance, I tell you. It'll never even come to trial."

"I ought to take a poke at you!" Mr. Sloggins cried, his eyes bitterly on Orlando. "You cheap crook!"

"You're out of your mind," Orlando answered him. "Use sense. That thing won't stand up a minute. It's their word against ours. It isn't as if I'd murdered anybody."

"How do we know?" Mr. Arlington cried. "I said it at the time and I say it again: What if we're covering up for a killer?"

"I wouldn't let you, you know that," Orlando snapped. "Honestly, I can't see," he continued calmly, "what anybody's excited about. We've got Betha Fancher on our side."

"What do you mean—on our side?" Mr. Arlington was out of control. "She's on the other side, you dummy!"

"You're crazy," Orlando smiled. "She'll switch. It's a cinch. She'll say she was lying about my being with her. That was just part of all the other lies she told. Fellas"—a note of wonder came into his voice—"that little girl can save the whole movie industry!"

Mr. Zupelman had hung up and was making himself heard. "My wife," he cried, "she just told me. They've stolen all the servants."

"We know that," said Orlando irritably.

"Don't argue with me!" Zupelman's face was purple. "They've quit. That friend of yours—that Devlin—stole 'em."

"He's no friend of mine." Orlando pointed at me. "He's his friend. Holler at him, if you want to."

"We just furnished the house." Mr. Zupelman cursed for a moment. "And that guy steals every servant we got. Mrs. Zupelman has got to go to a hotel. We were on our second honeymoon, and it's ruined."

Tears choked Mr. Zupelman, and in the discussion which Lawyer Cruikshank was trying vainly to dominate, I turned and beheld Gilbert Higgens. He was standing in the center of the room, wet as a drowned man, and staring abstractedly at one of the half-draped windows.

My immediate impression was that there was something ominous about Gilbert's goofy inattention to the vocal melee around the card table. To enter a room full of screaming people and remain unaware of it, to stand shivering and drenched, without moving toward the roaring fireplace, struck me as evidence of some mighty preoccupation. Knowing Gilbert, I felt something sinister was afoot.

"Hello, Gilbert," Mr. Cobb called. "I am glad to see you. Welcome!"

Gilbert moved forward and bumped into an empty chair.

"Excuse me," he addressed it courteously. "Sorry!"

He arrived at the table, stared at the six shouting figures, all on their feet, and inquired vaguely, "Who's winning?"

Mr. Cobb showed him the indictment double extra.

"Haven't got my glasses, old boy," Gilbert murmured. "Lost them. What's it say?"

Mr. Cobb told him.

Gilbert's eyes wandered to the window, and he remarked, rather off the point, "Filthy night outside." He lowered his dripping bulk into a kibitzer chair.

Orlando, extricating himself from the roars of debate, looked at his parent with alarm. "You're soaked," he said. "You can't sit around like that, Father. You're wringing wet. Did you swim here?"

"Don't worry about me, old boy," Gilbert said. "Feel fine." He averted his eyes and added, "Car broke down."

ORLANDO scowled. There were overtones and vibrations from his sire that, under normal conditions, would have brought him to his feet like a cross-examiner. But the distractions of the moment had uncentered him.

"Come on, fellas," he coaxed. "Let's sit down and finish this game. I'm 'way behind."

"Orlando is right," Mr. Cobb spoke. "That whole indictment procedure is just a cheap bluff."

"Absolutely," Orlando's voice was hoarse. "They're trying to sell newspapers, that's all. We can all give out statements tomorrow that'll make that so-called district attorney look like a monkey."

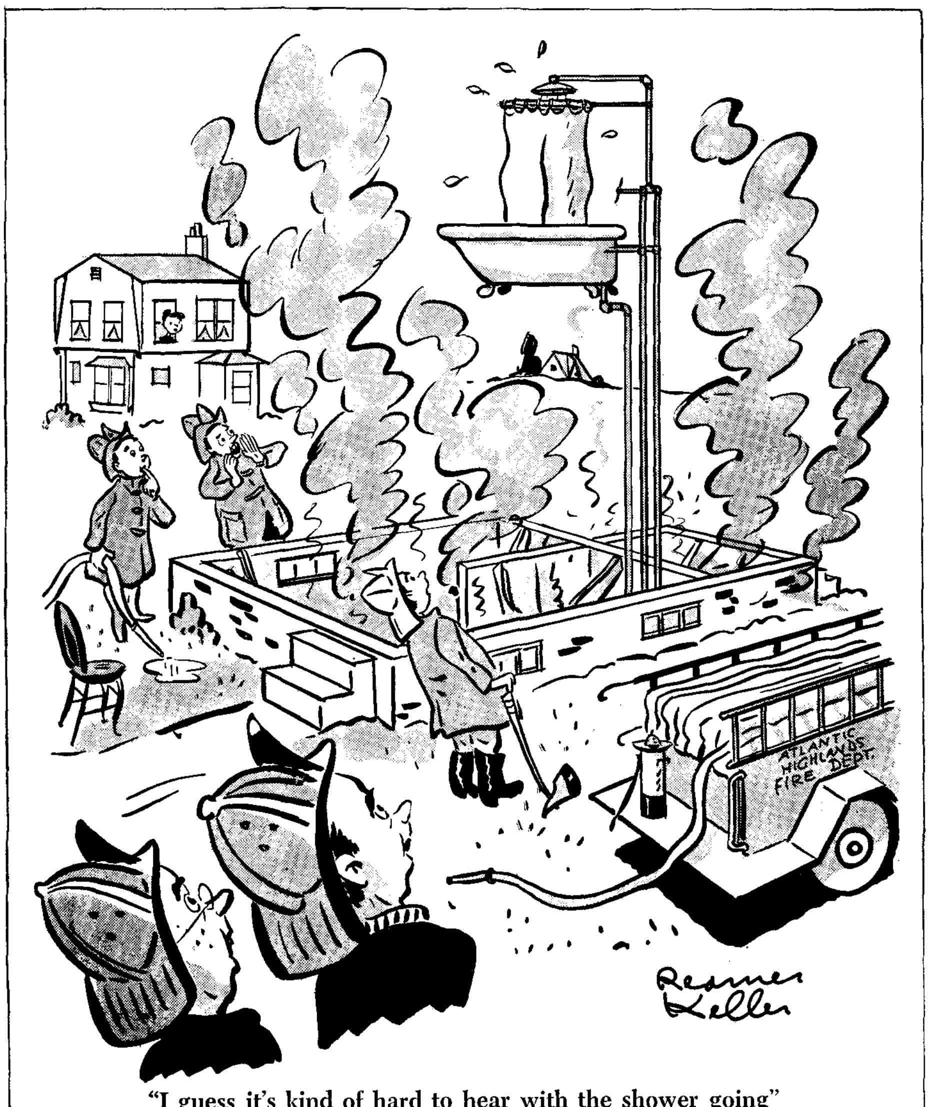
"What do you think, J. B.?" Mr. Zupelman asked. "You're experienced in this sort of thing." He was referring to Mr. Cobb's near-trial for income-tax juggling two years ago.

"I'm sitting here waiting for a murderer," the Pharaoh answered heavily. "You'll excuse me if I ain't interested in your little troubles."

"Okay, deal 'em up," said Mr. Sloggins, "and stop looking at everybody's hand, J. B."

"We will jump into action first thing in the morning, Mr. Cruikshank." Mr. Zupelman was back in his chair. "Thank you for coming out in the rain. But it wasn't necessary."

Mr. Arlington was staring at Orlando and muttering as he picked up the cards.



"I guess it's kind of hard to hear with the shower going"

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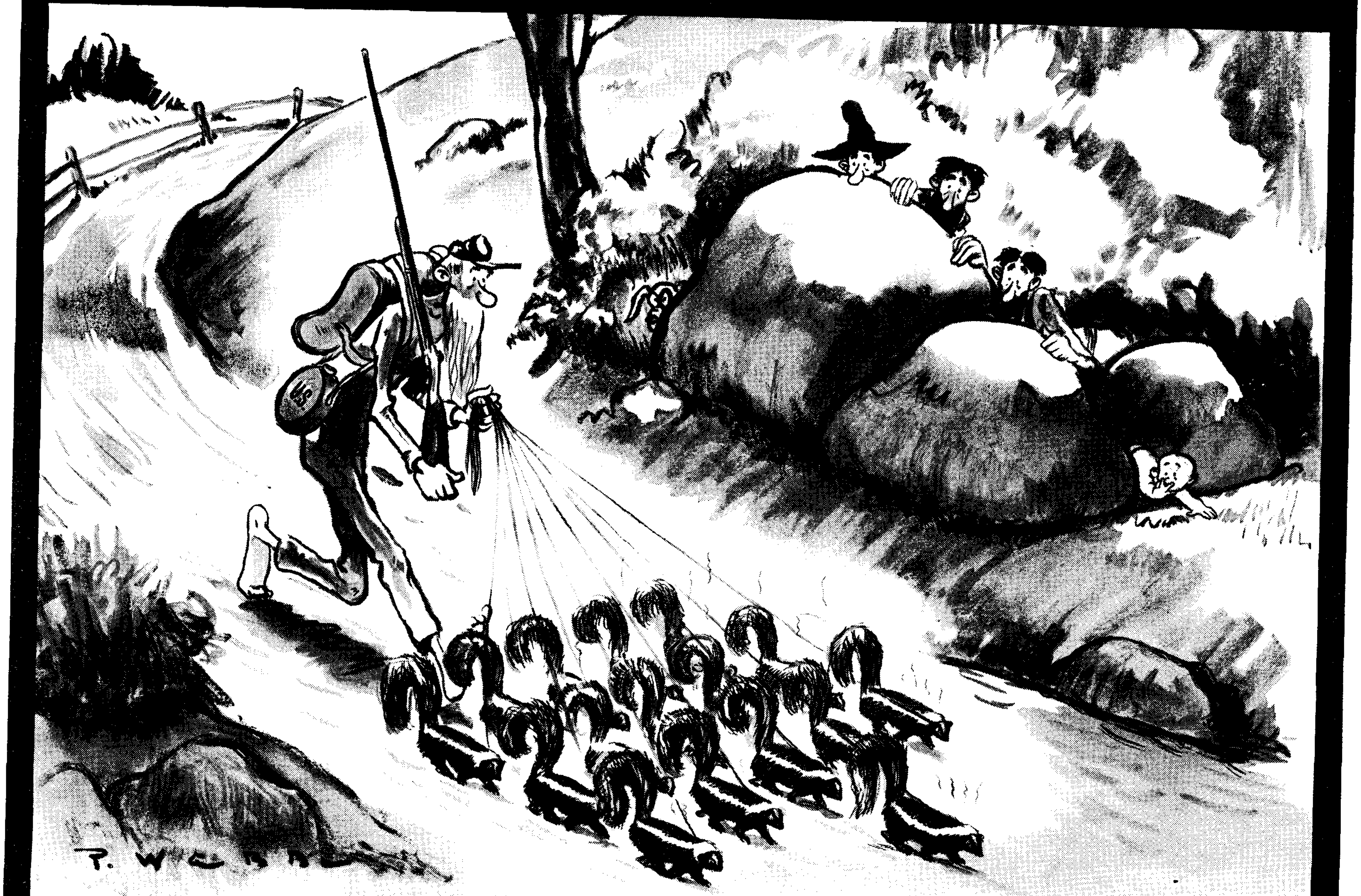

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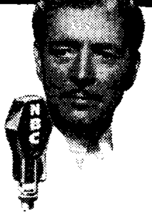

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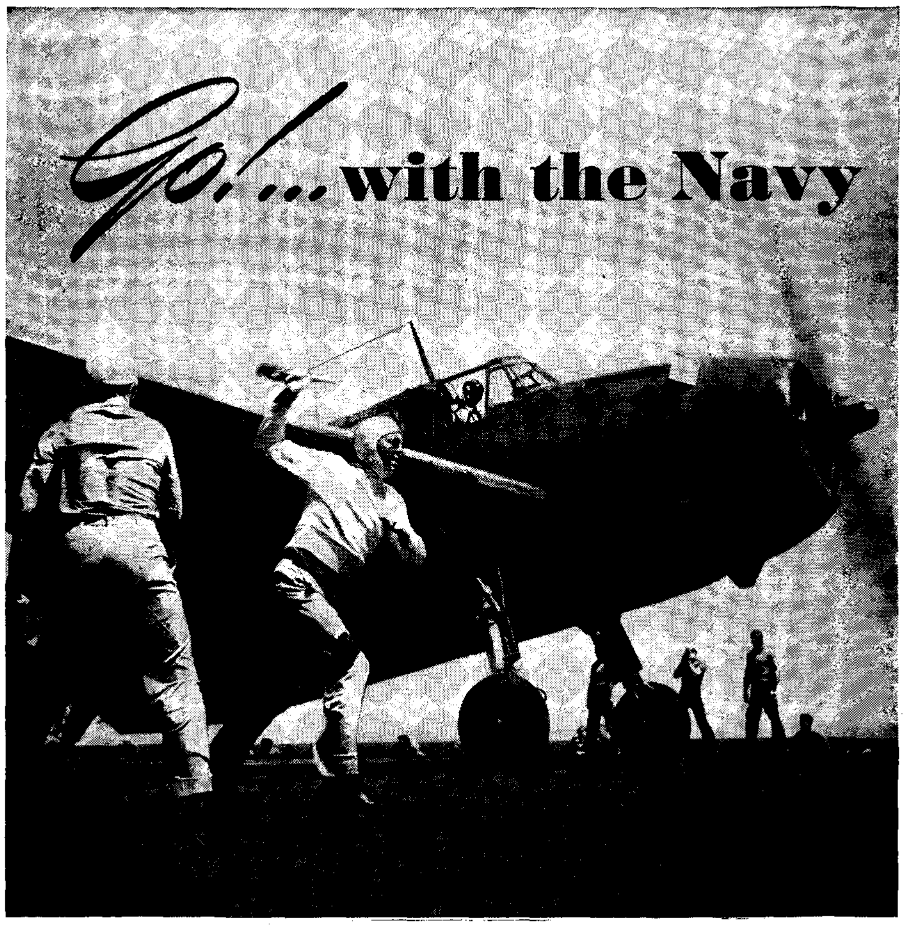

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"If that guy's a murderer, we're all as good as in jail. The whole situation hinges on him."

"Absolutely," Orlando agreed. "If I'm innocent, you've got nothing to worry about."

With this Delphic remark, he picked up his cards happily. My eyes were on Gilbert. Orlando's last statement appeared to galvanize him. He coughed suddenly into his highball glass and sat choking for a moment. The sense of sinister events afoot deepened in me. I marveled at Orlando's obtuseness. His father, the prince of garrulity, was silent as the tomb. He was sitting wrapped in a soggy trance, his hand shaking as it lifted the glass, his little black eyes still blinking water out of them.

GILBERT glanced at his watch, and the left side of his face twitched. I noticed that his fingers were caked with mud and I became aware also that, under his abstraction, he was sitting with all his senses straining. I never saw a man waiting for something more violently

The phone rang.

"That's my wife," Mr. Zupelman announced. "Tell her I've left already and to expect me in a half-hour at the hotel."

"It's my private wire." Mr. Cobb picked up the phone. "Hello, what is it?" he demanded of the mouthpiece. "Yes, put 'em on right away." He addressed the table. "This is a report from the studio on the man hunt. I got nine of my ace mystery writers combing the building for clues. Peritz, Hummel, Lieberman, the whole bunch. If they don't find something, nobody can. Hello," he said into the phone. "Who is this? Peritz. Okay. Let me hear!"

The Pharaoh's chameleon face began whitening as he listened. The wild look of the quarry, prominent earlier in the evening, came back into his eyes.

"This ought to be good," said Mr. Sloggins quietly. "He looks like he's gonna have kittens."

The Pharaoh hung up slowly. He was unable to speak for a moment.

"What's new?" Orlando chirped nervously.

"They have just reported to me"—Mr. Cobb found a thin voice—"that my director, Hercule Potnik—"

"Good heavens!" Orlando cried. "Potnik murdered! I can't believe it!"

"Just a minute," Mr. Cobb panted. "He ain't dead yet. He was found bound and gagged in the ladies' washroom on the second floor—by my mystery writers. Unconscious. With a letter pinned on his sleeve. It said: 'This is my last warning. Down with Sons of Destiny!' "

"That guy's a monomaniac," Orlando muttered.

"How badly is Potnik wounded?" Mr. Zupelman inquired, and then added abstractedly, "I've signed him to direct Dragon Moon soon as he finishes with what he's doing now."

"They're reviving him," said Mr. Cobb faintly, "and rushing him over here, so I can question him."

Gilbert was looking curiously at Orlando, an expression of wonder on his face.

"This means," Mr. Cobb went on, "that the murderer is on his way over."

"I can only advise you, J. B.," Mr. Zupelman spoke feelingly, "that you keep your head in this crisis."

"Was Potnik's throat cut," Mr. Sloggins inquired, "same as Dennis Wilde's?"

"They didn't say," Mr. Cobb gulped. "They were in a hurry."

"In the ladies' washroom, eh?" Orlando offered thoughtfully.

"J. B., you know what I feel for you," Mr. Zupelman continued. "I can appreciate the strain you are under. But I ask you to remember that you've got fifteen guards surrounding this house. A mosquito couldn't get in."

The next thirty minutes were among the most unforgettable I have ever experienced in Hollywood. They began immediately after Mr. Zupelman had finished his reassurance. A shot sounded outside. Three more shots followed. There was a pause, and then a noise of muffled yells came into the room, and a bombardment started up.

My first reaction was that somebody—a regiment at least—was storming the Pharaoh's castle. I looked quickly toward the three door sentinels. They were deserting us. With guns drawn, they were making for safety. A gun exploded a foot from my ear. Mr. Cobb was on his feet, armed, and firing furiously out of the window. Mr. Zupelman was hurrying, obviously, to this same window. His death seemed imminent. Lawyer Cruikshank, pistol in hand, was holding his fire.

The bombardment outside had increased. Flashes of light, that I thought were coming from cannon, filled the rainy dark. They turned out to be lanterns swinging. Mr. Sloggins tried to take charge of the beleaguered room.

"Don't shoot until you see somebody!" he shouted. "Save your bullets!"

Orlando earned a citation by darting after Mr. Zupelman, tackling him around the legs and bringing him to the floor, out of range of the Pharaoh's barking weapon. In the midst of these outer and interior alarms, I glimpsed Gilbert Higgens. He was pouring himself a drink—which might have been the behavior of a man used to massacre or warfare. But there was on his face one of the most self-satisfied looks I have ever seen outside of a barber's chair, which was a thing difficult to account for.

I followed Orlando and Monty Fineman out of the house. The guns were still going, and the flashlights darting about. The action seemed to be concentrated around the sea front. I thought vaguely of Japs and a beachhead, but I followed the childishly reckless Orlando into the teeth of battle. As we rounded the beach side of the house, the firing fell off and then ceased altogether. Either the Japs had landed and overpowered Mr. Cobb's bodyguards or they'd been driven back into the ocean. Voices became distinguishable in the rain which I had forgotten was falling as out of a vast fire hose.

"We got him!" . . . "Here he is!" . . . "Is he dead?" . . . "Yeah, he's deader than a doornail!" were some of the outcries.

WE ARRIVED on the Cobb private beach, fenced off from the Pacific shore, in time to see six men bearing a raincoated figure with a fedora over its face.

Orlando snatched the hat off. It was John Paul Jones.

"Holy Ike!" Orlando yelled at the pallbearers. "What the hell did you shoot *him* for?"

"He started it," one of the guards growled. "He tried to break in."

Orlando groaned. "This is the worst mistake I ever saw! Poor Johnny Jones!"

We brought the body into the library. Mr. Cobb was lying on a couch. Two butlers were loosening his collar and removing his shoes. His eyes were closed, and I wondered for an instant if he had shot himself.

"I think I got him with the last bullet," he said faintly. "I fired at his stomach."

"That was somebody else," one of the raincoated guards spoke up. "Max. You hit him in the arm. We better get a doctor."

"I've telephoned the police," said Mr. Sloggins.

Mr. Cobb sat up and saw the dead actor stretched on the floor. He stared for some moments, during which no one spoke, and then asked in a faint voice, "Who did *that?*"

The large room became suddenly quiet. The sight of poor Johnny Jones dead and stiffened on the floor cast a spell over all of us. That something so real as death should enter this room of make-believe kings confused me for the moment. Cockeyed as our mystery had become, this was no part of its absurdity. This was a man dead. Life in Hollywood might not be, as the poet sang, real and earnest, but death most certainly was. I felt a sense of nausea as I thought of poor Johnny Jones wandering around in his half-drugged state and getting himself killed by Mr. Cobb's little army of guards. I felt, also, guilty of something, and curiously miscast.

THE wind-lashed night outside seemed suddenly not to belong to Hollywood but to a malignant world of murder.

In the hush that held us, the guard captain began an explanation. We listened until Mr. Cobb, white-faced, interrupted.

"But this man is my actor," he groaned. "He's harmless. He had nothing to do with it. You've murdered him in cold blood! He was coming to call on me about that script. He never liked it." The Pharaoh glared at me. "Why didn't somebody ask him his name first, instead of starting to kill him in cold blood?"

"It's a terrible thing," Orlando said softly. "Poor Johnny, out for a walk!"

"Poor Johnny Jones!" Mr. Cobb echoed. "I've been like a father to him for twenty years. We used to take walks together." Tears were in the Pharaoh's eyes.

"I say, old boy," Gilbert spoke up. "Nobody's taking a walk on a night like this. That beach is an inferno."

"You think he was trying to break in here?" Mr. Cobb asked hoarsely.

"Absolutely, old boy," Gilbert said. "What was he doing at the back of the house—in a bloody cloudburst?"

"I always knew he was crazy," Mr. Cobb whispered.

A newcomer, I presumed a policeman, was kneeling over the body. I realized, with a start, that he was undressing it.

"This is going to raise a lot of hell, if you ask me," Mr. Zupelman sighed.

"At least two weeks' reshooting," Mr. Cobb groaned.

"I wouldn't worry about that now," Orlando whispered. "Marco Falcon is available. I told you, before you started, he was the man for that part."

"Too expensive," Mr. Cobb muttered. "But don't talk to me now, please. A pacifist should turn out to be my murderer. It's unbelievable. Hey," he cried to the man busy over the body, "what are you undressing him for?"

Chester Devlin turned around, holding the dead man's coat, shirt, vest and undergarments in his hands. It was an astonishingly different Devlin from the one I had last seen having his head rubbed. It was a Devlin redivivus, the eyes clear, the sharp-featured face focused on a high task.

"Hello, Mr. Cobb," he drawled. "Did I understand you to say you killed this man?"

"Get that fella out of here," Mr. Cobb indicated the news ace with a shaking finger.

"You can go to bed with a clear conscience, sir," Devlin continued. "This gentleman did not die of gunshot."

"What is he talking about?" the Pharaoh asked.

"I am informing you, Mr. Cobb"—Devlin stood up—"that your hands have no blood on them. You can look the world in the face. And give it the horrors," he added thoughtfully.

"I don't follow you, old boy," Gilbert spoke nervously.

"This unfortunate man," said Devlin, nodding at the corpse, "was not shot, but asphyxiated. Either that, or he was poisoned."

"You're talking like a chump, old boy," Gilbert said excitedly. "The fellow's riddled with bullets. I can count seven of 'em from here."

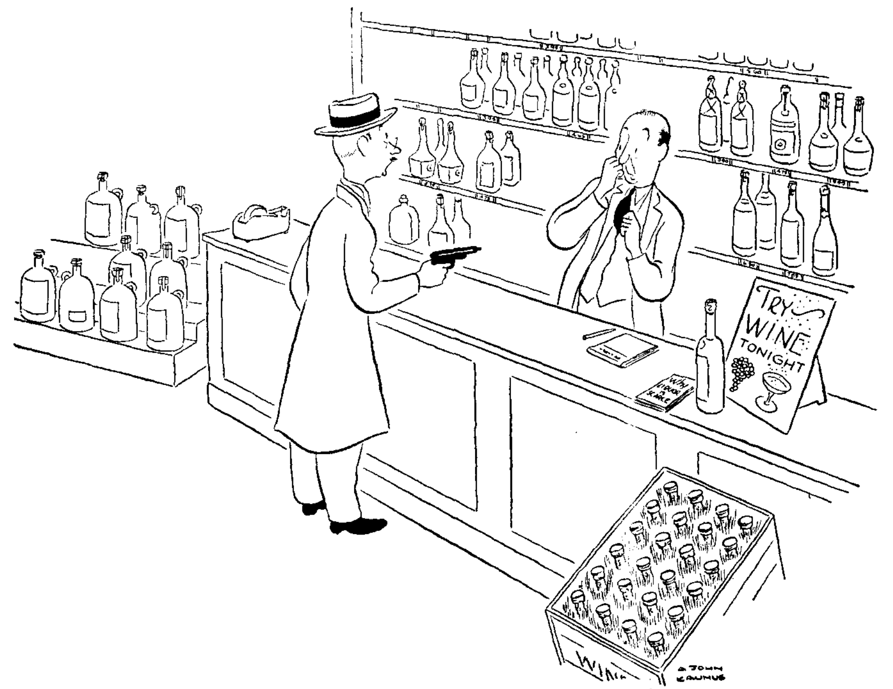
I wondered at this, for Gilbert, without his glasses on, couldn't count seven elephants.

"Yes," said Devlin, "there are eight bullet holes in all, but no blood from the wounds. I removed his clothes to make certain. And the reason I removed his clothes was that the body was in a state of *rigor mortis* when it was brought into this room. Also, its face was a bright blue, indicating either a diet of cyanide or gas asphyxiation. On the whole"—Devlin dropped the clothes on the body—"he hasn't the look of a man who was hanged, although we can't be too sure. There are no rope burns about the neck, but someone may have used a handkerchief to strangle the man."

The Pharaohs were listening with the usual air of loathing they had for any plot turns. It was an air that seldom failed to break the hearts of scenario writers, but it left my old newspaper friend as frisky as a bridegroom.

"I know this man," Gilbert pointed angrily at Devlin. "He's a lunatic."

"Why, hello, Mr. Higgens," Devlin said softly. "Praise from Caesar, eh?" He looked at me and added, "A very interesting mystery. Mr. Jones was shot eight



COLLIER'S "Of course, I'm willing to pay for it" A. JOHN KAUNUS

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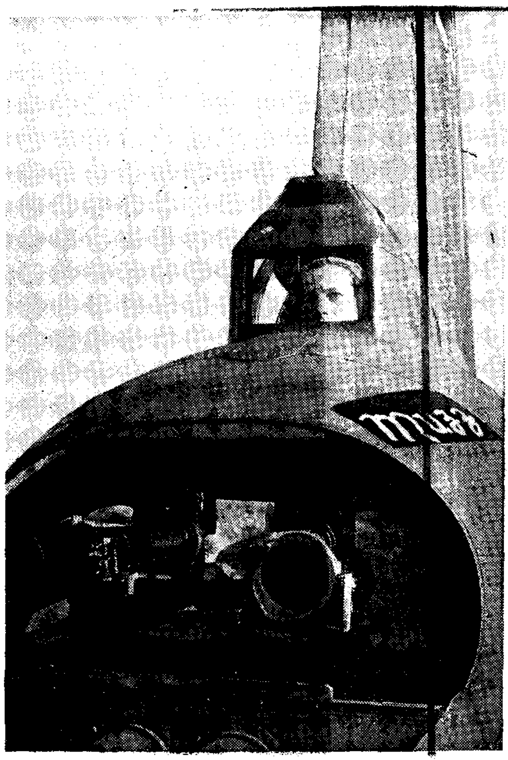

JOE DEARING

A Letter to Tail-End Charlie

BY COREY FORD

SEVERAL months ago, when I was with the Air Forces in England, I wrote about Tail-End Charlie. Maybe you remember Charlie: nineteen years old, from a little town in Texas, a sort of blond kid with a nice grin; a rear gunner on a Flying Fortress crew. Maybe you remember how he was kneeling over his tail guns in the Hamburg raid, and a 20-millimeter shell exploded inside the ship while they were ten minutes short of the target, and blew his back full of jagged flak, like cloves in a ham. The first he knew how badly he'd been hit was when he lifted his hand, and the blood ran down out of his glove, and he realized an artery had been cut in his right arm. But the Focke-Wulfs were coming in, and he couldn't leave his guns; so he reached down calmly and disconnected the plug of his electrically heated flying suit, and let the subzero cold congeal the blood, and he kept firing his guns for an hour. . . .

What I wrote was the way Tail-End Charlie feels these days when he reads the news from home. How he feels about John L. Lewis, for instance, and the steel strike, and men who would walk out on their jobs at $100 a week while he stayed on his job at $50 a month. How he feels about congressmen who would cheat him of his chance to vote, or who try to sink a prohibition dagger between his shoulder blades. How he feels, in short, about all the selfishness and quarreling and politics-as-usual and get-it-while-you-can-ism going on at home.

Well, it seems there were a lot of letters in answer to Charlie. Everybody in the service agreed with him, of course, and some people at home disagreed; but there was one letter in particular that I think Charlie would like to read. It was written by Reynold Hosking, of Mitchell, South Dakota, and it was addressed to Charlie; but since Charlie isn't around to answer it, I'm printing it here instead:

"We're learning a lot in this war, too, Charlie. Here's a concrete example: Anne, who used to run around with us some and finally married Mecling, lives across the street from us and has for over two years. We used to laugh at her because every time her baby got a stomach-ache, she would call the doctor. Well, last week the kid got the flu for sure, and Anne didn't even mention a doctor; took all the care of him herself and now he's up and around again. You see, she has been taking that nurses' training course they are offering here.

"But I have a personal problem, and here it is: I'm thirty-four years old. I'm in perfect health. I have a perfectly good job, get my salary right on the dot every Wednesday, have a wife and six youngsters. My wife works some, too, now. We buy our War Bonds, stick to the rationing program, make a few sacrifices here and there. *But* am I doing enough? Should I be over there with you fellows? My job is transportation. I have to see that the plant gets the steel it needs to make the material that is going to be sent over to you. It's my job to see that there is no delay in getting it to you when it's ready.

"It's my job to see that the farmers out in these other towns get the seed when they need it for planting. To see that the machinery they have ordered is not held up at some terminal because somebody is careless. It's my job to be sure that the poultry dressed here is on its way as soon as possible and that it is kept in good condition for you fellows fighting it out over in Italy, in the South Pacific or wherever you are. It's my job to see that there is no wasted gasoline used in the trucks over which I have supervision, that the tires we use are taken care of properly, that the trucks are properly greased and oiled. Well, there's more to it than that, but you see what I mean.

"I have been deferred once because this *is* essential work. But could somebody else do it as well and release me for service over there? When George comes home and his stump of a leg is beginning to bother him a little and he is sorta low and he asks me why I wasn't in the war, is it going to be enough to say, 'I was in the war. I was doing essential work here'?

"Well, there it is, Charlie. I don't want to go and leave my family, my good job, my security, any more than you or Tom or Bill or Harry or Orville did. But I want to know that when this is over, we can still have our clubs, our opinions, our pleasures, as Americans and free people all over the world have always had. I want to be able to go down to Mac's on the corner and drink a few drinks with the fellows and bawl President Roosevelt out in front of you if I think he's got it coming, and not be afraid of being put in a concentration camp. I want to be able to go to church when and where I please. I want to listen to the radio programs I want to listen to; I want my children and grandchildren to vote as they please. And I want to do whatever I can to see that it's going to be that way.

"So I want your viewpoint, Charlie. I'm undecided where I can help the most. The next time you are up there, either on your way over or on your way back or when you have completed your mission and are talking it over, bring this up, will you? Then write me and let me know what the boys say.

"I'll write again, but for now, so long, Charlie."

I think Charlie would understand how you feel, Mr. Hosking. You see, he isn't around to answer your letter himself. Did you happen to read in the newspaper, a couple of weeks ago, about a Flying Fortress that was so badly shot up on the way back from a raid over Germany? It crashed on the water, the paper said, and the tail section of the plane broke away from the rest of the wreckage. For just a moment, it remained afloat, and as the Nazi strafers swept the scene, the tail gunner kept up a steady stream of fire until the section sank out of sight. . . .

I think all of us could call that Charlie's answer. ★★★

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times a full two hours after he had been killed."

I held my peace, knowing already most of the answers. But Orlando, rash youth, demanded enlightenment.

"What the hell for?" he said. "Why should anybody shoot a guy after he's dead?"

"Either as target practice," Devlin answered, "or—who knows?—to cover up the actual manner in which the victim had been done in. There are a number of matters involved which I am sure somebody will figure out later." He glanced at his watch. "In time for our next edition. I was sent out here to interview Mr. Cobb on the reaction of the cinema world to the indictment obtained by District Attorney Fortescue today. But I think this is more interesting. And now, may I have the names of all the gentlemen here? I understand there was a hearts' game going on when the mock battle broke out."

A HOST of arrivals marching into the library cut short the interview. There were a half-dozen village policemen and another dozen of my literary colleagues from Empire, led by Peritz, Hummel and Leiberman. And in their midst, with a bandage around his head, wobbled Hercule Potnik. It was Potnik who was most audible.

"How many times do I got to get killed before somebody will listen to me?" his half-falsetto filled the room. "Once ain't enough! What do you want me to do? Fall to pieces? I told you who was murdering Denson Willie and who was murdering me—from the beginning. The same character."

"Who was that?" the Pharaoh asked, holding his head in his palms.

"Johnson," Potnik screamed, "in the ladies' toilet!"

"What Johnson are you referring to?" Mr. Zupelman demanded.

"My goodness! Jones Powl Johnson!" Potnik shrieked. "He hit me behind my back! With the same chair! Before I could turn around, I was crippled for life!" He became suddenly silent, staring at the half-nude body on the floor. "What's he doing *here?*" he inquired in a whisper.

"Lookee," Author Peritz spoke up. "I told you nothing pointed to Johnny Jones. Well, are you convinced now he's innocent?" The scenarist sighed, "Poor Johnny, he couldn't have been in two places at once." Author Peritz, who was nearsighted, bent over the corpse. "Poisoned, eh?" he said quietly.

I felt Gilbert start behind me.

Potnik was still staring at the body. "This is dumfounding," he said hoarsely. "My head is going in and out." He slid into a chair, moaning. "Somebody call a doctor. I can't hold on."

The police from the village station were rounding up the bodyguards.

"Don't interfere with them!" Mr. Cobb cried. "They're here to save my life. There's a murderer after me."

The village cops paused, confused.

Devlin had been busy taking names down from Author Lieberman.

"Thank you," he said. "I think that covers the group." He turned to the Pharaoh. "Do you mind if I use one of your telephones, sir?"

"What kind of lies are you sending in?" Mr. Zupelman cried.

"I don't know," Devlin answered soothingly. "I'll just make them up as I go along. Offhand, I can't think of any connection between the poisoning of this unfortunate actor and the perjury charges which you gentlemen are facing. But some notions may occur to my publisher who is panting in his office, waiting to hear from me."

Devlin sat down at the empty card table and looked coldly at a decanter of bourbon.

"If any of you gentlemen care to make a statement as to why you saw fit to poison John Paul Jones, and remove that illustrious name from the silver screen, I will be glad to take it down, verbatim."

There was a silence as Devlin picked up the phone.

"By the way," he turned to the captain of the guards, "just who started all that gunfire?"

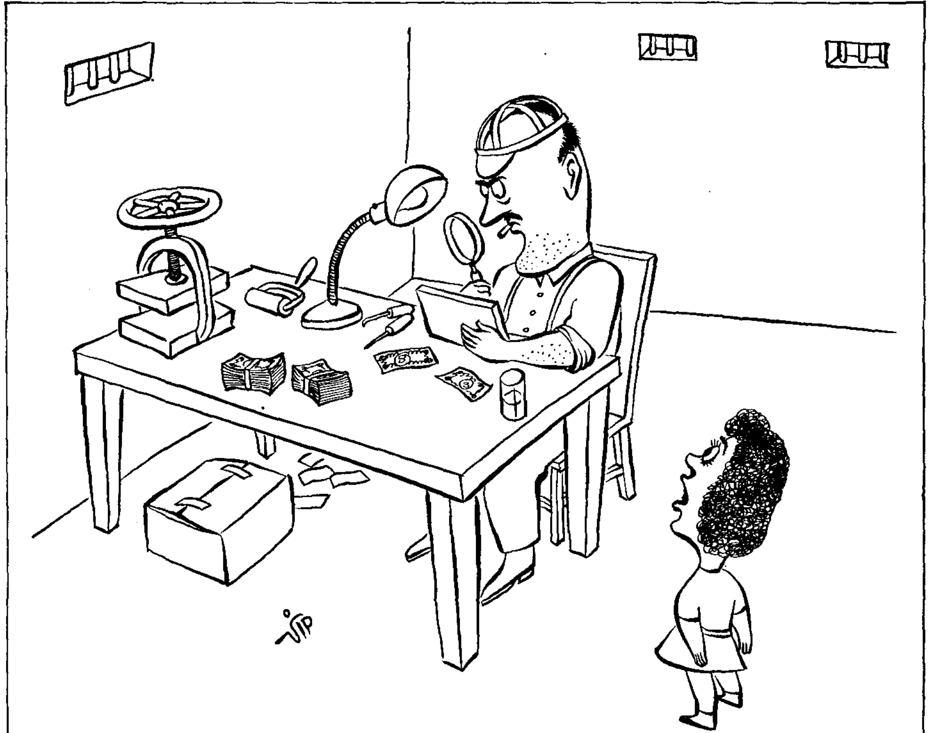
"I don't know," the sentinel answered. "It wasn't any of us. Somebody started shooting from the beach. And when we got there, there was nobody there, only Mr. Jones. He was dead. That's all I know."

"A curious affair—" began Devlin when Gilbert interrupted: "I say, old boy, how about a drink?" His hands were fumbling with one of the glasses, a pillbox half hidden in his palm.

"Ah, knockout drops!" Devlin exclaimed. "You're spilling some of the powder on the table, sir. Or is it cyanide? Great Scott, I'm in a murder factory!" He returned to the phone as a hush held the room.

"Hello, Chief." The Devlin drawl became full of tenderness. "Chester Devlin speaking. I've got a little story here that may interest you."

(To be continued next week)

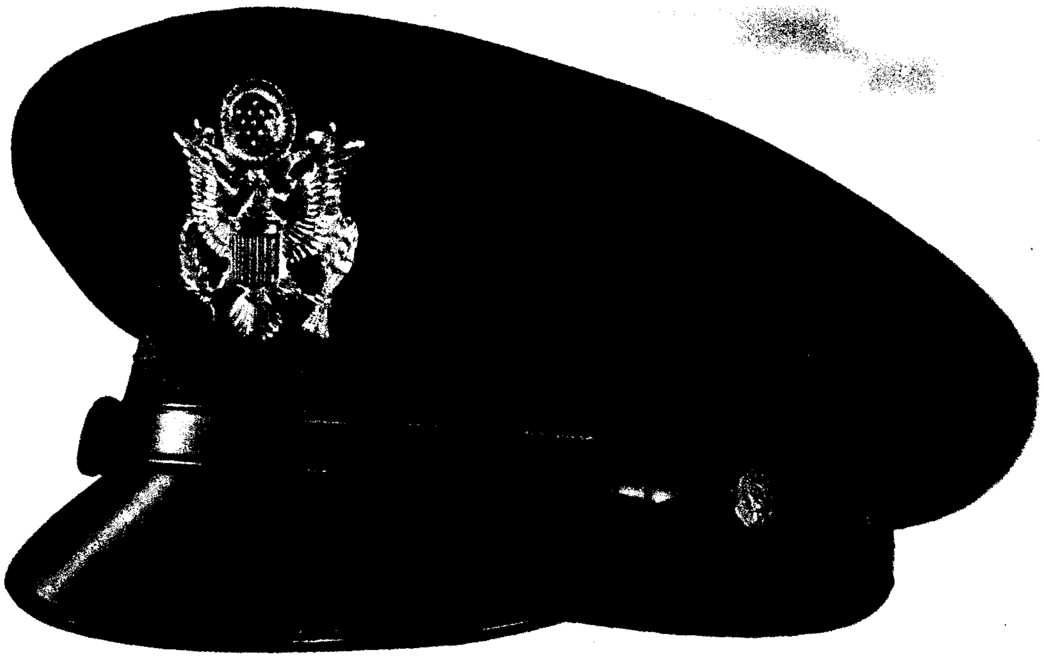


COLLIER'S "Daddy, will you make me a nickel?" VIRGIL PARTCH

LET'S SPEED THE DAY ★ ★ ★

WHEN HE CAN CHANGE

FROM THIS



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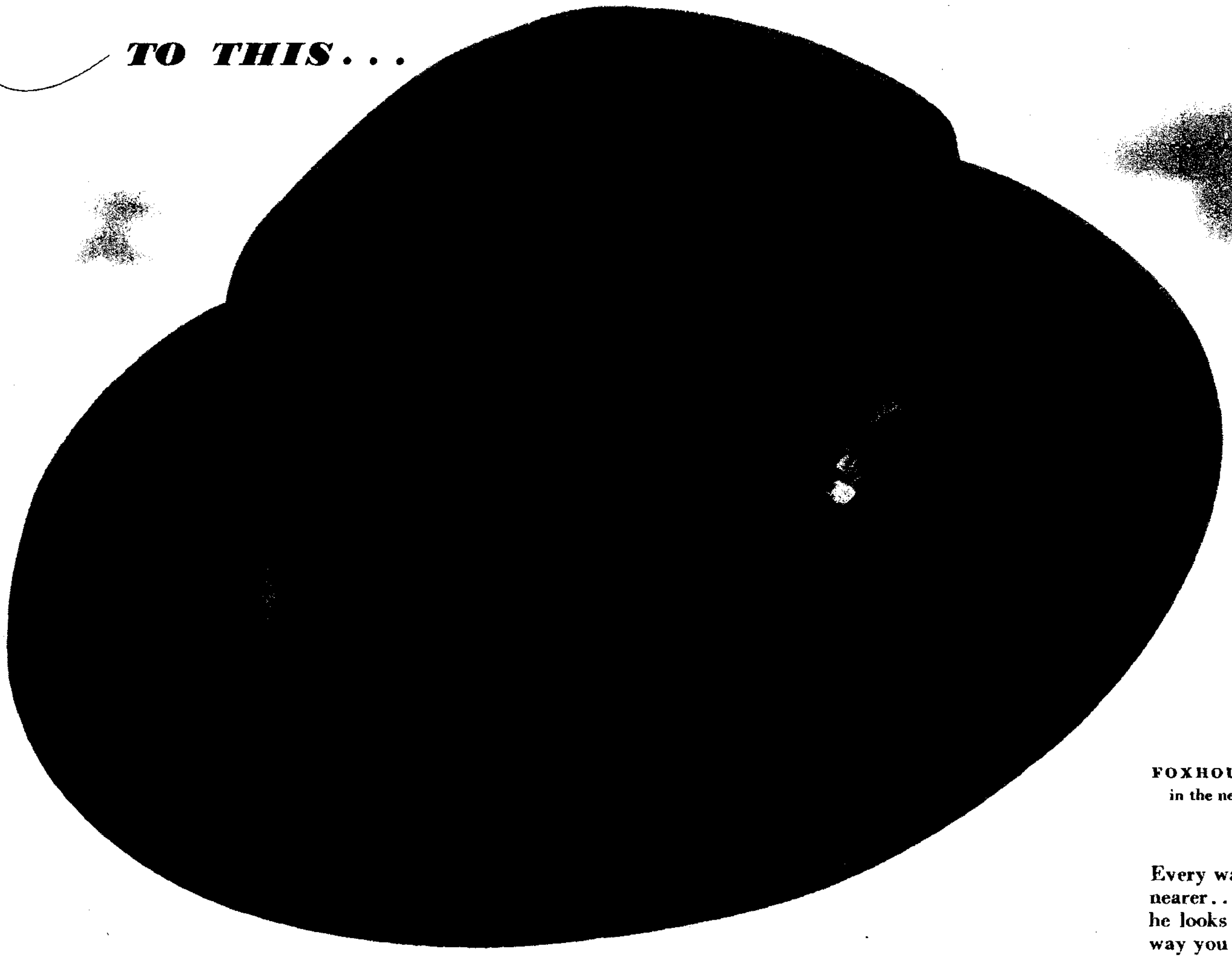

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Going to Run All Night

Continued from page 15

The officer nodded. "Well, that's about all. There'll be no written message . . . in case you might be taken. You'll be picked up by one of our own patrols probably. Just tell them that we can't last another day here and that we're going to try to come through at dawn. It's possible they won't believe you. But that's a chance we'll have to take. If they have time, they can send a plane over with a message, to let us know that they understand, although it hasn't been any too healthy here for planes. There won't be much trouble getting you through their lines at night. I'll send a guard with you until you're beyond their lines and then you'll be on your own. Just follow the road. The main idea is to get there before dawn. I figure it's thirty-five or forty miles before they'll pick you up. We won't attack for six hours. You think you could make it in, say, five hours?"

"Why, if I was in shape," Nilson said, "I could, maybe, easy."

"Still," the officer said, "you're the best we have. Good luck."

"Yes, sir," Nilson said, and saluted and turned.

Outside, the two sergeants stood on either side of him, and the tall one said, "Well, what are you gonna need?"

"I dunno," Nilson said. "I guess I won't need anything. Maybe I'll take a canteen, maybe not." He knew that thirst for water and the actual need for water were not necessarily the same thing; he was already weighing, only half-consciously, the weight of the canteen against the necessity for water.

"Well, let's get going, then," the other sergeant said.

The tall sergeant got Nilson a canteen filled with water, and they moved out into the deeper darkness beyond where the tanks and cars stood in a shallow arc like great animals vaguely huddled in the dark.

They were more than halfway across the plain of three or four miles that separated them from the hills that held the enemy, when Nilson said, "Look, this isn't any good for you two, is it? I mean, if they see us, three isn't going to be much better than one?"

"Stop being noble," the tall sergeant said. "Someone's got to show you through the hills."

"I see what you mean," Nilson said.

It was simpler than he had thought it would be. You could neither hear nor see the enemy. They needed no pickets to hear tanks approaching, or a plane.

THE three moved upward over the dry hills, the soil crumbling under foot as they climbed, so that at the crest, the sergeants were bushed, panting in the heat and the altitude like animals, and even Nilson was sweating. In the moonlight, below them and to the west and right, they could see the road.

"I guess this is where we get off," the tall sergeant said. "You better get going."

"All right," Nilson said. "I gotta get ready, though."

He undressed in the cloud-broken dark, until he sat there in his underwear, his socks and shoes and his dog tag. The other sergeant handed him the canteen.

"I'll take a drink now," Nilson said, "and that'll have to hold me. The canteen's too heavy—"

"You take that canteen," the tall sergeant said. "You're gonna need it."

"Look," Nilson said, then stopped. He saw that they did not know about water and running or any violent exercise. You could be thirsty for an awfully long time without actually needing water, but this was no time to start explaining that to them. "Well," he said, "I'll go along then."

"Good luck," they said. They watched him move, still walking down the slope toward the road a half-mile away. They thought it was because he couldn't run down a slope that steep, but Nilson was walking until the water he had just drunk was out of his stomach and he could be fairly sure he wouldn't get a stitch when he started to run.

Watching him, the tall sergeant said, "You think he's gonna do any good?"

"No, I don't," the other sergeant said. "Even if he gets through their patrols, he'll drop before he gets to our people—or quit and go hide."

"What do you say that for?" the tall sergeant said.

"Because you're probably thinking the same thing I am!"

In the darkness, the tall sergeant nodded. "We both know we could go along, too, now and hide somewhere until this is over, because they're not going to get through tomorrow morning."

"But we go back, instead," the other sergeant said. "And I don't know why."

"I don't know why, either," the tall sergeant said.

Then they both turned and began to go back the way they had come.

NEARING the road, the sense of great adventure that Nilson had begun to know, started to leave him. Not fear but a sense of futility took him; a sense of his own littleness in the night and the desert that was also the enemy's country. At the edge of the road he paused, although he could not tell exactly why and so attributed it to fear, long the conventional reason for all unknown hesitations or doubts. It was not fear, though, so much as an unwillingness to undergo one more futility.

He had not been a very good runner, and he was now thirty-one. Like most of the young men of the Scandinavian colonies in Brooklyn, he had run more because it was custom—tradition, among their people. He had liked it, too, although after almost fifteen years of little or no glory, he had unconsciously begun to feel that he was too old to keep losing that often, had begun to realize that, after a while, it did something to a man. Not that it was any fault of his; after all, you'd have to be pretty special to run well Saturdays or Sundays or any other day after being on your feet all day as a post-office clerk.

He still hesitated on the edge of the road; there was in his hesitation a quality that was close to sullenness, a vague, an even shadowy resentment against some large amorphous body or group that somehow had become identified with the long years of defeat.

Without quite knowing what the resentment was, he knew it was, if not wrong, at least inappropriate now and here. He sighed and at the edge of the road did a curious little exercise that relatives of his also had done—oh, say, three hundred years before in Norway. He bent over, touching his toes five or six times and each time straightening up and flinging his arms wide. The idea was to open up his lungs quickly and limber the muscles of his chest and arms. Although he was not a very good runner, he knew all about running; he knew a man ran as much with his arms as with his legs.

Then he stepped onto the road and in a reflexive gesture pawed at the crude paving as though it were hard-packed cinders, and the heavy G.I. shoes were the short-spiked ones of the distance runner. He felt sheepish, and in the darkness his mouth twisted into a half-grin. Then he began to run.

Almost immediately he felt easier; felt confidence flow through him as though it

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were his blood; felt that now, at last, he was in his own country, or, perhaps more accurately, in his own medium. For there are mediums of action that vary with the individual; some people feel best moving in an automobile, others on a horse, most people walking, a few running or flying.

More or less unconsciously, as he ran, he felt with his feet for the part of the tar-and-gravel road that was best suited to him. The road was slightly crowned in the center and in places pocked lightly by machine-gun bullets from the planes that had gone over it. As on most roads, he found that the shoulder was best suited for running. It was softer, the spikeless shoes slipped less on it, and the slightly more resilient quality of it would keep him from having shin-splints tomorrow. He thought with irony—a new emotion for him—that it was of no importance whether he had the little pains along the shin from bruising or pulling the tendons there that held the muscle to the bone. Certainly he would run no more tomorrow, come what might; indeed, there might not even be a tomorrow.

THIS started him thinking of what he called fear—because so many things were called fear—but what was really an ennui, a saturation in himself of having for so many years done things to no purpose. He wondered if this, too, would be to no purpose; if some burial detail, an indefinite number of days from now, would find his shapeless and twisted body some place along this road.

Then came the thought, also new to him, that it would be worse to get to where he was going and not be believed. There was nothing he could think of to do about that, though, so he stopped thinking of it. Like most Scandinavians, he was a fatalist, and the war had not helped him to overcome that.

The night—soft, warm and windless—was all around him. In its blackness, there was even a quality of brown; or perhaps, he imagined this, for all day, the hills were brown, so that afterward you associated the color with thirst, with violence and with the imminence of death. He had discovered, only recently and to his relief, that he was not afraid of death; after all, he had no responsibilities in life, no dependents; disablement was something else, though.

Then, quite suddenly and even oddly, he began to think of the time he had run seventh in the Boston Marathon; the cold day and the girls lining, rather unexpectedly, the road at Wellesley, and the sudden, tremendous lift they had given his spirit, just standing there, calling to the runners, the wind moving their hair and their bright skirts.

He was running faster, now; too fast, he thought. He was breathing rather hard. It was rather early to be breathing so hard; but he knew that would pass soon, and the thing called second wind would come to him. He slackened his pace a little, feeling more, as he did so, the weight of the shoes and trying to reject the thought that was starting to come in him, before it took too much form; trying not to think of it.

He began to think of the enemy and where the enemy might be; all around him, to be sure, but probably not too near the road, because, by night, planes could see a road. Still, there might always be patrols that would know a man running steadily by night was a strange and perhaps fearful thing. Still, they might never see him; only hear him and the pounding of his feet on the road. So, deviously, his mind came back to the thought he knew he had been trying to avoid, and now he could not avoid it any longer: there was only one thing to do, take the G.I. shoes off and run without them.

He slowed down gradually until he was walking and then he walked perhaps thirty yards before he stopped. Then he sat on the ground and took his shoes off.

When he stood up, he hesitated again. Once, he had lost a shoe in a race and had finished the race, but the cinders hadn't been very good for his bare feet.

The road here was bad, but principally what he feared was stepping on one of the scorpions that they saw every day. He wondered if they were out by night—and then he began to run again.

Now the element of strangeness about him, about this man running in the night, this Brooklyn Norwegian in a strange land, was intensified by the silence, in which only his regular and heavy breathing made a sound.

Without knowing it, he moved at times in a kind of stupor. The nights of little or fitful sleep, the days of too little food and water, were beginning to affect him now, and he began to take refuge from exhaustion and pain in something at times close to unconsciousness.

Twice he passed tanks not far from the road, their crews sleeping, he himself not knowing he passed them. Like a dun ghost, he drifted with the short, more or less effortless stride he had developed over the long years of competition and training. These little spells of semiconsciousness could no longer occur, though; effort was too much to permit them, too sustained and by now even terrible. So that his senses became acute again, his thoughts long-ranging, sharp and filled with color. It was perhaps this return to full and acute consciousness, induced by pain, that saved him.

He had begun to think of the long dreams of his youth, of his passing down through the lines of people at the end of the Boston Marathon, as he strode in, tired but easily first; of the Olympic Marathon and the laurel wreath he had read of.

Some place there was sound and some place a dull shouting. He could not tell for a moment whether they were in his thoughts or in the reality of the night all around him. Then there came the sound, now long familiar to him, but still terrible, of an automatic rifle coughing in the night.

He glanced around him, flinching but unhit, his eyes, already strained open by the night, trying to open wider, so that the little muscles near them suddenly hurt. The shouting, the firing were above him—here the road was sunken—behind and to the right.

The firing came again, a little farther away, but not near him. He neither heard nor felt bullets. With one of those sudden lifts of speed—but unconscious and desperate now—with which a distance runner sometimes tries to break the hearts of his opponents in the middle of the race, Nilson suddenly started to sprint.

THE road ran downhill here, and now through the warm, dark night, the little man cut loose, letting his feet shoot out ahead of him, carrying his legs out with the curious sort of controlled abandon of the cross-country runner going downhill.

He ran with an almost incredible lack of sound, although he was not aware of this. The shouting and the sound of guns continued behind him. With a faint pleasure, he realized that it must have been his passing that had alarmed the enemy.

There was, then, a sense of other-worldliness about him as he moved in the night. It made him aware of the strangeness of what he was trying to do. Perhaps it was this, perhaps only the adrenalin further secreted in his body by sudden fear when the shots sounded—but he found a new strength in his body; the legs, the rhythmically moving arms recovered the thing of which, in his boyhood, he and the others trying to be runners had made a fetish—the thing called form.

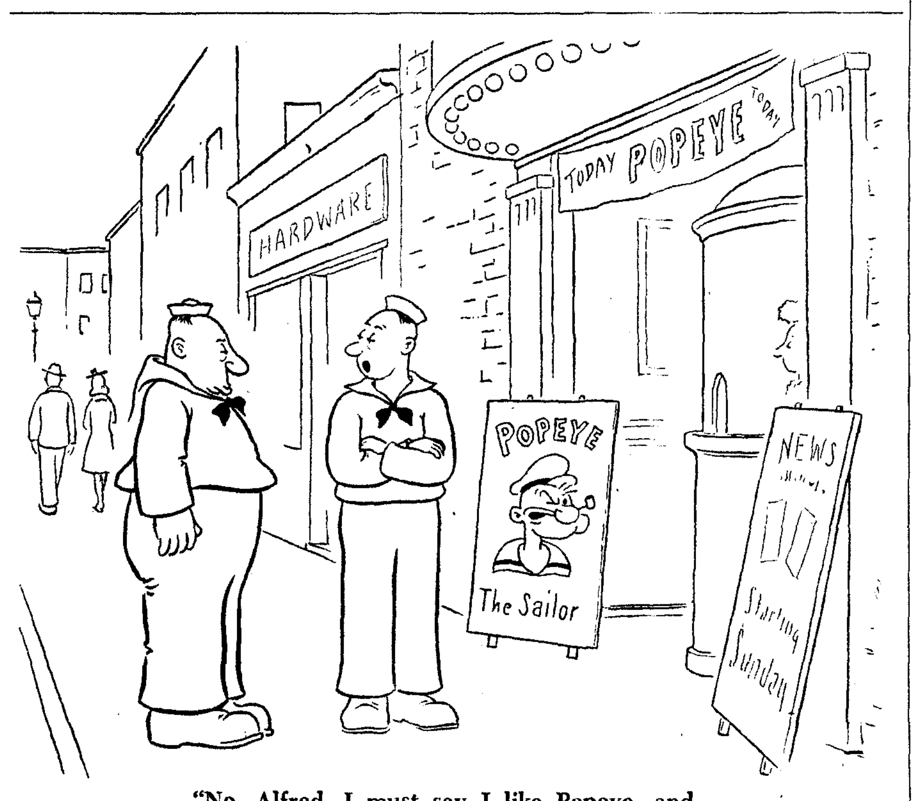
So, going downhill now, the enemy all around him, he experienced a sense of power, almost as though he were invisible, almost as though he were fleeter and stronger than anything that could seek to kill or hinder him.

Sweat bathed him, so that he glistened as though oiled, and there was a slight froth at his lips. He moved with a machinelike quality and his eyes—if they could have been seen—might have been thought to be mad.

The road leveled under him, ran flat for perhaps a quarter-mile, then began to mount again. He was aware of this change only gradually. The change he was first aware of was in himself, first the mind, then the body. The sense of power or superhuman ability was gone, almost abruptly; then his lungs began to hurt badly, and the cords in his neck. He was, he suddenly realized, nothing special; he was Pete Nilson from Brooklyn, and he was bushed, he was just about done.

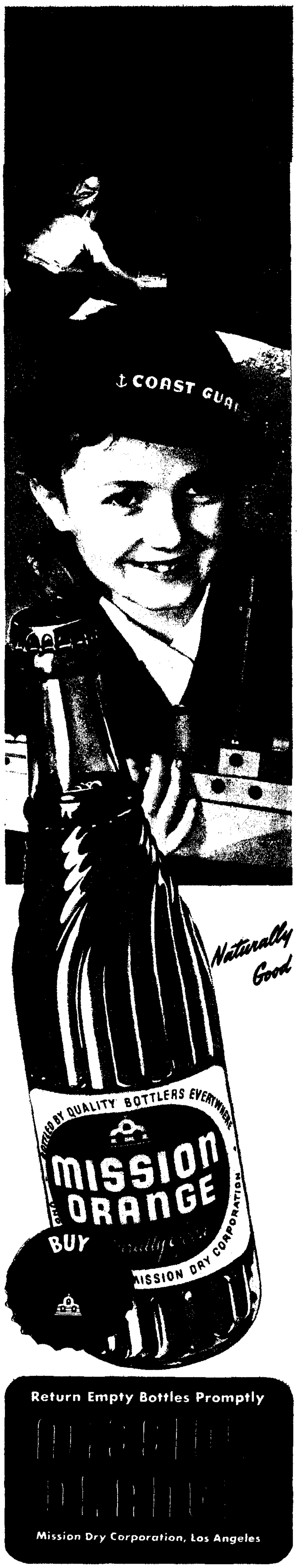
He shook his head, not unlike an animal

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"No, Alfred, I must say I like Popeye, and I don't think he reflects on anyone's dignity"

COLLIER'S



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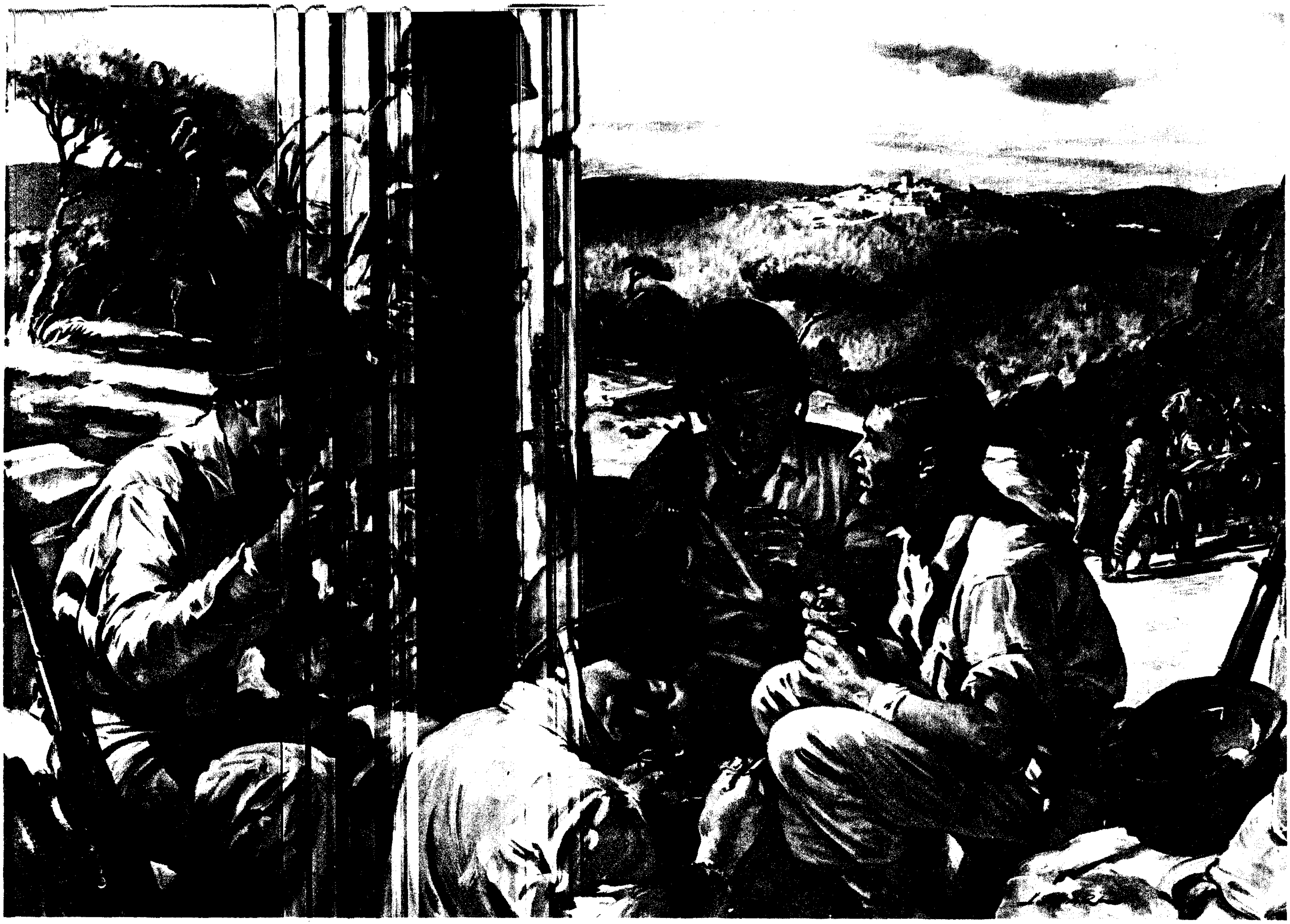

"I wonder what's cookin' at home!"

"I WONDER if Mom's fixin' one of those apple pies of hers, with the juice bubbling over at the edges.

"I wonder if that job will be waiting at the filling station. And if the drugstore at the corner will look the same when I drop in for a coke.

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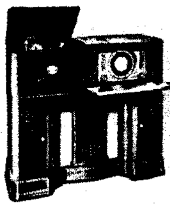

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trapped and bewildered. The desire, the need to stop was extraordinarily strong in him. He tried an old trick, for which he had no name: he tried to analyze his pain, knowing that this sometimes made it disappear. There was the pain in the lungs, in the throat, in the muscles of the eyes, but not yet where his arms went into the shoulders, not yet just above the knees where the thigh muscles overlapped.

His stride had shortened—as it must, uphill—his body leaned forward. He had not been above quitting in a few races in his life, when he was hopelessly outdistanced, when he had not been trained right, when he had not had enough rest the previous week to make him strong.

It seemed to him that he had never been so exhausted as now, and his mind sought for excuses to stop. Oddest and first, there came to him the thought that if he only knew how long he had to run, he might endure it. Twenty-six miles, 385 yards—that was the distance of the Marathon, and in Boston, in Toronto, you always knew to within a few hundred yards how far you had come, how far you had to go. But now, no one knew or had known, not within four or five miles. The enemy was in the hills, and the hills were all around the lieutenant colonel and his men, and beyond the hills that held the enemy were more of your own men, some place. So late, oh, so very late in his life he learned that it is important to all men in their various endurings to see an end, to know a little bit about how far off an end is.

He was closer to being blind than he knew. He had started to deviate from a straight line, veering slightly from side to side. Although he did not know it, he was beyond the enemy, and all he had to combat was himself. But he had forgotten about the enemy, and his mind sought for reasons to stop, for old resentments that could now possess the weight of argument. What the hell had they ever done for him? He should have been a sergeant by now.

SOME sort of anger formed in him: he could not tell its nature or its object. He realized it might even be at himself; then, that it was at himself. He must have been crazy, he thought; he supposed that, all his life, his efforts had been directed obscurely and even deviously toward trying to achieve a sense of usefulness, corrupted sometimes into what was often called a sense of glory. And now that he was close to it, he had almost rejected it.

Why the change in him had occurred, the sudden insight, he might never know. He was on top of a hill, though, and looking down into a plain full of great shadows, and there was a paleness in the sky over the shadows. He was on top of this hill, but whether he was running or standing still, he might also never know, for it was just as great an effort to stand as to run.

He began to move downhill again, but still veering from side to side. He sensed, if he did not see, that there were no more hills beyond and he knew that his own people must be somewhere near, perhaps at the bottom of the hill he was now descending.

As he staggered, half-blind in the half-light, to the foot of the hill, he thought of the Athenian runner finishing the first Marathon and, as he collapsed, crying, "Rejoice, we conquer!" Nilson realized only now how much that image, those words had been with him, influencing him all his life. They heartened him now, sealed the sense of meaning in him.

A SENTRY challenged him as the road leveled out into the plain, and Nilson, not knowing the password, figured that this was the place, if there ever was a place, for him to collapse. Pheidippides, finishing the first Marathon, had cried, "Rejoice, we conquer!" but Pete Nilson, thinking this, and finishing his own run, only said in a kind of prayer, "Hey, buddy, don't shoot," and knelt and quietly fell forward in the dust.

He didn't remember exactly what he said to them, but they took him with surprising quickness to another lieutenant colonel. And the miracle was not done yet. He could not believe it then; all the rest of his life, he could hardly believe it. They believed him. They believed him, and some place about him as he sat stupefied on a canvas stool in a tent, he heard all around him, in the first light, the sound of armor beginning to move, the clank and roar of the tanks.

A staff sergeant tried to explain to him. "Look," the sergeant said, "nobody comes down here in the shape you're in to lie to somebody else. You see?" Especially the feet, the sergeant thought.

But all Nilson did was sit on the canvas stool and stare.

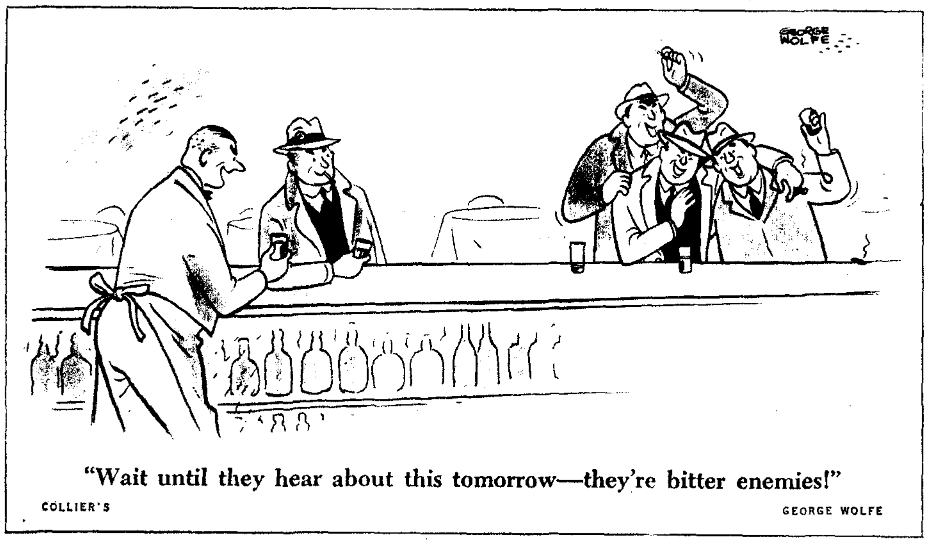
"Look," the sergeant said again, "you'll get something big for this. Don't you catch?"

Nilson stared right at him. He was beginning to catch, but it would be a long time, if ever, before he could make anyone understand. The big thing, the most important thing in his life, was that he had come down here, without credentials of any sort, and they had believed him. The citation, the medal, nothing was ever going to mean that much.

"Look," the sergeant said. "They're getting you a doctor. You want anything now, though? Coffee or something?" Don't the guy know about his feet, he thought.

The little froth at his lips still, Nilson shook his head slightly. He looked like a madman, and the sergeant thought that maybe he was mad. But all Nilson was doing was sitting there listening to the roar—the clamor that was the sound of salvation for a lot of men who couldn't hear it, yet—and thinking that he, Pete Nilson, had actually set it in motion. He didn't want anything right now, only to sit there and listen.

THE END



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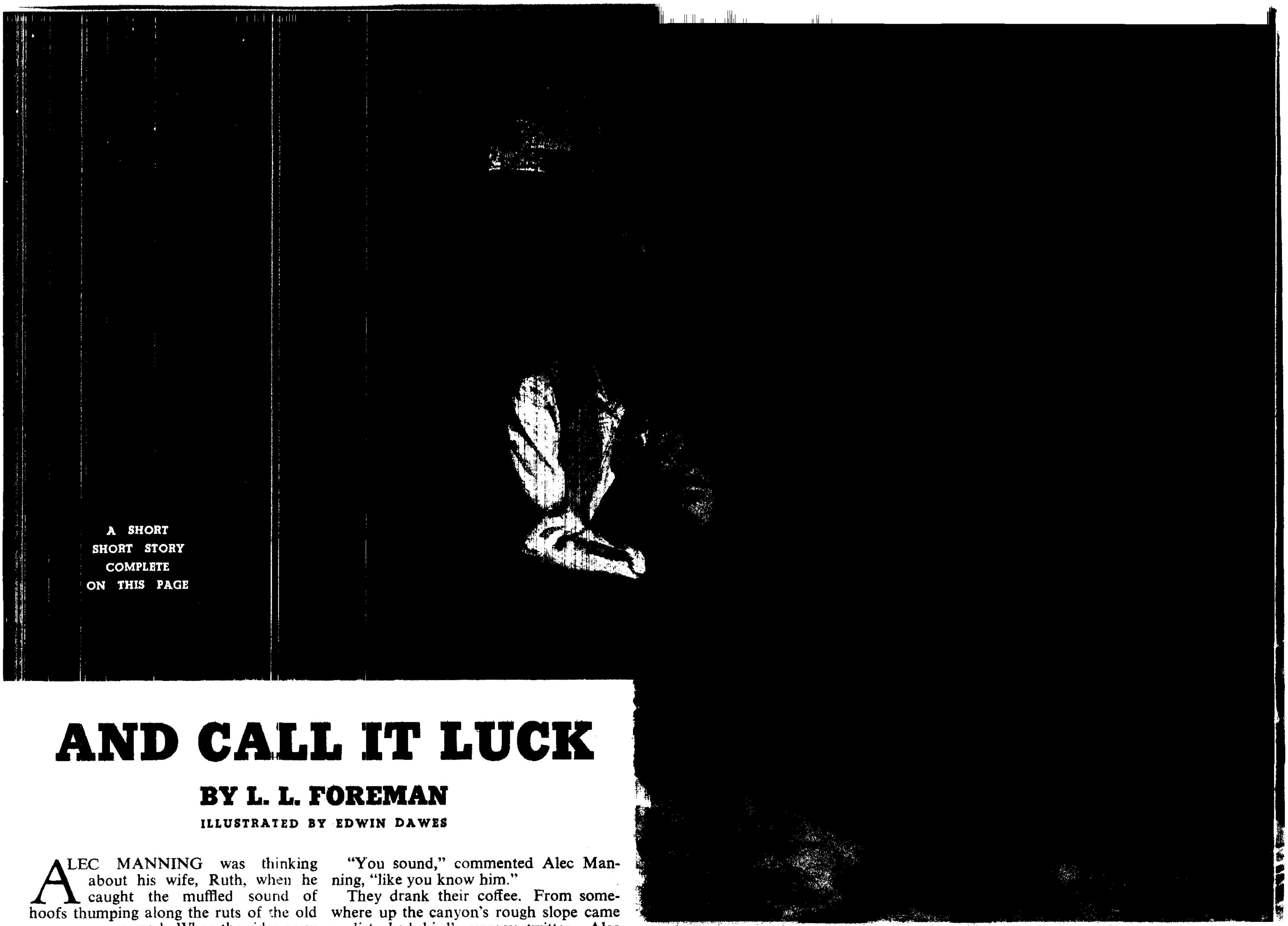


A SHORT
SHORT STORY
COMPLETE
ON THIS PAGE

AND CALL IT LUCK

BY L. L. FOREMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

ALEC MANNING was thinking about his wife, Ruth, when he caught the muffled sound of hoofs thumping along the ruts of the old canyon wagon road. When the rider grew visible in the moonlight Alec Manning called, "Who is it?" Then the horse halted and blew tiredly, and after a moment its rider said, "Lord love us, is that Alec?"

"Right." Alec Manning stepped out of shadow. "You, Fin?"

"Son of a gun!" The saddle creaked, high boot heels hit the dirt, and the two men came together, swearing amiably.

Squatting on their heels and cooking coffee over a frugal fire, they swapped more reasonable talk. Fin Wallace inquired about his sister Ruth. Alec Manning said in his slow, word-saving way, "We've been married a year," and Fin Wallace asked, "Then what're you doing way out here this time o' night? Is it Burkhart trouble again?"

"No; that's past." Alec Manning looked up from the fire. "The Burkhart crowd made peace, soon after you left."

"With you, maybe," Fin Wallace said. "Not with me." His eyes chilled. "Lot of riders below Sanburn today. Looked like Burkhart men, watching the roads. I stayed clear."

"It's not you they're expecting," Alec Manning told him.

"No? Then who?"

"Utah wild man, name of Sorrel John. Shot the Rainbow paymaster yesterday. Missed getting the pay roll."

Fin Wallace reached over and flipped open Alec Manning's vest. He looked briefly at the badge pinned to the shirt. "You!" he said softly, and laughed. "You sure *have* made peace with Burkhart!"

"So could you, if you hadn't gone off to—where, Fin?"

"Utah," Fin Wallace said, and laughed again. He cuffed back his hat, exposing his sweat-plastered black hair. "Don't let it worry you. Sorrel John's a redhead."

"You sound," commented Alec Manning, "like you know him."

They drank their coffee. From somewhere up the canyon's rough slope came a disturbed bird's uneasy twitter. Alec Manning laid more sticks on the fire, and at last Fin Wallace said, "Maybe I do. Maybe this fellow they call Sorrel John used to be a small-time cowman like us, that got busted fighting a hog who'd fence the world in and call it his if you let him."

Fin Wallace rolled a brown cigarette and smoked gustily. "At that, we had some good old times, didn't we? 'Specially us three—you, me, and Red Plummer. Me and Red, it was just our luck we got ourselves too well known in that fight." He paused. "Red broke jail in Colorado last year. He's on the dodge."

"You telling me it's him? Sorrel John?"

"I didn't say so, did I?" Fin Wallace leaned forward, eyes intent. "I'm just saying it's only luck you're not in Red's boots. You got a wife—Ruth—and a home to go to. You're a lawman now, and you got standing. But it's only luck you're not riding your heart out tonight, like Red."

"YOU call it luck," Alec Manning said. "But there's another side to it. I'm thinking of the kind of man who, when he hits a tough stretch, takes the easy road—and goes on taking it, from choice. Let him get in a tight spot, he'll blame the road he took, and call it luck. I'm thinking of that Rainbow paymaster. He's got a wife and kids. He's bad hurt. Might die." It was a lot for him to say, and hard to get said.

Fin Wallace spread his hands. "One thing leads to another, I guess. You know how it is. Anyway, he's a Burkhart man, that paymaster. Burkhart still owns the Rainbow, don't he? Well, there you are. Would you stop Sorrel John on that account, if he came by here?"

Alec Manning said, "I would, because I'd figure he was heading for Mingo Lodge, where old man Burkhart is sleeping alone with that Rainbow pay roll under his bed."

Fin Wallace's mouth twitched. "I hoped," he said, "I could talk you out of it." His right hand was at his hip, his eyes on Alec Manning's hands. "You see, Alec—maybe you've guessed it—Sorrel John is using this road tonight!"

Alec Manning nodded. "With all roads blocked, this way is a fair bet for a man who knows the country real well."

Their stares locked, and in the moment's hush the twitter sounded again up the slope. Fin Wallace cast a swift upward glance, sudden comprehension putting the chill into his eyes. He said in his softest tone, "Your watchdog up there—is he getting itchy?"

"No," Alec Manning said. "He's an Indian. He's just reminding me to keep the fire going so's he can see you. He's got a rifle." He went on studying Fin Wallace's eyes, trying to read them.

He said slowly, "Ruth and me, we've got a place in Cruz Valley now. You could take the right fork out of this canyon, follow the river, and come right up behind it. Green roof. You couldn't miss it. Ruth'd feed you. There's good horses in the corral. You could be safe over the line in Mexico by daylight."

"Sure. Sure, Alec!"

"Or, Fin, you could take the left fork, instead—to Mingo Lodge, where Burkhart's asleep with that pay roll."

Fin Wallace's face stiffened. "You didn't have to say that. You know it's the right fork I'd take, if you let me pass."

"All right. Good luck. Say, Fin—"

"Yeah?"

"If you're still packing that red wig with you, better get shed of it, you hear?"

"Sure. You—knew about it, huh?"

Fin Wallace leaned forward, eyes intent on Alec. "I'm just saying it's only luck you're not in Red's boots"

"Red Plummer's in Mexico," Alec Manning said. "He got married and he's making good, working for that big Prieta cattle outfit. I had a talk with him only a few days ago. You look him up and he'll get you a job."

"Yeah, sure." Fin Wallace grinned. "Good old Red! Well—adios, amigo!" He ran to his horse.

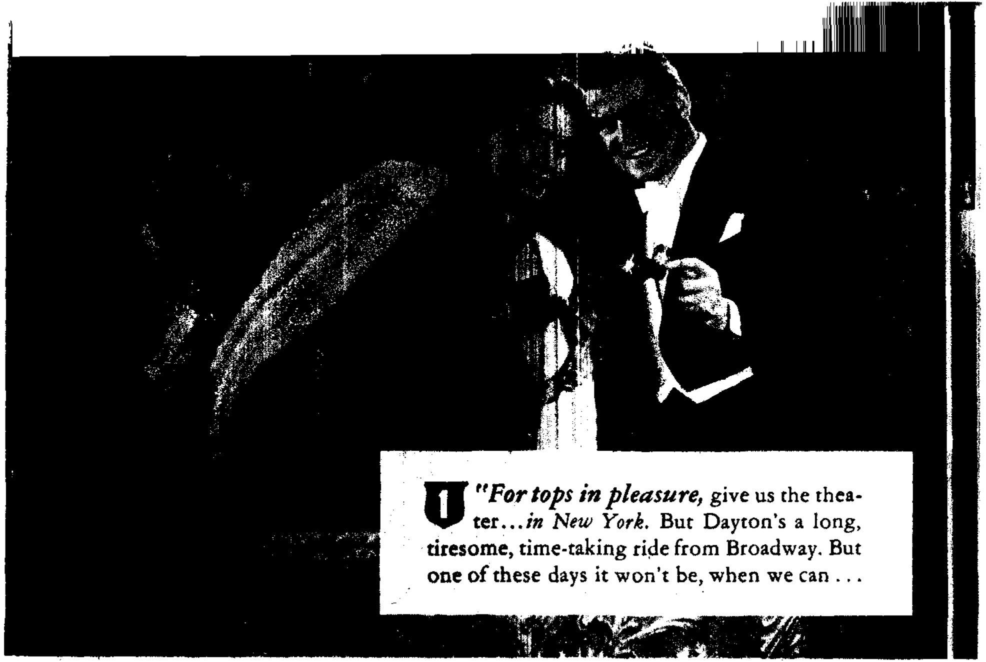
THE Indian came down the slope after Fin Wallace was gone, and squatted by the fire, saying nothing, his interest in the matter already remote. He and Alec Manning were sitting there when the band of Burkhart riders came pounding along the wagon road. Alec Manning did not rise or look up. The riders drew up, and the county sheriff sang out: "Is the marshal's bunch still watching along that left fork?"

Alec Manning nodded. He let a moment pass, and he said, "A fellow I knew came through here a while ago."

The county sheriff frowned. "Who was he? Which fork did he take? Damn it, Alec—" He stopped. He jerked up his head, and the talk of the riders broke off.

Muted by distance and the canyon's walls, the sudden sound of gunfire had a pettish, grumbling note. It ceased abruptly, and Alec Manning, staring into the fire, said dully, "The left fork, Sheriff. He took the left fork."

After they kicked their horses and went racing on through the canyon, he still squatted there on his heels, staring into the fire, thinking about his wife, Ruth.



1 *"For tops in pleasure,* give us the theater...*in New York.* But Dayton's a long, tiresome, time-taking ride from Broadway. But one of these days it won't be, when we can . . .

2 *"Go in our Cessna* Car of the Air Then it will be possible to leave home after lunch, enjoy a grand cruise, have dinner in New York and be in our seats by curtain time"

Curtain Time, 8:40 ... 550 miles away

3 *For you, Mrs. America,* time and distance will shrink almost to nothing when there's a Cessna Car of the Air in the family. Instead of just the local shopping centers, you'll have all the fine stores of a dozen cities in easy reach. You'll get there in a morning's pleasant cruise if it's within five hundred miles.

And, Mr. America—your favorite streams, hunting grounds, golf courses are so close by Cessna that you'll enjoy them many times oftener. Further, if you travel in business, your traveling time will be cut to a third and results will zoom accordingly.

That's what we have in store for you, Mr. and Mrs. America. But first the war must be won, once and for all. So please be patient because we're devoting all of our facilities (backed by 33 years of experience in aviation) on a 24-hour a day schedule, to the war effort until Victory and Peace are here again

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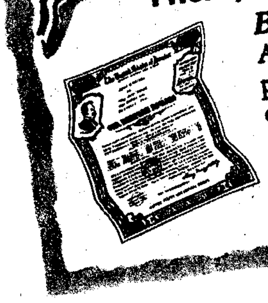

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ARMY E NAVY

★ ★ ★ SYMBOL OF AIRCRAFTSMANSHIP FOR THIRTY-THREE YEARS

The Hill of Beans

Continued from page 17

some of my junket for her, Mary Ann," she called. "I'll bring it right over."

Mr. Curtis pulled up his horses. "Give you a lift, Mary Ann?"

So Mary Ann climbed up beside Mr. Curtis on his meat wagon. Mr. Curtis was a man of few words. Mr. Curtis said his meat spoke for him.

"Nice day, Mary Ann," Mr. Curtis said. Then he amended it. "If it quit snowing."

Mr. Curtis broke the schedule of his meat route to carry Mary Ann right to her door.

"Thank you, Mr. Curtis," Mary Ann said. "I'm much obliged to you."

Mr. Curtis leaned down. Through the blowing snow his big face looked red and anxious.

"How about a nice young hen chicken, Mary Ann?" he asked. "For broth for the little girl. . . . A young hen chicken is a little out of my line, of course, but it'd be doing me a favor if I could bring her to you as a gift, Mary Ann."

"Why that would be just grand, Mr. Curtis," Mary Ann said.

"Well—" Mr. Curtis said. "On condition that it's a chicken freely given. . . . You understand that. . . . You see, Mary Ann, I sell meat. Meat's dignified. I give chickens."

There was no news. No sleigh bells disturbed that house. All the sleigh bells in that village were muffled. The snow stretched its quiet over all that country as far west as Toledo, as far east as Syracuse. Engine bells rang through the day, through the night, through the blind of snow. Sweepers were out. The country lay buried, quiescent, submissive, but the trains still struggled through.

THEY were late, of course—four hours—nine hours. The Chicago Cannon Ball west-bound was held back, unreleased, trapped and useless for four good hours west of Erie. People aboard had gone to bed early and slept cold. Lanterns swung through the train carried by brakemen. The conductor's hands, as he checked over his tickets by lantern light in a vacant section, were stiff with cold. He had a telegram to deliver, too, that had just been handed aboard. For a Mr. Henry Jordan—Well, he'd better get busy with this here telegram.

"Telegram for Mr. Henry Jordan. Mr. Henry Jordan. Telegram for Mr. Henry Jordan."

What if he did wake everybody up? Telegrams were important. Telegrams were meant to wake folks up. Telegrams dealt with life or death or they wouldn't be sent.

"Calling Mr. Jordan. Telegram here for Mr. Henry Jordan."

"Here, Conductor. Are you calling me? I'm Henry Jordan—"

He was a good-looking young man with a tousled red head. It was early in the evening and a green-upholstered, mahogany finished, fast, through train was being held up in nowhere, stuck there maybe for hours. The young man with the tousled red head caught up with the conductor on a snowy, wind-blown platform between cars.

"Hey, Conductor—"

The young man was in his nightshirt—bare feet—legs—

"Look— Read it— When do we get out of here—"

The conductor held up his lantern to read the telegram. "Come at once. Grandpa's house. Our baby has lobar pneumonia." The telegram was signed "Grace.". . .

Again there was that old gentleman across from her on the streetcar and he was winking— An ogre— Her mother had said there weren't any ogres, that they were only made-up so the old gentleman was only a made-up ogre for her mother spoke truth—always. And her mother was right here—always. All she had to do was to reach out her hand—

"Mary Ann— Mary Ann— She's reaching out her hand to me. She must know I'm here—"

"You bet she knows you're here. . . . Because she's our treasure—our love. She knows we're right here with her—fighting—for where else could we be—when she needs us—"

Then voices. A hand on her forehead—Everything hot, blurred, dim— It hurt so to breathe— At Grandpa's house she had an eggcup—with a rooster on it— But the rooster wasn't real— It wasn't—alive—

"I want—rooster," she said.

"Mary Ann— Mary Ann— She's trying to speak— Mary Ann— Oh, my baby—my darling—"

"Yes, Grace. Hush— Listen—"

"I want—a rooster—crow—"

"Well, that's plain enough," said Grandpa who happened to be leaning on his stick in the doorway. "If you two women had any sense. She's not trying to speak, she's speaking plain out—Dammit—why can't somebody around here have brains enough to tell her when she gets well she can have a whole yard full of live roosters—hens, too, if she wants them—"

But the child turned her head away. Too much work to return to life right now. Too—much—trouble. . . .

The doctor had gone home to wash up and change his clothes and make two calls. Then he came right back again. This was the end of the third day. This night would carry the crisis.

"Any change?" he asked Mary Ann in the entry.

"She's asleep—but she spoke to us—"

Mary Ann these days was especially proud and stiff with the doctor. For Mary Ann held the doctor responsible for everything. She blamed him when the child's fever went up. She blamed him that they had to wait for the crisis. But she blamed him continuously and especially for the fact that she was two years older than he was. Why couldn't he have managed to come into the world a little ahead of her instead of two whole years behind?

"Any news?"

"None. And there won't be any. This storm— Trains— Everything blocks us, gets in our way. Even the Almighty seems to be against us—"

"The Almighty's never against us," said the doctor. "But the Almighty demands a modicum of intelligence on our part, he wants a little human help."

THE doctor didn't touch Mary Ann as she leaned back against the wall with her eyes shut, but he brooded over her. He leaned as near her as he dared. Mary Ann's lips looked drained. There was no color in them. Mary Ann's cheekbones looked sharper. With her eyes closed Mary Ann's face might have been a mask of her face, modeled by somebody who knew how, who had grasped for perfection of modeling and got it. The doctor loved Mary Ann so dearly, so desperately, hungrily, hopelessly that it had been better never to see her at all than to see her and not have her for his own. Mary Ann had said he couldn't have her, that she was older, that she wouldn't have the town saying she had taken a boy to raise.

"A *boy!*" the doctor had cried out when she said that. "I'm not a boy. I'm old. My soul has been old for years. I've been

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PALE DRY

And it's the favorite even more in '44!

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PALE DRY

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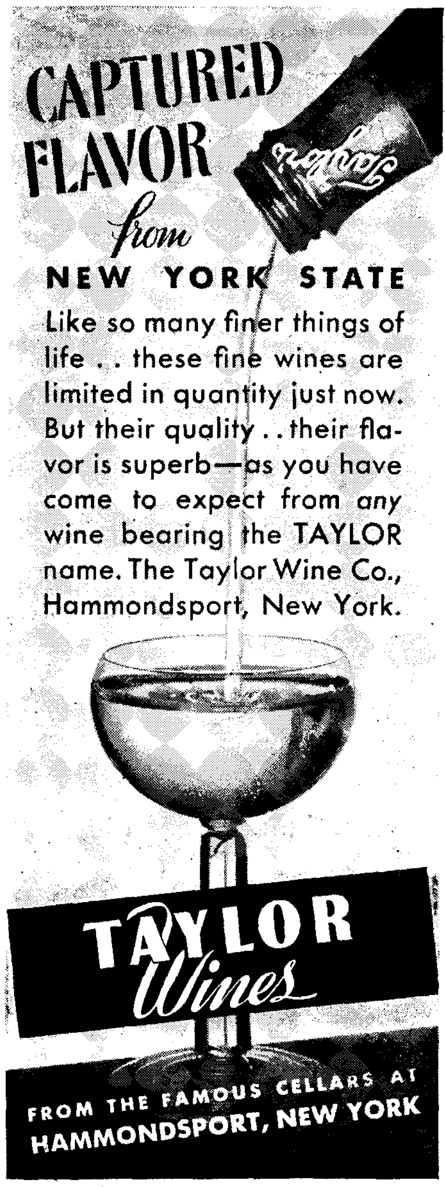
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Like so many finer things of life . . these fine wines are limited in quantity just now. But their quality . . their flavor is superb—as you have come to expect from *any* wine bearing the TAYLOR name. The Taylor Wine Co., Hammondsport, New York.

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HOW TO SHAVE WITH MY UNUSUAL BELLO hollow grinding abrasive strop, sharpener. Gives 50plus, CONSTANT COMFORT fast, clean shaves per double edge blade. HE MAN'S GIFT. SERVICEMAN'S GODSEND. Col. J. Joy, Texas, says, "3 blades 15 years in my Bello, one 1917 paint scraper gave perfect shaves."
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HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
Do you have headaches?	☐	☐
Do you lack pep or vim?	☐	☐
Do you get irritable easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel depressed—nervous?	☐	☐

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

FOR
DRY SCALP
AND
DULL HAIR
USE
JERIS
HAIR OIL
MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED YEARLY

so poor— I've worked so hard to get anywhere— I clerked in a store to get my learning— I slept on a mattress under the store counter—"

"Besides," Mary Ann had stated, "I won't be bossed."

"Who wants to boss you?" the doctor had cried out. "I've never tried, have I? I've stood around—waited— I've never even kissed you—"

"No," Mary Ann had said, looking at him strangely. "You never have, have you? That's because you didn't really want to—because I'm older—"

"It's not!" The doctor was anguished by Mary Ann. He couldn't think. When he walked beside her he stumbled. When he spoke to her he said the wrong thing.

"I'm two full years and seventeen days older than you are," Mary Ann had said to him fatally, finally. "And I won't have folks in this town going around saying Mary Ann Jordan has taken to robbing the cradle."

THERE was a phrase the doctor had once read in a book: "Sick with an old passion—" There was another phrase the doctor remembered, too, a greater phrase: "Physician, heal thyself."

Well, the doctor had tried. He had stayed away from her. He had gone to Lake City. He had attended a dancing party in Lake City. He had waltzed. One-two-three— One-two-three— He had polkaed. He had schottisched. The pretty girls he danced with hadn't been themselves at all as they danced with the doctor although they did not know it. For the doctor was dancing every dance with Mary Ann.

But now, as usual, when Mary Ann opened her eyes and looked at him, the doctor had to draw back. Everything was over between them before it had begun. And this was the night of the crisis. The doctor left Mary Ann leaning against the wall. He faced the night alone.

That night Grandpa's house was lighted all over. Coffee was kept hot on the kitchen stove. Grandpa sat in the sitting room with his feet in their fur-lined slippers up against the base-burner and his overcoat on over his clothes. Grandpa was cold from worry, from fear, and the weather outside didn't help him any, for the storm, which had let up for a while, was back again wilder than ever.

"By swan," Grandpa said to himself as he sat with his hands clasped together over his lean stomach, sunk deep in his armchair, with his hat on and his feet up on the rim of the base-burner, "this is one hell of a storm. This is the night of the crisis. This is the night decides for me whether I want to go on living any longer or not, whether it's worth my trouble. This is the night my son Henry has to get here if he's to get here in time. For I know and my Lord above knows that that baby in there needs a man's hand under her head to lift her up and carry her through what she's going through and the man's hand she needs and waits for ain't mine and it ain't the doctor's—"

GRANDPA was miserable, sitting there, waiting. Pretty soon it would be along toward three o'clock—then dawn—the crisis— Pretty soon it would be too late. No sound of bells. No sound of anything in that room, no sound.

Grandpa couldn't cry and he couldn't pray, for he'd got too far out of line to get back in again all at once. So he just sat there and maybe he dozed a little for after a while he dreamed he heard bells—bells—sleigh bells—bells— Not in this town, Grandpa thought in his dream, they're all muffled. Must be ringing somewhere else than here— But he opened his eyes. And he did hear something far-off, faint, a vibration that was not the wind but was borne on the wind—

"Great God Almighty," cried Grandpa then wildly, as he sprang to his feet. "Bells— Bells— It's Henry! He's got here! It's Henry, doggone his hide! He's got here! Great Jehovah, he's got here—in time." . . .

Finally, the door of that room opened and the doctor came out. He closed that door quietly behind him. Mary Ann was waiting out here. Mary Ann was standing, leaning back against the wall. The doctor reached out his hand to Mary Ann and Mary Ann reached up her hand to him. Their two hands fitted, clung.

"Outside," said the doctor. "I want to draw a deep breath."

Then Mary Ann and the doctor were outside in the cold, the snow. Neither of them noticed that after days and nights of storm the morning was bright. Both of them were still in the shadow of that room.

"She's alive," said the doctor, remembering that he had not said it. "She—will live. Her father came. That was what she wanted—was waiting for—"

"You were the one kept her going," Mary Ann said, at once on the defensive for the doctor. "You were the one saw to it she didn't slip away before he got to her. Your medicines—your great knowledge—your kettles—"

"Your kettles," said the doctor. "Faith. And love. It's curious. Folks can rise up above themselves— Her mother, her father, her grandfather—at a time like this everything fuses, burns bright—everything is mellowed, too. They spoke together in there but not of the child. That they couldn't—not of her—yet— But in whispers together they spoke—it's curious—they spoke of money."

"Of *money!*" cried out Mary Ann, outraged. "How paltry! How could they?"

"No," said the doctor feeling his way, "because that was the root—exposed—of their trouble— It must have been the root. Deep down in them—hidden—until now. Your brother said, 'This is my fault. In this night I've learned my lesson. I shouldn't have been away. If I'd stayed home and kept up the fires—' Your brother's wife said, 'It's mine. That cold parlor. I might have left the shutters stand open.' Your father said, 'No. This goes farther back, this goes way back. It's all my fault— I should have been a better man, a better father.' And there was some talk of a house—a good warm house to be built in Lake City—a house that your sister-in-law has always wanted—with a furnace in it. I don't know. Just in whispers.

"A sum of money was mentioned—the new house to cost above three thousand dollars—three thousand, said your brother, would be the minimum—money, said your brother, stacked up against happiness, doesn't amount to a hill of beans! He'd sell certain oil stocks in a new company, to build his wife her house. . . . Say, who is this man named Rockefeller?"

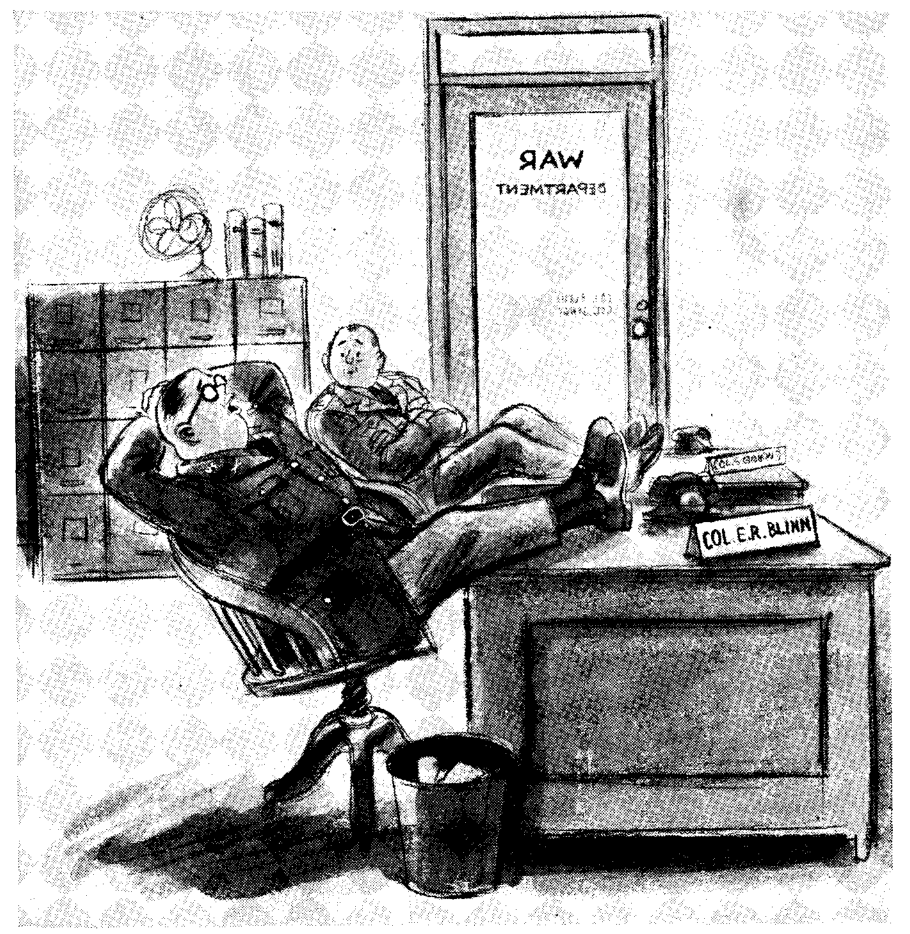
"How should I know?" said Mary Ann. "I should think personally," said Mary Ann, gaining a little of her usual spirit as she went along, "that they might have been in better business. I should think, instead of the three of them talking in there in whispers of money and new houses and what *not,* they'd have been down on their knees."

"They were," said the doctor.

BUT after that the doctor was too tired to think any more. All he wanted was to lean his head down on Mary Ann's shoulder and because he was too tired to remember not to, the doctor leaned it there. Then the doctor wanted to kiss Mary Ann's throat just under her chin and because he was too tired to try not to, the doctor pulled down her woolen scarf so that his lips could reach that white, warm spot. And once he had kissed her throat the doctor lost control of everything and went completely wild and kissed her mouth —crazily—in haste—before she could push him away.

But she didn't push him away. She sagged down against him—Mary Ann, always so firm on her feet—and she whispered, more to herself than to him—in wonder—Mary Ann, who never hesitated or whispered, who always spoke right out— "Well, what in time have we been waiting for?"

THE END



"I don't know how you feel about it, Gibbons, but I'm going to find it hard to settle down to my old desk after the war"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

The Man with the "Thousand Track" mind

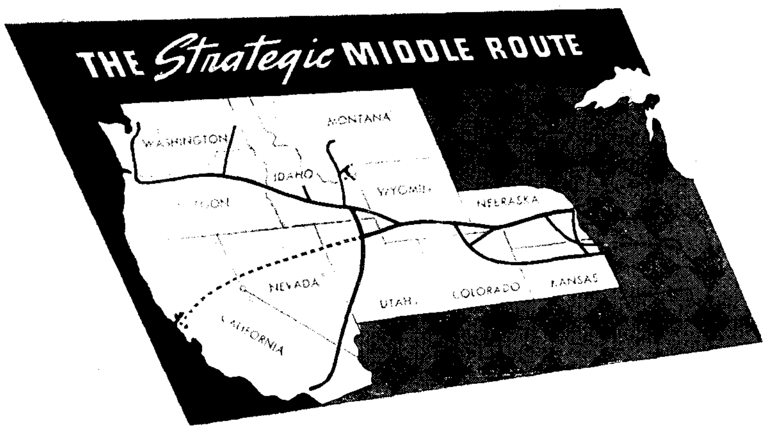
● Along the Union Pacific are many types of locomotives—tons of pulsating power—designed for particular tasks. It's the job of the train dispatcher to know, at all times, what locomotives are available and to assign their "runs."

Heavy wartime traffic—the movement of troops and war materials—has greatly added to the dispatcher's responsibilities. More than ever before, he must be exacting, alert and resourceful—a man with a "thousand track" mind.

Dispatchers, like hundreds of other Union Pacific employes in key positions, are especially trained to handle the heavy traffic which flows over "the strategic middle route." They have the experience and ability. They know that hard work and initiative are recognized and rewarded.

Today, 60,000 Union Pacific workers are carrying on the tremendously important wartime transportation job. An additional 12,000 employes are in the armed forces. Their common objective is victory—to maintain the spirit of freedom, individual enterprise and equal opportunity for all.

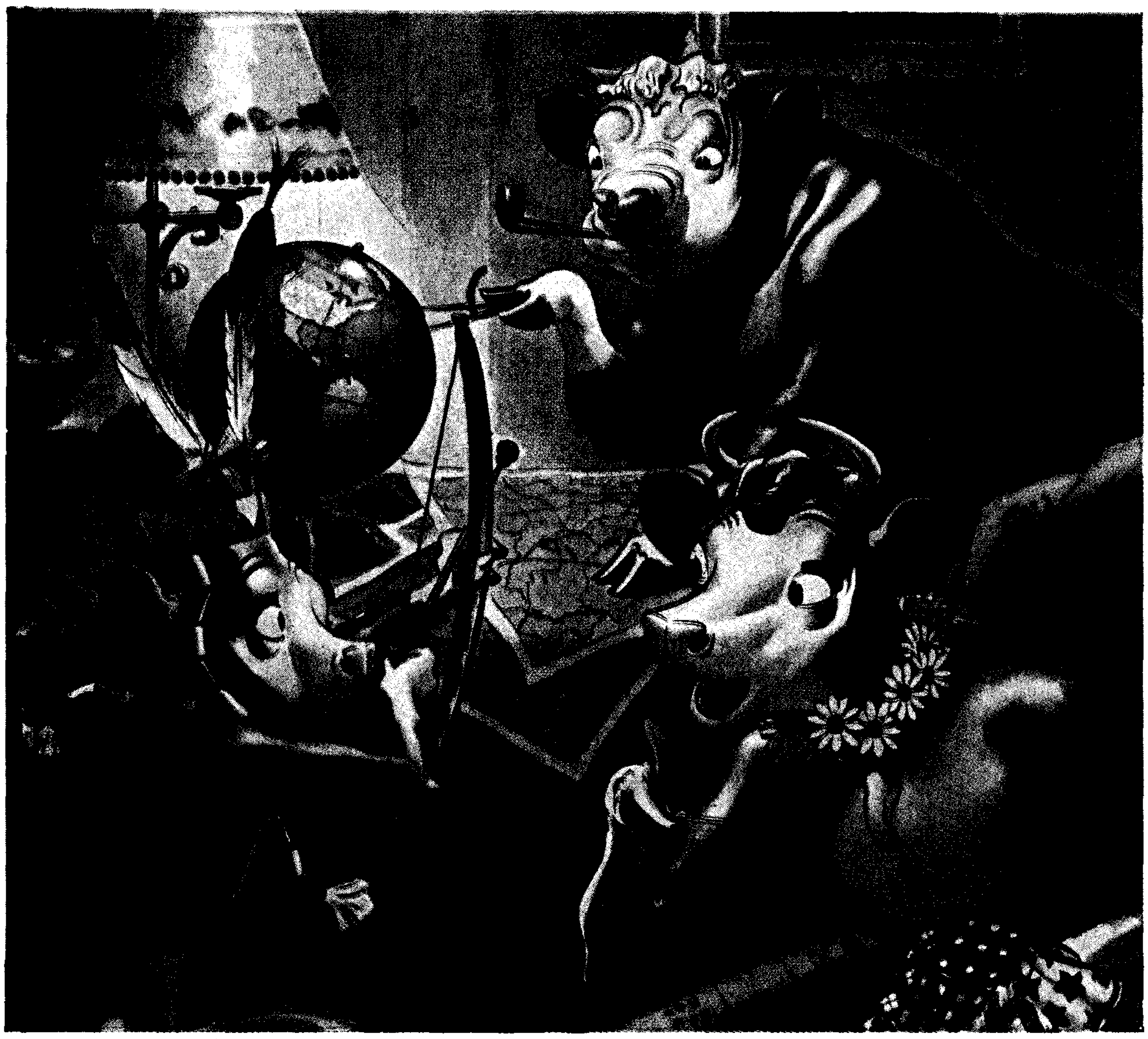
★ *Help the war effort by not dealing with black markets nor paying over-ceiling prices.*



THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC

RAILROAD



"Hush, Beulah, Daddy's about to launch another offensive!" warned Elsie

"GEE, IT WAS ONLY a little war whoop, mommy," pouted small Beulah. "I'm playing Indian and I'm going to massacre daddy!"

"QUIET!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "And, for heaven's sake, stop pointing that arrow at me. It's dangerous."

"Why, Elmer," laughed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Even an armchair general ought to show more coolness under fire than that. Anyway, you'd be a lot more help to the war effort if you'd stick to something you know. For my part, I'm going right on producing my fine, pure *Borden's Milk* and let the generals fight the war."

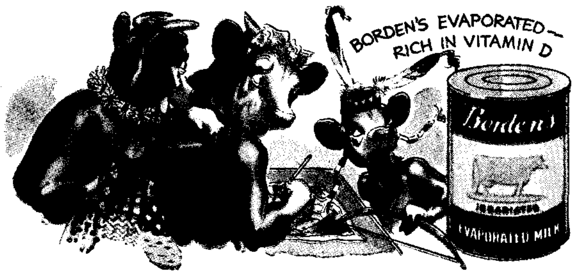
GOOD NUTRITION IN A GLASS — FRESH BORDEN'S MILK!
Borden's

"I suppose you intend to drown all our enemies in a milk pail," sneered Elmer.

"Of course not," snickered Elsie. "It's far too good for them! Besides, there's no milk to waste these days. Why, there isn't even enough to make all the *Borden's Evaporated Milk* that people want to add food value and flavor to mashed potatoes and cream soups. And think of all the babies who need Borden's Evaporated Milk—it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D, you know."

"Will they give you a medal for it, mommy?" little Beulah broke in excitedly, "will they?"

"Mercy, no," chuckled Elsie. "No one deserves a medal just for doing their job the best they can. I get all the reward I want in hearing all the nice things people say about Borden foods. Take the way they rave about *Borden's Hemo,* for instance. Hemo, you know, is the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em! It tastes like a wonderful malted milk, only more so."


BORDEN'S EVAPORATED — RICH IN VITAMIN D
Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK

DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM WITH HEMO!
Borden's Hemo

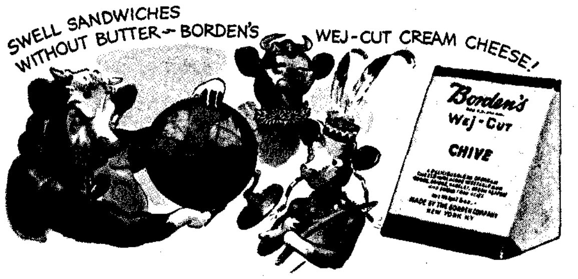
"Hang it all," shouted Elmer, fumbling among his maps and papers, "your chatter has upset me so much that I've lost my plan for capturing Rio de Janeiro."

"But, Elmer," chided Elsie, "Brazil is on our side. Why, we get along with Brazil like children get along with my velvety-smooth *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Sherbets.* And that means marvelously! You see, they're not only America's favorite desserts, but a grand way to get more milk nourishment."

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS A REAL FOOD!

"Gee, mommy, is there milk nourishment in *everything?*" asked little Beulah, wide-eyed.

"Well . . . not everything," smiled Elsie. "But you can make sandwiches that fairly pop with milk nourishment. The secret is *Borden's Wej-Cut Cream Cheese.* It's so rich in butter fat that it makes the slickest-tasting sandwiches you ever sampled without using a smitch of butter. It's a credit to the whole distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses.*"


SWELL SANDWICHES WITHOUT BUTTER — BORDEN'S WEJ-CUT CREAM CHEESE!
Borden's
Wej-Cut
CHIVE

Elmer was studying his maps intently. "I'll have the Japs on their knees, suing for peace," he muttered, "if I can just find a short-cut across the North Pole."

"I declare, Elmer, you're hopeless," giggled Elsie. "This is the 20th time you've won the war without stirring out of your chair. Now, I know a short-cut that's really practical. It's *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*—the handy, short-cut way to make oodles of delicious desserts. Eagle Brand is milk *plus* sugar and it's marvelous."

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND IS MILK PLUS SUGAR!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES

"But, mommy," asked little Beulah bewilderedly, "you say that about everything Borden makes. Is it against the law for them not to be marvelous?"

"It certainly is," said Elsie. "At Borden, darling, we have a little law of our own. And that law is: *If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!*"

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

Elsie says: *"Push extra hard —buy an extra War Bond."*

© The Borden Co.

The Prophet of Lake Street

Continued from page 13

of coffee for her. Working the big, old-fashioned grinder until my arm ached, I flooded the store with the good, rich aroma. The customer, Mrs. Foley, looked at me approvingly.

"Your boy," she remarked to my father, "is very industrious. And, besides, he has a strong arm."

"Did you know that drafty old flat on the first floor in the Waverly Apartments has been rented?" my father said. "A short man in a brown suit took it. He moved in with five tables."

Mrs. Foley clicked her teeth. "My, my. He must be an architect, or a baker."

"That's what I thought."

I stared at my father.

"Or a tailor," Mrs. Foley added.

"That's also possible."

The devil! What was this? Were they playing a game, or what? I watched my father. My old man, inserting two cans of beans and some vegetables into a big paper bag for Mrs. Foley, didn't bat an eyelash.

"Well, good day," said Mrs. Foley, after my father had rung up the sale in the old, battered cash register. "Maybe he's just a lonely preacher who's settled down here on Lake Street."

My old man held open the door for her. "That's very likely," he said solemnly. "I was thinking of that."

I stared at my father after Mrs. Foley had disappeared up the street.

"Why are you looking at me?" my old man roared. "Don't you know this is a crazy business? If a customer says the sky is green and the cat's tail is made of gold, so be it—the customer is always right!"

I knew my old man was having a hard winter, trying to meet his bills and clothe all of us, so I kept quiet.

That night around seven I met my old pal Wesley Patlek under the elevated and told him all about the new tenant of the Waverly Apartments. Wesley was as excited as I was about the stranger.

"All those tables?" said Wesley. "I bet he's a professional acrobat out of work who wants to keep in practice for his act!" He was thinking of the thrilling show we had seen at the half-price Saturday-afternoon matinee in the Ashland Vaudeville Theater last week where an acrobat had done tricks standing on tables piled on top of each other. "Sure," said Wesley, "he's an acrobat from a show!"

Wesley's theory got me more worked up than ever. It was very plausible, and more thrilling, than the wild guesses of my father and Mrs. Foley.

"I bet he must be one of the best acrobats in the whole world," Wesley said, holding his breath in a little. "Five tables!"

That night I couldn't sleep much lying in bed between my older brother Irving and my kid brother Sid. I was too excited. I kicked and threshed around, dreaming of Wesley and myself hurling ourselves through space, through flaming hoops, from roofs, but always bounding lightly to our feet, never getting hurt. Multitudes cheered and cheered us. . . .

THE next morning I got up with a start, leaped into my clothes, ate breakfast hurriedly and went to the store. It was Saturday, no school, and I was determined to make the acquaintance of the new tenant of the Waverly Apartments and inform him that Wesley and I were acrobats too; in fact, we were boy wonders, about the best young acrobats in the whole world. When I got to the store my father gave me some chores to do; I had to sweep the floor, sprinkle fresh sawdust around for Saturday and stack a few cases of canned goods on the shelves. Wesley was outside, tapping his fingers against the window.

"Who is that lunatic?" asked my father. "Is he practicing to become a telegrapher on my window or what?"

"That's Wesley," I explained. "My pal, Wesley Patlek."

After I finished sprinkling sawdust on the floor and stacking canned goods on the shelves I ducked out and met Wesley and we made our way to the Waverly Apartments down the street. We didn't have any plans but just wanted to be near a man who was good enough to be a professional acrobat.

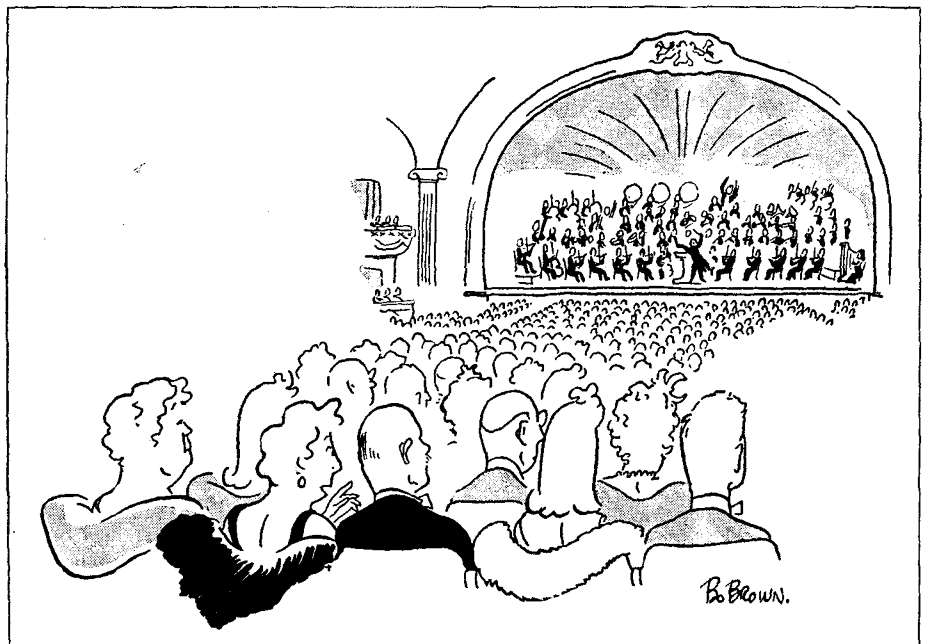
"As soon as he comes out I'll jump on your shoulders," said Wesley. "We'll do some fancy tricks so that he'll talk to us and then we'll get into a show."

We hung around the entrance of the big old apartment building, stamping our feet in the winter cold.

"I'm getting cold," Wesley finally said. "Maybe he's not home."

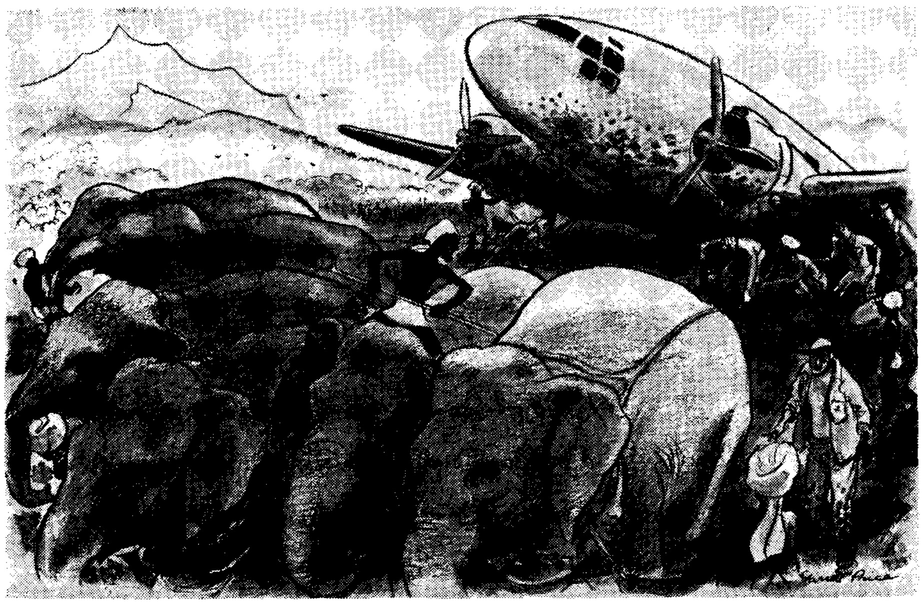
We were just about to turn back to my old man's grocery and warm ourselves near the coal stove in the rear of the store when the door of the Waverly Apartments opened and the new tenant came out. He looked startled at first, seeing us, then smiled.

"Good morning," he said. "Ha, ha, waiting for me?"



"They're coming to the part now where our record is cracked!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN



The lieutenant hired six elephants to haul the ship out of the mud

ELEPHANTS ON THE CUFF

BY PAUL GALLICO

ILLUSTRATED BY GARRETT PRICE

EVERY man should have a hobby. Mine at the moment is the collection of Army red tape and bureaucracy stories in which the characters manage to get themselves into an inextricable snarl before the tale is ended.

Like all dyed-in-the-wool collectors, I cannot refrain from showing off any newly acquired treasure and I would like to share this tale with you, because it has what I consider moments of completely absurd and irrational beauty. I will even perhaps swap it with you for one as good, or better.

For obvious reasons, I shall name no names, but will call our hero Lieutenant X, a pilot of the Air Service Command, formerly an AVG or Flying Tiger under General Chennault.

It seems that one of the boys had washed out a cargo ship in a forced landing up in the hills in India, and Lieutenant X was dispatched overland with a truck and a couple of machine-savvy sergeants to break it up and bring home any parts that were whole, or not too badly bent up. You may not know it, but the Air Forces are very careful with the taxpayers' dough. They were at that time also very short on flyable airplanes in India. The cracked-up ship might prove to be a veritable gold mine of usable parts.

Mired to the Props

Well, Lieutenant X came tootling up to the wreck and found it surrounded by natives on a kind of muddy stretch of plateau. The big, twin-engined ship had sunk in the mud, wiped out some underneath gear and bent up the props. It wasn't a bad crack-up. It just seemed impossible, on the face of it, ever to get it out of there in one piece. Hence the truck, the sergeants and the wrenches and blowtorches.

But Lieutenant X kept walking around and around the ship and saying to himself, "Gee, that's a pretty airplane! And $35,000 worth. I'll bet I could fly her out if I could get her out of that mud. Then we'd have a whole airplane instead of just chunks."

And as he walked, he kind of hitched his left shoulder, because he could already feel the colonel patting it and saying, "Nice work, X. We'd given that ship up for lost."

So he went to work. He hired native labor to dig the wheels clear. He paid them out of Army funds. They took the bent props off, and the broken gear, and he fussed and tinkered with the engines and gadgets until they worked again. Then Lieutenant X sent the truck back to the base for the props off his own ship, and some missing parts, and fitted the patient up with those.

Finally the ship was ready to be hauled out. The truck couldn't do it on account of the mud. And so Lieutenant X, who was one of our brighter young men and had been taught initiative in the Air Forces, hired six elephants. He paid for those out of the same fund.

Ninety-Nine Per Cent Saving

Heave-ho, truck! Heave-ho, elephants! And out came the ship! Lieutenant X then had her hauled to a dry spot, climbed in with his sergeants, gave her the gun and in half an hour, he was safely back at his base. He had saved a $35,000 vitally needed airplane at a total expenditure of $350.

Well, the colonel *was* glad. But the finance officer wasn't. When Lieutenant X put in his little expense-account bill for $350, it came back marked "Unauthorized." When he pointed out what he had done, the officer said, "Sure, I know. But what can I do? You know that all expenditures on aircraft have to be preauthorized at a meeting of the Finance Staff. You'll have to pay it yourself."

Lieutenant X refused and sent another expense account through. It came back with a notation that this officer had been ordered to bring back parts of a ship and not the entire ship. There were no papers and no precedent authorizing the payment of this amount.

Lieutenant X (he is just a first lieutenant and you know what a first lieutenant's pay is) is now back in the United States recuperating from injuries and maladies contracted in the line of duty. He has a chest full of ribbons and three medals. The correspondence re expenses of $350 paid out for salvage of one airplane, now weighs two and three-quarter pounds, and the Air Forces are still billing him monthly for the $350.

All right. I know you can't beat it. But go ahead. Try to tie it. ★★★

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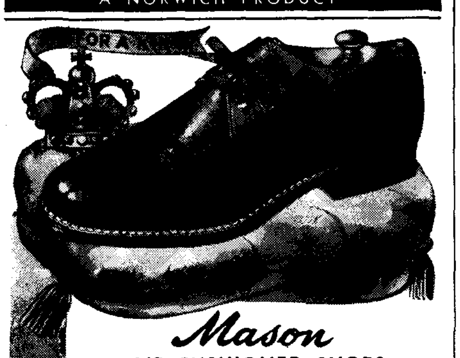

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"N-no," I blurted. "That is—yes—we want to get into a show!"

"What? Well, now, what do you know about that! Ha, ha, you boys haven't been watching my flat for anybody, have you?" He looked at us keenly.

Wesley was a little scared so I answered. "No, sir. We're just hanging around—"

"Hanging around?"

"Yes—that is, we were waiting— See, Wesley and I know you're a professional acrobat because I saw the moving man carrying in all those tables, and we thought you could help us get into a show—we're acrobats, too."

The man looked up and down the street freely and laughed. "Well, well, ha, ha. I *am* a sort of acrobat, I guess." He eyed us in a friendly fashion. "What kind of tricks do you do?"

For answer Wesley, even though his teeth were chattering from the cold, jumped upon my shoulders and I held him, my knees wobbling but steadying as he kept his balance. Wesley spread his arms like a crow and hopped down; then we did double cartwheels, in unison, landing on our feet together. We followed with back-flips on the cold sidewalk.

"Enough," cried the man. "I can see you two are geniuses in your chosen field. Keep in touch with me. I'll see what I can do for you. Right now, however, I'm hungry and am on my way to the grocery store up the street for food. But keep in touch with me."

"The grocer's my father," I said. "I'm going there too."

"Splendid," said the man. "Come along, then. Does your father sell good American cheese?"

I looked at him in astonishment. "Why, yes, he does— He sells Swiss cheese, too."

Wesley and I kept at the man's side in the cold, happy to be in the company of a professional acrobat.

As we entered the store I said excitedly to my father: "Pa, here's the new tenant who moved in the Waverly Apartments, and he wants some American cheese—"

"Ha, ha," said the new tenant to my old man, "you've got a bright boy there, he's as sharp as a honed razor. If you don't mind I'll have a half-pound of American cheese, a loaf of bread, and a half-pound of coffee, ground."

MY FATHER, eager to acquire a new customer, waited on the man deftly. The stranger bought quite a few staples; in fact, a lot of groceries. "I'm all out of food," he explained pleasantly.

When my father had put the merchandise into a large paper bag the man took out his wallet and extracted some money from a secret pocket behind one of the folds. "I guess I'd better get rid of these singles," he remarked, and paid my father with worn one-dollar bills. It was a big order, adding up to three dollars and forty-six cents.

"My name is Mr. Bossert," said the man, picking up the big bag of groceries. "No, I can carry it myself. Good day."

"Thank you," said my father gratefully. "I appreciate your patronage."

"Don't mention it. I'll stop in again. Good day."

He stepped out and after he was gone I turned again excitedly to my father.

"Pa, he's an acrobat, and he's going to teach me and Wesley some new tricks!"

My father came down to earth—he had been staring open-mouthed before him—and said in a clear voice:

"He's a gentleman, he's not afraid to eat good! But see to it that when you do your acrobatics you don't wear out your shoes!"

Well, that's how we became acquainted with Mr. Bossert, who brought life and color to our drab neighborhood. We learned he wasn't an acrobat, but that made no difference to Wesley and me because he was so exciting to listen to when he came into my old man's store that we didn't care what he was. At that, he taught us a few tricks. He criticized the way I stood when Wesley leaped on my shoulders and showed me how to bring my heels together and stand with a bit of grace.

"Form is everything," he stated. "Never forget that. Form is beauty. If you do anything, even washing dishes, do it beautifully."

I looked at him, hypnotized and thrilled. He could have purchased my soul for a nickel. "Y-yes, sir," I stammered, delirious with joy.

He came into our store every day, toward evening, to buy a few groceries. He cooked his own meals, did his own housework and no one ever saw the inside of his flat. "I'm a bachelor," he explained. "I've looked after myself for a long time." He kept to himself a lot and took his dog out only late at night. The neighbors tried to guess his business and talked about him in my father's store. His appearance among us certainly excited the street.

"I think he must be a scholar," Mrs. Foley told my father. "It seems to me he has a scholar's nose."

"Yes, that's possible," my old man answered. "I was thinking that myself."

"On the other hand he might be a dentist who has given up his practice and has come to live on Lake Street because it's near the elevated."

"That's what I was telling my wife only the other day!"

After Mrs. Foley left the store my father said: "I'm not curious, but some people will bust soon if they don't find out what he is!"

I repeat, I didn't care what he was. Yesterday when he had come into the store he had remarked that he knew how to sail a boat, make a pie and read palms. When I had begged him to read my hand he had smiled, promising to read it the next day. I hung around the store, waiting for him to come in. I looked at the old clock against the wall near the sugar barrel. Almost five o'clock—time for Mr. Bossert to arrive!

Mr. Bossert appeared a little later than usual, at ten after five. His hands were stained with green and brownish ink and his eyes looked red and tired. He was in good spirits, however. After buying some groceries he was about to leave when I reminded him of his promise to read my palm.

"You said you'd do it!" I told him.

He laughed. "All right, son. A promise is a promise. Extend your palm for Professor J. Alquirt Bossert."

I stuck out my hand and soon I felt his soft, expert, subtle fingers against my palm. He looked at me sharply and I thought a bit humorously.

"My son, your lines reveal to me that you've led an active and violent life. You like bright colors, had measles when you were three, you throw a ball with your right hand and your favorite subject in school is history. Am I right?"

"Yes," I answered, astonished. A few customers had come into the store and, together with my father, stood listening intently. No one in the neighborhood ever had had his palm read before.

"When you grow up," he finished, "you'll be one of the best tuba players in the country. You'll play the tuba in a philharmonic orchestra, probably in New York." And, gathering up his groceries before I had time to catch my breath, he left.

AFTER his departure the housewives in the store broke into excited conversation. They looked at me as if they had never seen me before—and I had been born in the neighborhood.

"Just think, a musician."

"A tuba player."

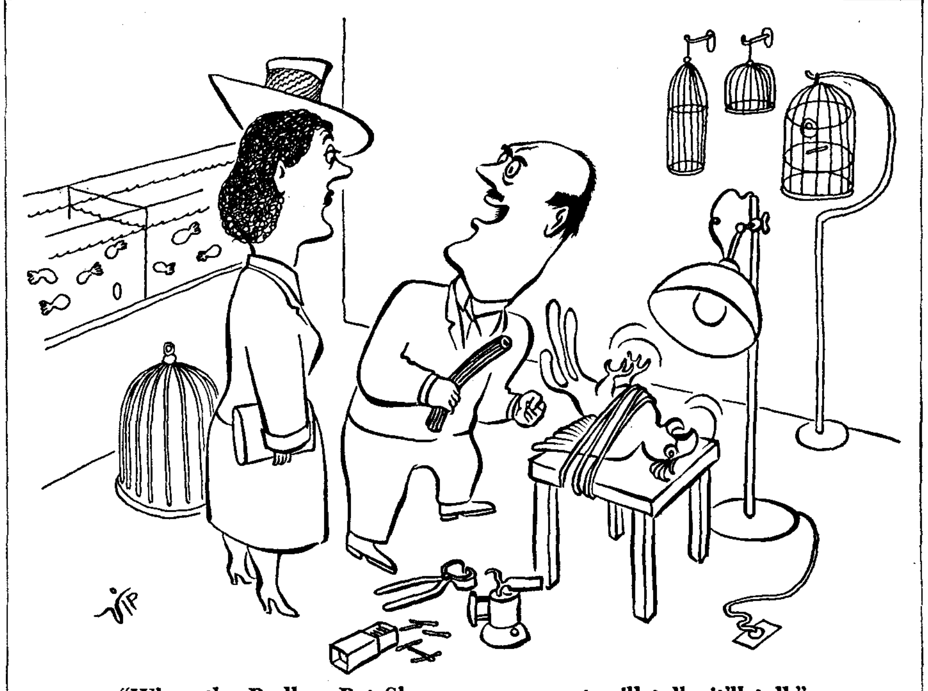
"And some day he's going to New York. . . ."

Even my old man was a little impressed. "Dave, if you'd like to grind a pound of coffee for Mrs. Bursky," he said, not shouting at me. I ground the coffee, feeling like a god.

The next afternoon, when Mr. Bossert came into the grocery to buy some food, the store was full of housewives with their children. The word had flown about. The women wanted their kids' palms read. Mr. Bossert looked a little nervous when he learned what the crowd was waiting in the store for; but he went through with it.

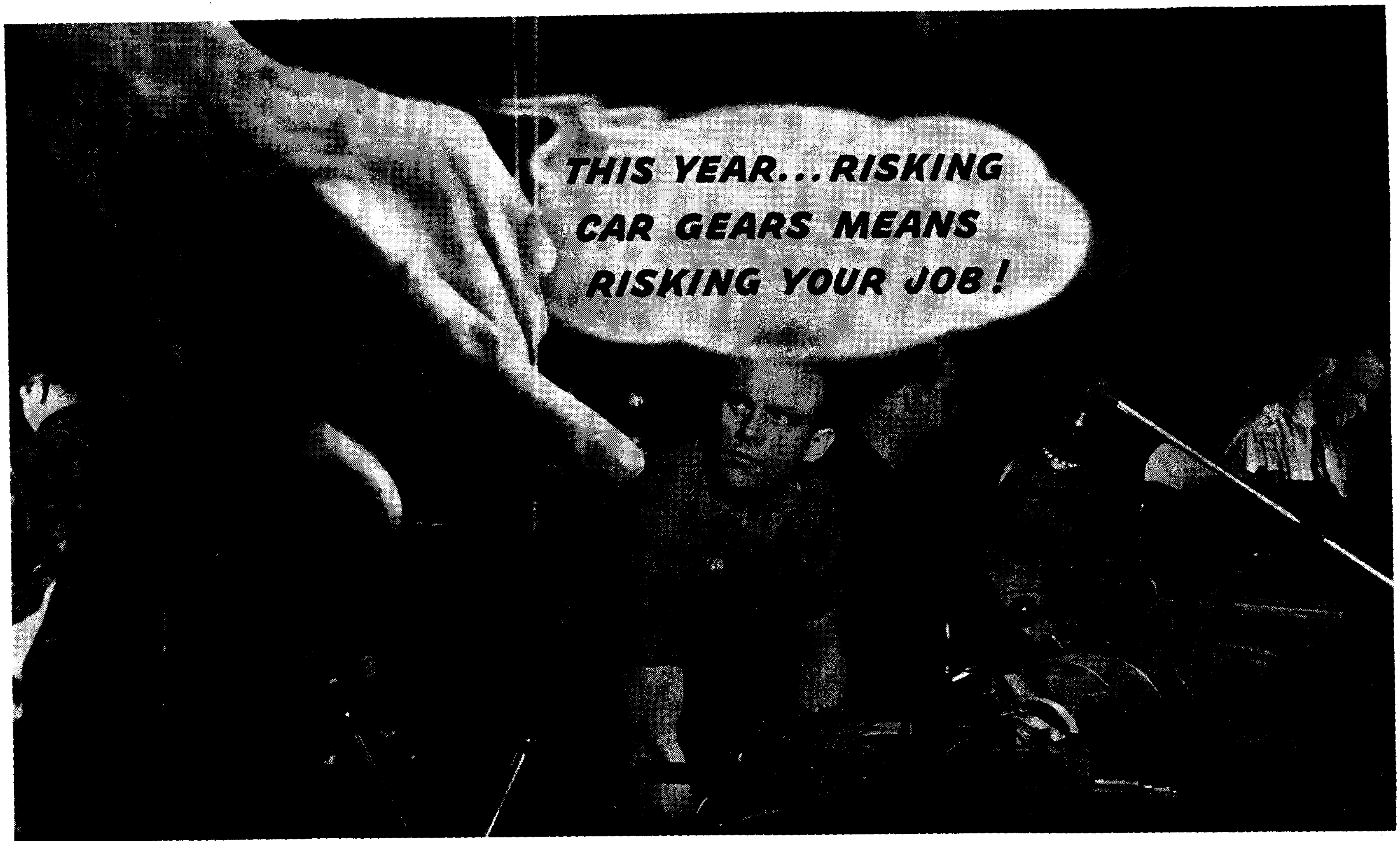
My old man was in seventh heaven as Mr. Bossert gave in and started reading the kids' hands. The store was full of customers and some of the women were from three or four streets away and had never come into my old man's store before. Every one of them wanted to know if her kid would be a musician, or a lawyer, and if the child would go to New York or not when it grew up.

Mr. Bossert was busy over forty-five minutes reading hands. He must have been pretty accurate in telling what sicknesses and characteristics the children had for mother after mother gasped in surprise, exclaiming, "Yes, that's true, Johnny did have whooping cough when he was four years old, and he *has* a temper like his father," or, "Why, you're certainly correct; Sadie did have nightmares last sum-



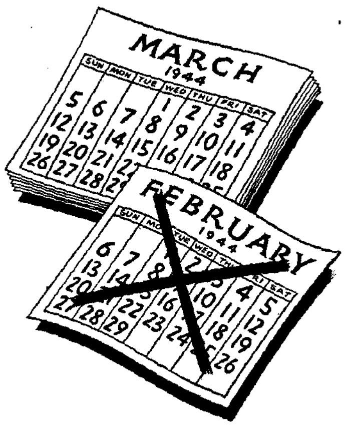
"When the Bedlow Pet Shop says a parrot will talk, it'll talk"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH


THIS YEAR...RISKING CAR GEARS MEANS RISKING YOUR JOB!

"WARNING! Change Now to Summer Gear Lubricant!"

Al Wright *Speaking for the Motor Car Service Men of America*



"As your automobile service man, I know how deadly serious America's transportation situation is today. I know that before Fall, hundreds of thousands of people who are riding now will no longer have cars to get them to work. In the past 30 days alone, *200,000 more cars have quit running!*

"If it happens to you, you may be out of luck—and out of a job. America's streetcars and buses can only get 1 worker out of every 5 to work. 4 out of every 5 must get to work in private cars—or risk not getting there at all.

"That's why the Alemite people are having me broadcast this special warning this month: Right now, *the costly gears in your car are in danger!* The worn-out winter grease in those gears is getting thinner with every degree the temperature goes up. Before that old grease quits completely, *get it out* and put in safe, fresh summer gear lubricant!

"I'm not telling you that to drum up trade. I'm busy enough now. But I'd rather help you *keep out* of trouble now than try to get you out of trouble after it starts.

"Since I know the extra quality of Alemite Gear Lubricants, I naturally think you'd be smart to insist on them. I know they're tops for protection and long service. But regardless of that, the big thing this year is to *guard those gears*—so your car won't be laid up for a slow, expensive repair job later.

"Experts say we could lose this war by losing our cars. And losing just one car—*yours*—might cost you your job. Don't let neglect—or a few pennies saved on lubricants—take you 'out of action'."

It's later than you think!

Every Passing Day Adds New Risk of Gear Damage

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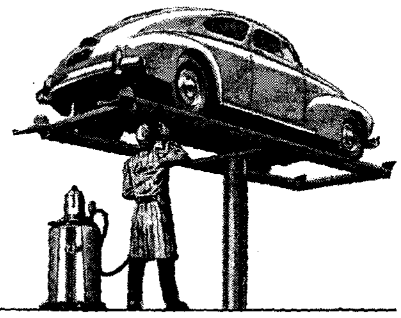

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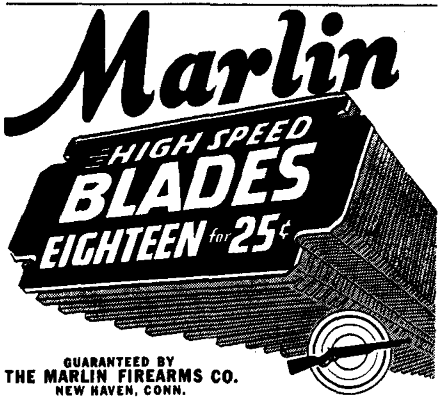
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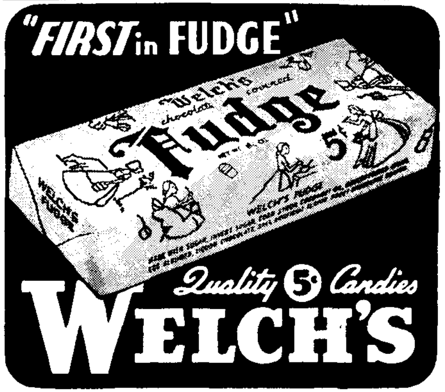
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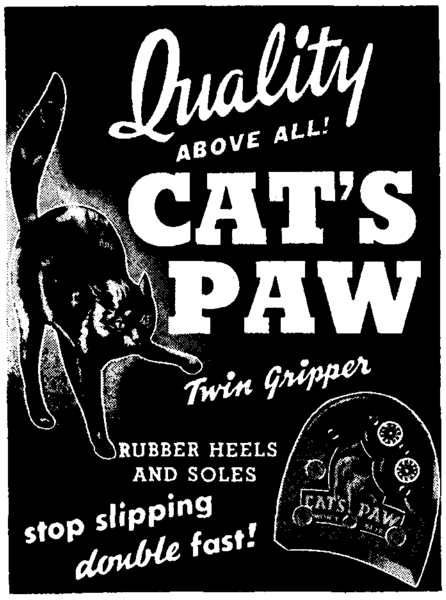
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mer, and she has got a beautiful singing voice and wants to go on the stage! You say some day she'll go to Paris! . . . and Philadelphia! . . ." Or, "The lines on my Carl's hand says he's going to be a banker and live in Detroit? . . ."

The whole store churned with excitement. To add to the hubbub Mr. Bossert gave each kid a nickel. And, meantime, my old man's cash register was busy, its cracked bell ringing up sales for soap, bread, brooms and washing powder. My kid brother Sid pushed through the crowd to get his palm read.

"You've got short, competent fingers," Mr. Bossert said. "You're going to be a civil engineer and *will* study in Boston."

My brother Irving who has a dreamy head was shoved forward.

"You're going to be a concert violinist."

"He's a prophet," said an awed woman, and the new word flew around.

"Prophet! . . ."

At six o'clock, when the store was finally cleared, Mr. Bossert, whether he liked it or not, was firmly established in the minds of the women as a seer. He hurried away.

The meeting with the excited women upset his habits. Instead of coming into the store punctually every evening at five o'clock to do his shopping, Mr. Bossert began dropping in earlier in the afternoon or even in the morning in order to avoid his admirers. I could see he didn't like this suddenly acquired popularity. He began acting furtive and sometimes a frightened look came into his eyes. He ducked into our store at odd hours, purchased his groceries and departed in a hurry.

But there was nothing Mr. Bossert could do to keep the women away. They lay in wait for him at my old man's store; and this suited my old man right down to the ground. He was doing more business than ever.

"No, I can't say when Mr. Bossert will come in," he told housewife after housewife who dropped in. "Sometimes he comes in in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon." Usually the woman, after receiving her answer, would buy a can of beans or a box of starch.

Mr. Bossert was caught and stopped in the store by one or two mothers every time he came in, whether it was before noon, noon, or after noon. He had to give a child's hand a reading, even if it was a quick reading. The upshot of it was that in a short time almost every kid in the neighborhood was either taking music lessons, dancing lessons or had purchased an art outfit at the five-and-ten and was battling valiantly with light, color and form.

THOUGH it was cold and the ice in the park lagoons was invitingly frozen, the kids had no time for ice skating. To their mothers, sport was wasted energy when fame and fortune could be had by a little elbow grease and attention to business. As for my old man, he was actually making a living for his family for the first time in fifteen years; he didn't have to duck out when collectors came in; he began paying his bills. He even bought my mother a winter coat which she needed badly.

"Mr. Bossert is an extraordinary man," he kept repeating. "I could tell that right away! He has a great mind, there is an element of greatness in him!" And he'd take out his new automatic pencil which he had just purchased and would add up a customer's bill. The automatic pencil had a chased-silver barrel with a red stone set in its top and it cost my father one dollar.

It was easy to see how Mr. Bossert, by being a seer, had transformed our gray, bleak neighborhood near the North Western tracks. Of course, some hard-working husbands grumbled when they learned their wives had gone out and spent money on drawing sets, dancing shoes and music lessons for their children; but their grumbling was of the weak kind.

Most of them, being workingmen, were humble before art. It was a mystery to them, like the statuary along Michigan Avenue near which politicians made speeches; but it was impressive, in a way. It was something out of their world and they wanted their children to participate in it. They didn't want their kids to work in bakeries, or in foundries, or in the stockyards. They wanted their kids to grow up to be rich artists of one kind or another, like you saw in the movies which showed the easy life artists and singers led in Paris.

Mr. Bossert certainly started something. My father had bought me a bugle—a tuba was too big and expensive for me—and he got my kid brother a mechanical drawing set and he purchased a mail-order violin for Irving. After supper our flat fairly burst with noises of one kind or another, artistic noises. My sister and older brothers who worked downtown during the day couldn't stand it; they had to visit friends, or go to the movies.

Multiply this situation by fifty or seventy-five and you get a neighborhood fairly bursting with culture from three in the afternoon, when we came home from school, until nine or ten o'clock at night. The people on our street weren't the same any more. They looked different, from the parents all the way down to the kids. There was something new in our faces; we even walked differently. There was no more petty haggling, fighting or back-fence gossip. There was an interchange of views on art and music, statements of opinions, and reports on the progress of sons and daughters. We were flowering—we were enjoying a new life.

The bubble burst a month later, in February. I remember there was snow on the ground. The bursting occurred on a Tuesday afternoon after school, on a cold, cloudy day.

Three large men entered the Waverly Apartments and forced themselves into Mr. Bossert's quarters, silencing his dog with blows. They were from a state institution located just outside the city. They told the gathering neighbors Mr. Bossert was a mental case, an ex-engraver, that he printed all sorts of crazy maps of the world on his five tables, using a table for each continent.

As they carted out his belongings I pressed my way up in front and caught a glimpse of engravings showing humanity, tigers and toads all living together on this earth. They hauled out his bureau, his hard chairs and his tables, together with copper plates and tubes of different colored inks. They also brought out a hand press. Mr. Bossert was the last to come out, manacled. They took him away in a dark blue automobile with metal grating in the back.

THE neighborhood was thunderstruck. It refused to believe the news at first. Mr. Bossert an inmate of a mental institution, a lunatic? It couldn't be possible. But slowly the hard fact sank in. Then the reaction came. The women were the worst about it. The husbands took the beating and kept quiet. But the women, the mothers of all the little geniuses, were so worked up they made scenes on the street and in my old man's store. They could have torn Mr. Bossert limb from limb. Their faces were terrible to look at. Some of them smashed their kids' musical instruments, others tore up their children's art sets. Even my father was sore. His business was slipping away, and soon he would have to dodge the collectors again.

When I saw all this I grew sick. I watched the women in the street and heard them in the store and I felt like crying:

"Why do you all hate him? What were you before he came here on Lake Street? Suppose he was a little queer in some ways. Wasn't he good for us just the same? Didn't he do something to the neighborhood, to all our lives? Wasn't it cheap at the price?"

I looked at the terrible faces of the angry women again and I felt like screaming:

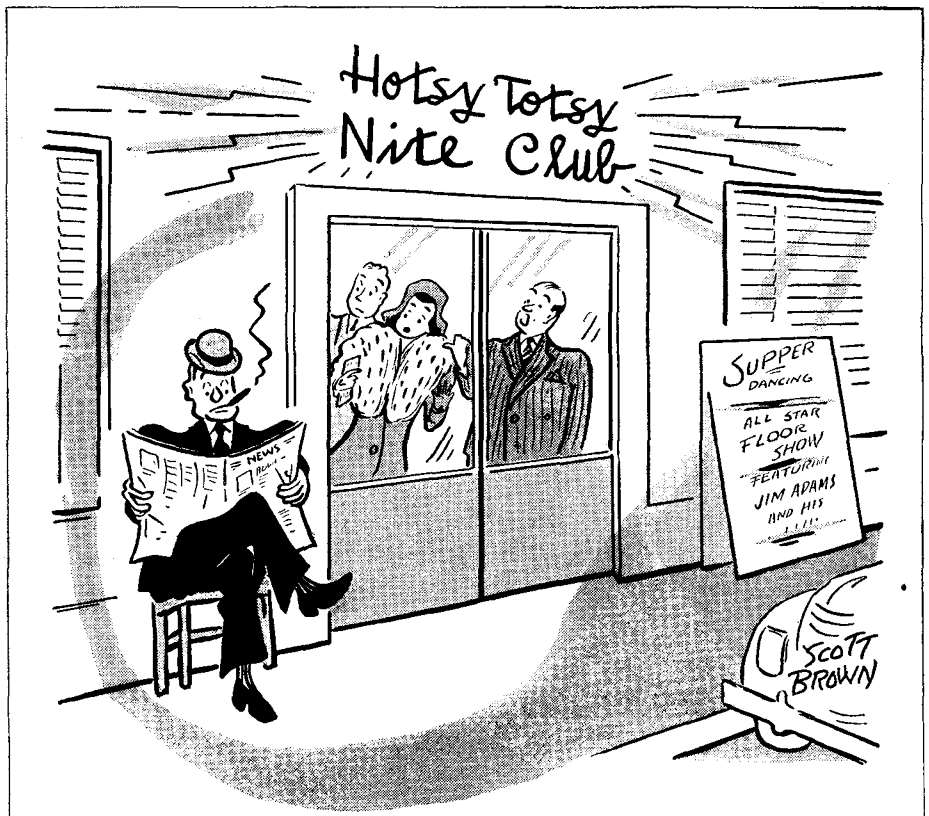
"He was good, he was a great man!"

But I said nothing. They wouldn't have understood, anyway. My old pal Wesley Patlek was tapping against the glass.

"C'mon," he shouted on the street. "Let's do our old acrobatics."

My eyes burned. He didn't understand, either. At that moment I wanted to be far away in New York, or across the ocean in Paris, or in Baltimore. I didn't want to live on a street where art and culture and greatness didn't mean anything, and where the faces of the women were terrible to look at.

THE END

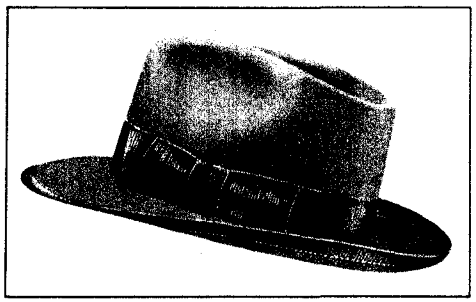


"Our new bouncer. If any of our help quits he throws them back in"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

Let's bring him home quicker!

Our most effective secret weapon in this war is still *secrecy.* The less our enemies know, the sooner they'll go down to defeat. Just because victory seems nearer, don't relax your vigilance. Keep this one thought in mind—every hour by which the war is shortened will save thousands of lives. Keep vital information from reaching enemy ears. Now more than ever, whatever you know, whatever you learn, whatever you hear—*Keep it under your Stetson.*



Keep it under the "Stetsonian"—a hat made to keep its distinguished lines through a long life, thanks to the Stetson Vita-Felt Process . . . $10. John B. Stetson Company. U. S. and Canada, hats for men and women.*

Keep it under your Stetson

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Victory is "in the Bag"!

Blackie: "And I mean—*in the bag,* Whitey! *Waste paper* is now a vital weapon of war!"

Whitey: "You're right, Blackie! Waste paper that's thrown away may cost the life of a soldier on a distant fighting front!"

BLACK & WHITE
8 YEARS OLD
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

EIGHT
YEARS OLD

If you want to help America "deliver the goods", *save your waste paper.* Thousands of tons are needed every week to make containers for war weapons, medical and food supplies. Save cardboard boxes, brown paper bags, newspapers, magazines! Give them to your local charity or sell to your nearest junk dealer.

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

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A.M.G.'s Italian Headache

Continued from page 12

break the black market and provide enough food for the people.

The difficulties in the way of accomplishing this were enormous. To give the 5,500,000 inhabitants of the region a minimum ration of 150 grams a day of bread—about a fistful—and seventy grams of macaroni, Kraege needed 26,000 tons a month of milled flour. A shipping shortage prevented sufficient supplies from reaching Naples. Through October and November, only 7,500 tons arrived, and in late December came another 8,000, making a total of 15,500 tons to meet a situation which required 78,000 tons. Someone sent 1,500 tons of dried soup. The Italians didn't know what to do with it. They understand only pasta bread, dried beans and peas, oil, cheese and vegetables.

There is only one way to break the black market, Kraege admits, and this is to bring in great quantities of food and make illicit traffic unprofitable. To do this would take up half of Naples' port capacity, and the port is needed for supplying our armies. The situation will improve as the country is reconquered.

Contrabandismo steps in to complicate matters for the administrators, even when the food is available. Let us follow a sack of flour from ship to baker. The flour is taken by the Army—troops in trucks to Army warehouses. A couple of highjackers clamber into the truck and roll off two or three sacks. This flour finds its way into the black market where it brings fabulous prices.

From Army warehouses, flour is trucked to the warehouses of what was the Fascist Central Food Distribution Organization—the *Alimentazioni Generali.* The organization has been reasonably well deloused of Black Shirts, but to dust out all *contrabandismo* would mean wrecking the organization and leaving the area without any method of distribution.

Between the Army warehouse and the stores of the *Alimentazioni Generali,* a little more highjacking occurs. In these two processes alone, as much as thirty per cent of the flour brought from the States—and almost all supplies come from the States—was lost in the early weeks. Intensive policing has reduced the loss now to fifteen per cent.

Probably the worst racketeers of the lot are the bakers themselves. They quick-bake their bread, putting a brown crust on the outside and leaving the inside partly cooked and doughy and heavy with water. A large percentage of the loaf weight is water. The bakers either sell the flour thus saved to the black-market bakers or make bread for the black bourse. One kilo-loaf sells at less than four lire under the A.M.G. ceiling. The black-market price for the same amount of well-baked white bread is from 100 to 160 lire.

The workingman considers himself lucky to earn a hundred lire a day, so that his daily wage is insufficient to buy a loaf of bread, let alone black-market spaghetti at from 200 to 300 lire, kilo beans at 80 lire, peas at 50 lire, oil as high as 400 lire a liter. From 40 to 80 per cent of the food Italians eat comes from the black market.

Plenty—if You Can Pay for It

There is almost nothing that is unobtainable on the black market. A barber offered to provide me with a bottle of eau de cologne for 1,000 lire. You can buy American corned beef, stolen from U. S. Army stores for 120 lire, canned ham for 200 lire, a kilo of eggs for twenty lire each. A good lunch costs 600 to 700 lire in any Naples restaurant, with passable wine. Prewar cognac and liqueurs are still to be had at about 1,000 lire per bottle. Common wine is reasonably cheap.

Everything is cheap in terms of American dollars. The lira was fixed by A.M.G. at one cent, and a hundred lire equaled one dollar. This was fine for the troops. They were thus provided with pocketfuls of money to spend. But it worked a severe hardship on the civil employees and it hurts all Italians in the pocketbook and the stomach. Shopkeepers raised their prices to meet the devaluation. An article costing twenty lire, or one dollar, before the war, costs a hundred lire or one dollar now, and often considerably more. I paid the equivalent of ten dollars for a pair of one-dollar-fifty gloves. But where commodity prices have spiraled upward crazily, Italian wages haven't risen at all, and destitution is common, especially in Naples proper, where the normal population of 97,000 has grown to 113,000 as refugees pour in from the battle areas.

Their plight stirs sympathy until you remember Abyssinia, Spain and the Black Shirt dagger in France's back, and Albania and those bronze medals Rome gave its legionnaires for action in Greece, which bore the inscription: "We will crush the

Fascism dies in schoolroom first. A teacher in Apricena points to an Allied poster which says: "These are your friends." The face is Garibaldi's. The other poster says: "These are our friends"

ACME

Questi sono i nostri amici!
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the electronic "eyes" and "ears" that win tank battles
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ASK ABOUT...
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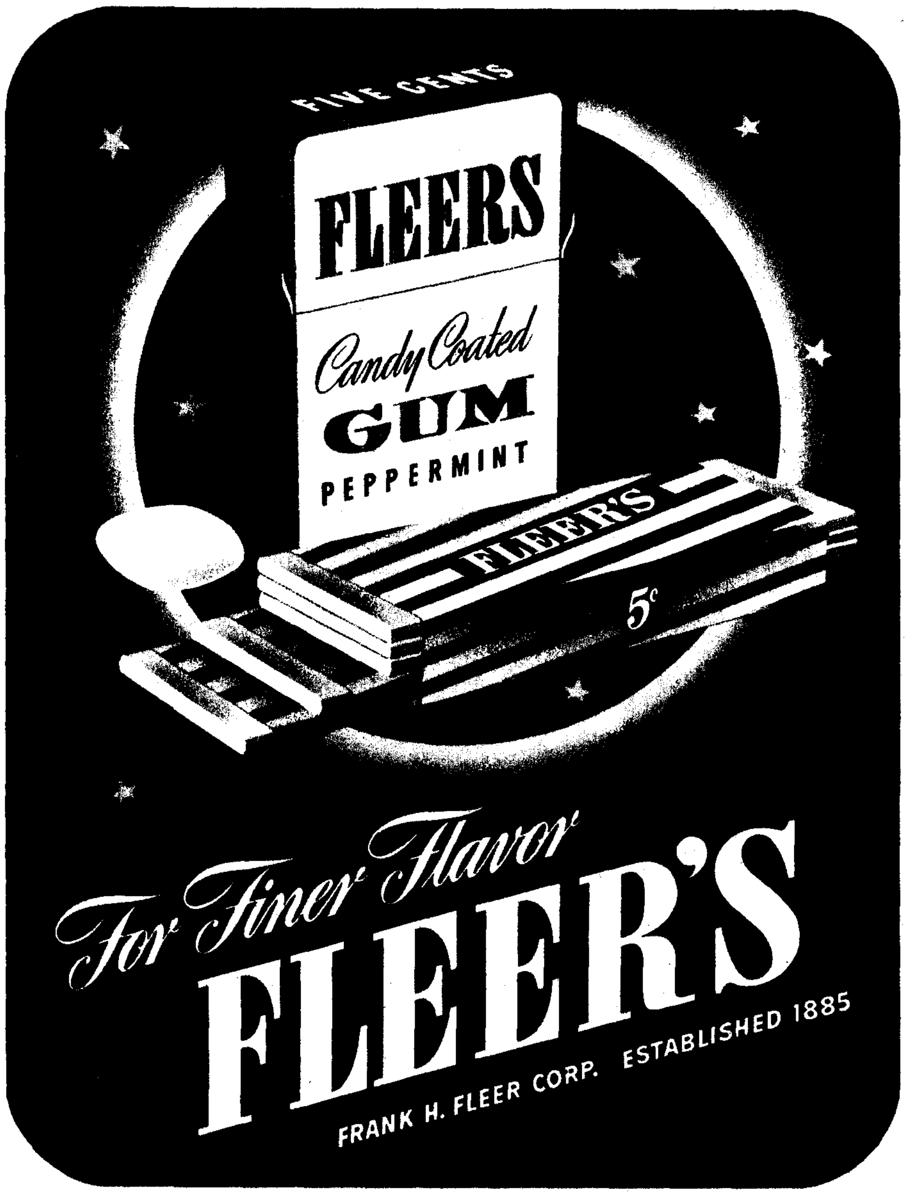

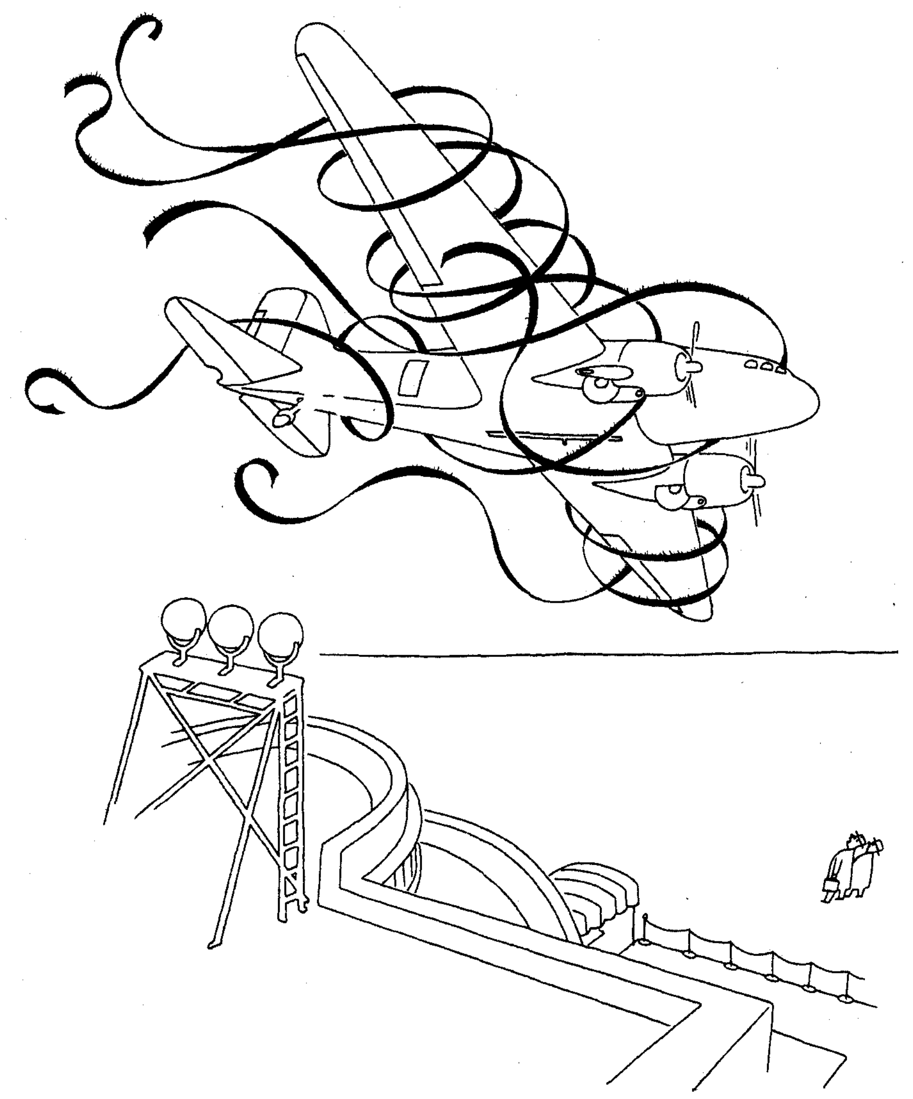
COLLIER'S "Here comes the Washington plane now" RODNEY DE SARRO

kidneys of Greece." Then you feel that the people are paying the price of folly. But whose? Theirs? Or that of their ambitious, power-happy leaders? It's difficult to say. It's still difficult in spite of Italy's status as "cobelligerent" to separate the Italians from the Fascists.

The people themselves seem to take their punishment well. On the whole, they are uncommonly uncomplaining, resigned and co-operative, except, of course, for the large antisocial gangster element which is profiting in the black market from the misfortunes of its fellow citizens.

Sicily and Italy may have taught the Allies valuable lessons in "occupational therapy." In "friendly" Algeria and Tunisia, the Allied governments, for instance, pegged the franc at a rate against the dollar so favorable that citizens holding a bagful of devalued currency found themselves wealthy overnight when our armies landed. In Italy we went the other way—perhaps too far.

On the credit side of A.M.G.'s ledger, the balance is astoundingly in the Allies' favor. In Sicily, for example, the banks were reopened by October 12th on an unrestricted basis, and by November, deposits exceeded withdrawals by 55,000,000 lire; they had that much on deposit with the A.M.F.A.—the Allied Military Finance Agency. The postal savings system was operating and postal service had been restored. Postmen, that is, were delivering letters whenever they could find the addressee and his house.

The difficulties in the way of reopening the banks and restoring the financial life of the occupied areas were enormous. Buildings were destroyed, clerks and executives had disappeared. Keys to safes were lost. In one case, the safe had to be blown open to recover bank notes placed there by the bank manager despite orders from Rome to destroy all currency. Sicilian and Italian disobedience generally to this order helped A.M.G. officers considerably. They recovered a million lire alone. This saved air-freight space for several tons of A.M.G. money printed in the United States.

By August 10th, about a month after the Allies had invaded Sicily, tax collection had been resumed, and, by the end of October, several communities were paying their own way without financial help from the A.M.F.A. and were working out tax schedules and assessments for 1944. A.M.G. officers even settled claims for compensation and tax relief for war damage under Italian law, although payments were not immediately made.

Achievement in Solvency

Soon after the invasion the A.M.F.A. loaned Sicilian banks 1,600,000,000 lire. In less than three months this indebtedness was reduced to 500,000,000 lire, and by early November, Sicilian banks had paid off their debt completely and had more than 50,000,000 lire on deposit with the A.M.F.A.

The financial picture in Naples was, if anything, better. Deposits were in excess of withdrawals almost from the day the banks opened, one month after Italy itself was invaded. At the end of the first three-months period of A.M.G. administration, the Naples region under Kraege (a Green Bay, Wisconsin, businessman, former Naval Academy footballer and boxer, and strictly a nonpolitical character) showed a net profit of twenty-nine million. The sum will be placed to the Italian government's credit when the time comes to settle accounts at the war's end.

The reopening of elementary and some secondary schools in what buildings are left, with what staffs are available, was another A.M.G. accomplishment. The revival of education presented enormous problems. Textbooks in which even simple mathematical problems had been reduced to terms of Fascist propaganda had to be

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Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

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PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

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Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

THE GROVE LABORATORIES, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

expurgated. The professors, unregenerate Fascists, had to be eliminated from the pay rolls. In Potenza alone, twenty-one were fired in one elementary school, but the schools opened as of February 1st in the occupied zones. Even the Universities of Palermo and Naples were functioning.

The reopening of the courts confronted the A.M.G. jurists with some nifties. Since 1923, the Fascist government policy of denial of individual rights had so defaced the Italian legal system that it was unrecognizable as the one based on the Napoleonic Code. The 1926 public-safety law gave Fascist police extraordinary powers to arrest and intern people without reason or explanation.

In 1927, the Labor Charter further suppressed private rights, giving the state the power of arbitrating labor-capital relations. The Penal Code of 1931 reinstated the death penalty—abolished in 1878—for "damage and insult to a person of state." The Civil Code of 1942, with its drastic racial laws, awarded to the state the management of individuals' properties. To rescind this mass of Fascist laws would have disrupted the country's entire legal system. After abolishing the racial laws, A.M.G. chose to modify each law as cases were reviewed in accordance with democratic principles and practices. Thousands of political prisoners were released.

A.M.G. officers even found time to assess damage caused to museums, churches, monuments and works of art, and to make arrangements for temporary repairs to prevent further deterioration pending restoration and reconstruction. Shortages of lumber, cement, tiles, glass and skilled labor slowed the work of this phase of A.M.G. administration. The damage, however, so far, hasn't been so widespread as had been envisioned. The sum of $250,000 was apportioned from A.M.F.A. funds for preliminary salvage work, mostly on baroque churches and important libraries.

In more obvious matters, such as restoration of gas, light, power and water supplies, A.M.G.'s record is better perhaps than in any other field. Power for light was furnished by the generators of three Italian submarines anchored in the harbor, to enable troops to unload ships at night and, within a month, the whole city had light. Army engineers found seven breaks in the Sorino Aqueduct feeding Naples, but the Neapolitans had water within three weeks of our occupation.

Serious outbreaks of typhoid and typhus were due to overcrowding and filth, rather than delay in the restoration of the water supply. Naples now cooks with gas and largely rides to work. Trolleys, busses and Diesel busses are functioning as are the funicular railways which climb the city's hills, and the suburban electric railroad. Naples today is a more crowded, noisier, busier city than I have ever seen it, even in its heyday as a tourist town, even making allowances for the presence of British and American troops in the city.

There are also more beggars, panders, pimps and prostitutes. The last batch of harlots rounded up in an intensive drive to curb this form of contraband were found to be one hundred per cent infected with two or more common venereal diseases and a couple of new ones the doctors had only read about before. Roadside signs warn the troops that "Girls who take boarders provide social disorders." Infection among our soldiers has been kept to a minimum, largely because of the amazingly continent character of American troops, plus effective preventive methods.

Insect-Borne Disease

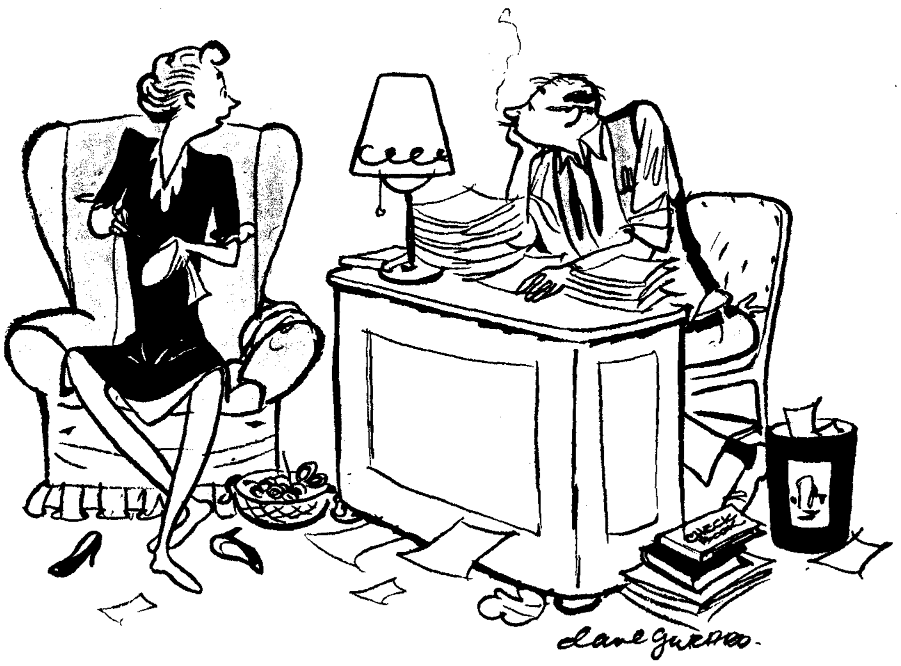
Other signs are painted with hideous magnifications of the dreaded typhus-bearing louse, calling the troops' attention to the need for cleanliness. There have been no typhus cases in soldiers' ranks, although the civilian population is severely infected. Lice literally cover the walls and floors of Naples' air-raid shelters where refugees live by the thousands in crowded, indescribably filthy conditions, cooking, eating, sleeping, breeding in caves.

U. S. Army doctors have brought in enough typhus serum to inoculate the entire population of Naples, if necessary. They have established dusting stations where civilians are taken to clear their bodies and clothing of "mechanized dandruff." Civil police and medical services have been enlisted in the fight against typhus, but despite everything that can be done, hundreds of new cases are discovered daily. Italians flinch at a hypodermic needle.

Although the fight against disease, like the physical repairs to water, light and power plants, came under A.M.G. administration, it is hard to say where the A.M.G. contributions ended and those of the United States Army engineers and medical services began. All have done a terrific job.

While the A.M.G. may have fallen short of its stated objective in the matter of feeding the population, it is to the Allies' credit that, to date, not one single man, woman or child has actually died of starvation since our occupation.

THE END



"I don't see why you even bother trying to figure the tax out—we can't afford it anyway"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

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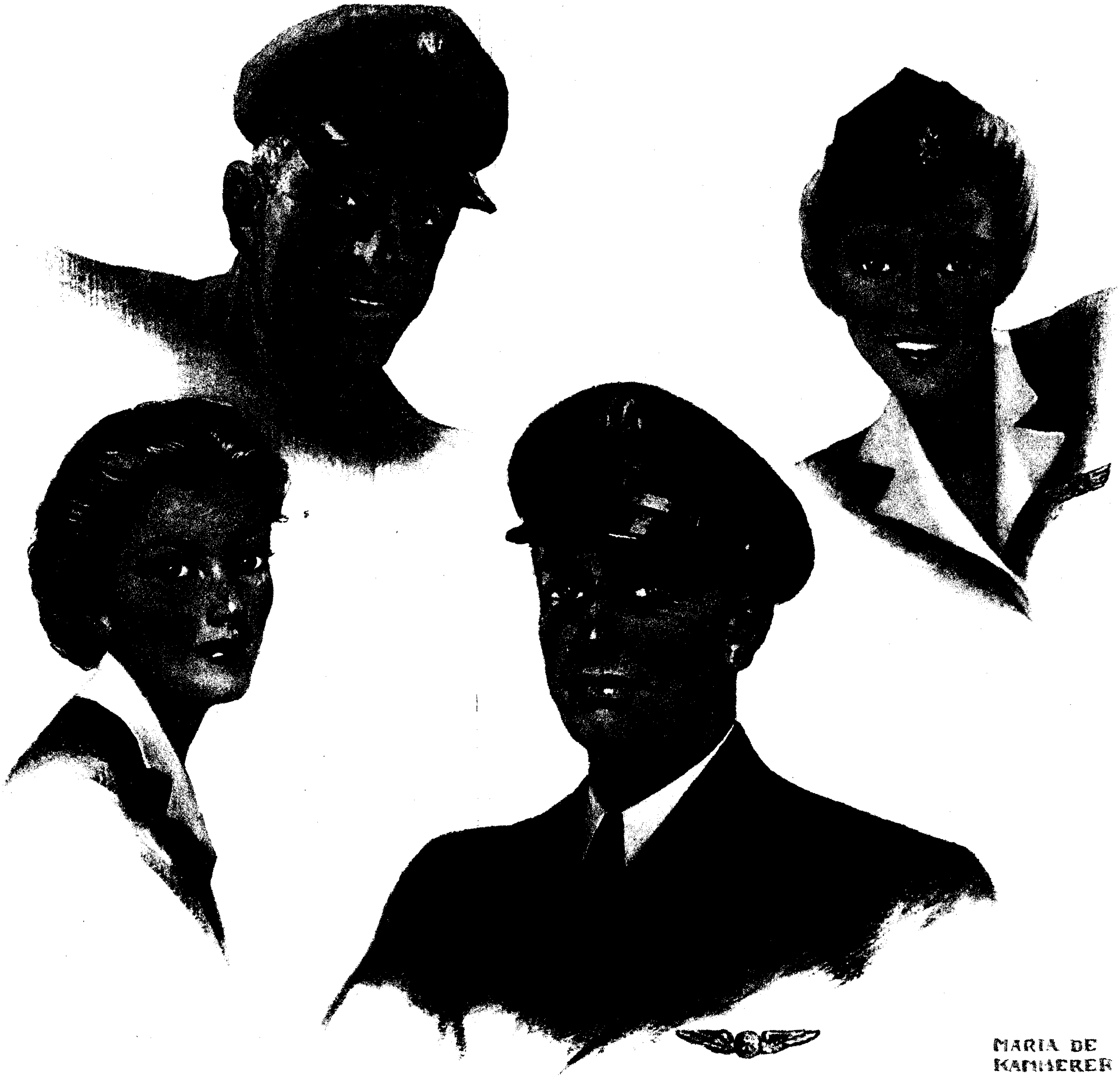

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Then came the impact of war! Suddenly transport planes became so priceless that about half of American's Flagships were diverted to the military emergency. But the domestic transportation problem continues to increase in size and importance.

The four employees pictured above are typical of American's thousands, all of whom believe that politeness, and consideration of passenger welfare, *are needed and appreciated even more now than in peacetime.*

American's passengers are *people*—men and women who are working hard under the war strain. Aboard Flagships are technicians, scientists, Army and Navy personnel, manufacturers, engineers and many others who are more strenuously active than ever before. Bodies and minds become fatigued. Since you *must* travel, it is American's duty to make your trip as restful as possible.

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American Airlines regrets there are not enough Flagships to serve many more essential travelers.

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL **AMERICAN AIRLINES** *Inc.* ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

Nowadays Miss Lawrence spends far more time at war work than in spangles

Even early in her career, the critics rapped Gertrude Lawrence for being so versatile. They should see her now. And, rumor notwithstanding, the fabulous Gertie is really only one person

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

Lawrence in America

IT WAS Ilka Chase, that mistress of the crepe de Chine barb, who glanced up one day from her Red Cross first-aid lesson, observed classmate Gertrude Lawrence coping nimbly with a set of splints, and dulcetly remarked, "Gertrude is like a little red wagon powered by the motor of a P-38—kind of a handful, but provocative."

That, of course, is just a random description of the theater's Miss Lawrence. There are many. Her best friends find her difficult to depict in a nutshell or with any degree of unanimity. To John Golden, her quondam producer, she is simply and reverently "a chameleon." To Newbold Morris, president of the New York City Council (Gertie gets around), she is, with equal brevity and admiration, "a fire-horse." To her modiste and her milliner, both exceedingly dear in their fields, she is a style-setting child of luxury on whose polished shoulders it would be a crime to drape anything less sumptuous than sable. To her closest female friend, Attorney Fanny Holtzman, she is a frugal angel of mercy, whose chic is achieved mainly by shrewd shopping expeditions to the five-and-ten. To the Broadway drama reviewers, she is an evanescent dream girl whose niftily fashioned rear occasionally needs a stiff but loving whack of the critical hairbrush.

However, there is one phrase which anyone discussing Gertrude Lawrence for longer than three minutes invariably utters with admiration and awe. It is "What energy!"

Small wonder. If Gertie is not leaping in and out of a Cape Cod bog, raising cranberries for the government, she is in the Bronx, running an orphanage for British actors' children. If she is not lecturing to young ladies at Bryn Mawr, she is standing in a windy winter dawn singing Jenny to men of the Merchant Marine.

In one sample, if memorable, day recently, she gave blood to the Red Cross, stood for fittings on a new wardrobe, served as temporary mayor of New Rochelle, and ran a War Bond pitch in Madison Square Garden until the clock struck midnight. She darts about with glossy competence from one to another of some fifteen projects, including canteens, hospitals, city theaters, fiction writing and broadcasts. It would be enough to make you forget that she is also an actress, except that Gertie has the knack of getting a Eugene O'Neill second-act-curtain kind of wallop into the gesture of passing a cheese sandwich to a sailor.

Drama adheres to her size-ten figure like a wet jersey bathing suit. All her life she has seemed incapable of doing anything without a certain amount of good theatrical effect. She came into the world, not on just any old Tuesday, but on the 4th of July. When she was a leggy, gawsie child in a suburb of London, her best pal (and the one to whom she loaned her bicycle) was not just a kid named Joe but a kid named Noel Coward, whose resplendent progress (not only on the bicycle but in the theater) later became inextricably bound up with her own skyrocketing career.

When as a three-pound-a-week chorus girl she understudied Beatrice Lillie, the fate that watches over Gertrude Lawrence saw to it that Miss Lillie did not merely come down with a slight head cold but was tossed off her horse to break a leg.

Making the Most of an Entrance

And when as a principal in her own right, she voyaged to America in 1924 with Miss Lillie and Jack Buchanan to play in the first New York version of Charlot's Revue, her ship docked, poignantly, on Christmas night, so that the troupe sat on their luggage and sang Christmas carols and wept, and gave Gertie another gentle memory and another unforgettable entrance.

Some weeks later, she sang a number called Limehouse Blues to a first-night audience and became a toast of the town. From there on in—through Private Lives, Tonight at Eight-thirty, Susan and God, and Skylark—unstinted American applause has rung in her ears whenever she chose to illumine a stage on this side of the Atlantic; and when she climaxed her string of successes with Moss Hart's Lady in the Dark, the sternest critics on the Broadway aisles unleashed an avalanche of verbiage that would have paid extravagant honor to a composite of Duse, Pavlova and Tetrazzini.

Nor were her rewards from this triumph merely artistic. By this time she had attained such heights that Miss Holtzman was able to draw up for her a starring contract by which, as Hart afterward wistfully put it, "Gertie got the biggest piece of my piece, she got Sam Harris' house in Palm Beach, a piece of our theater, $5,000 a week against a share of the gross, and a piece of the picture rights,

Gertie of the shapely gams—the acting, singing, dancing, bumps-and-grinding Lady in the Dark plus a percentage of the picture profits."

Unquestionably what gives Gertie her special edge over other great ladies of the theater is her uninhibited versatility. She will tackle any form of entertainment ever attempted by any actress in show business and, added to that, she will throw in a few tricks usually performed only by trained seals.

When a customer lays down $4.40 to see Helen Hayes or Katherine Cornell he has a good idea what he's going to get for his money. Certainly Miss Hayes (or Miss Cornell) will not do any cartwheels for a first-act finish. But when he purchases a pasteboard to a Lawrence show, he is liable to see comedy, melodrama, farce, tragedy, singing, dancing, male impersonation, tightrope walking, sleight of hand or a dazzling combination of all nine.

"My success in the theater," Gertrude has decided, "is based on the fact that I'm a Jack-of-all-trades and practically master of none. There are people who can dance better and people who can sing better and people who can act better, but there isn't anybody who tackles everything, as I do."

Earlier in her career, it cost the critics considerable pain to adjust themselves to Miss Lawrence's determination to spread herself out over all branches of the art. When having scored big hits in revues and musical comedies, she essayed her first dramatic role with Behold We Live, the then dean of London critics burst several blood vessels sputtering into his typewriter: "What is Miss Lawrence trying to do? Does she intend to play musical comedy, revues, straight comedy or tragedy?"

Gertie answered by calling a press conference of critics and informing them grandly, "Gentlemen, you are criticizing me for the very thing I am trying to achieve—versatility."

And she feels that the versatility she worked so hard for is a sensible form of unemployment insurance.

She says, "As long as I can lift a leg, I can dance a little, and as long as I can croak out a note, I can sing a little, and as long as I can stand on my feet, I can act."

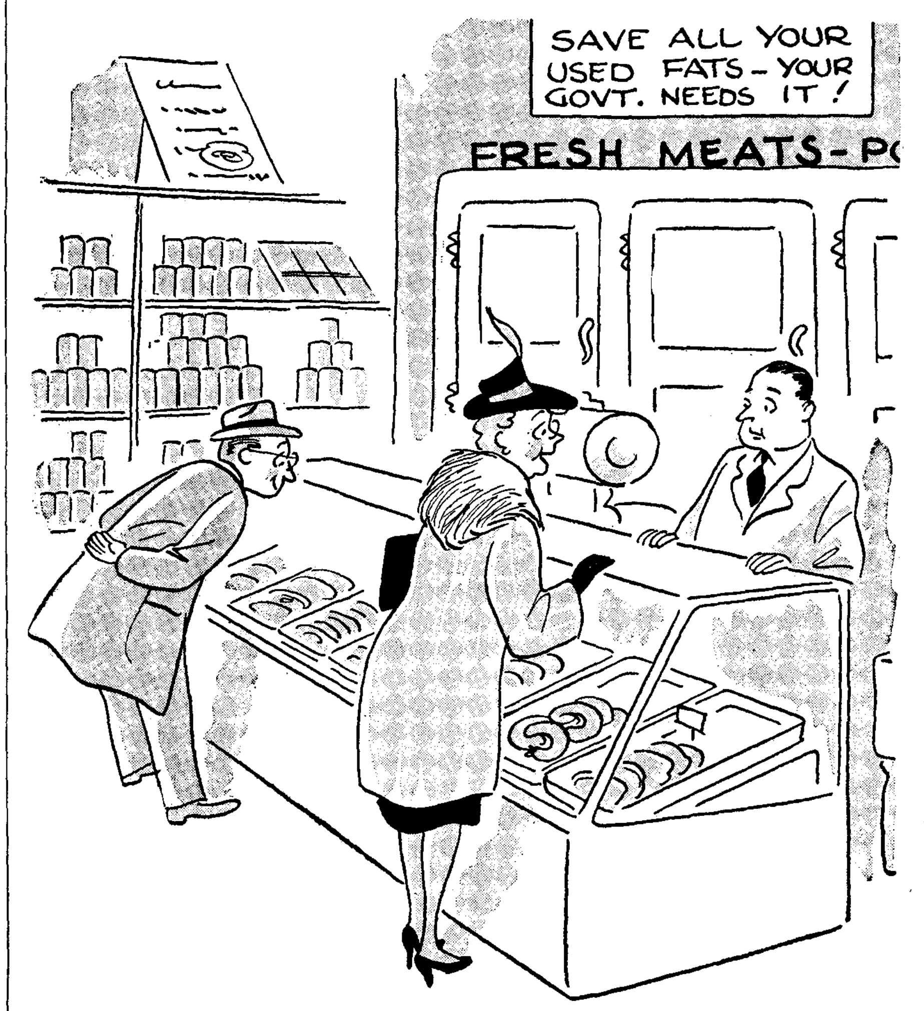
Her playing unquestionably is enlivened by her keen sense of theatrical competition. Many stars of her eminence are accused (justly or unjustly) of cutting a lesser actor's role if it threatens to steal a scene, or having people fired if they draw too much applause, or making life backstage miserable for any small fry who dare to get brilliant notices. There is very little of this kind of chitchat about Gertrude Lawrence. She takes care of the problem in quite another way.

A Challenge to Showmanship

Members of the cast of Lady in the Dark still grin when they recall opening night in Boston. Danny Kaye had a tongue-twister number called Tchaikovsky, which everyone expected to be an effective patter song, nothing more, and which was followed almost immediately by Gertie's little novelty ditty, The Saga of Jenny. But on opening night, Tchaikovsky stopped the show. The theater rang with the noisiest kind of un-Boston applause, and Kaye stepped back after his long series of bows, shivering with terror. This, he was certain, would be the end—either of him or the song. He assumed that the star would be furious with him for stealing the show.

As his applause died down, Gertie stepped forward with a glint in her eye that said, "Don't kid yourself, bud." She started to sing Jenny, and she sang it—for the first time—with bumps, grinds, eye-rolling, assorted hootchy-kootchy and every trick in the bag. When she finished, the applause was at least four times as loud as Kaye's had been. By the time her encores were over, it was as if no comedian had ever sung Tchaikovsky. That's her technique. She has never had to resort to mayhem in the dressing rooms, because she can get by with murder on stage.

Before the war she lived in a twelve-



"Which will be of most help to the war effort—buy beef bouillon and salvage the can or buy a pound of steak and salvage the fat?"

COLLIER'S BILL RUBLE

Handsome teeth need firm gums

ONE ENEMY OF FIRM GUMS IS

GINGIVITIS

SOME SIGNS MAY BE
✓ BLEEDING GUMS
✓ TENDER GUMS
✓ IRRITATED GUMS
✓ INFLAMED GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 May Get It — Even Young Folks!

If *your* gums bleed (even a *tiny* bit) when you brush your teeth or are tender to touch—WATCH OUT! These may be warning signs of GINGIVITIS —which may attack 4 out of 5 people.

Although GINGIVITIS is a mild gum inflammation—*neglect* often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea with its soft, shrinking gums and loosening teeth which only your dentist can help. See your dentist every 3 months. Then at home here's—

One Best Way To Help Guard Against Gingivitis

Massage your gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—the *first* and *original* toothpaste for massaging gums to be firmer and for cleaning teeth to their natural sparkling beauty. How refreshed and invigorated your gums feel!

Forhan's also helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. Used and recommended by many dentists for over 30 years. Don't wait until you finish your present tube of toothpaste. Start massaging your gums *tonight* with Forhan's!

NO USED TUBE REQUIRED!

After March 1, 1944—you no longer need to turn in an empty tube when you buy a tube of Forhan's Toothpaste. This is due to materials now made available and not needed for the war effort. Forhan's is sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

Forhan's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH
ORIGINALLY

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

Copyright 1944, Better Vision Institute, Inc.

What Are They Seeing?

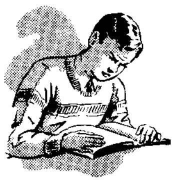
THAT'S anybody's guess. They may be *looking* at a movie, *watching* a magician, or *studying* a blackboard problem at school . . . But what they actually *see* is an open question. For looking isn't always seeing. Some children have never learned to see clearly, easily, with full comprehension. Before their eager eyes, pictures blur, letters run together, scenes seem scrambled. No wonder learning becomes difficult—progress slow.

Poor vision is a serious handicap to growing youngsters. It sentences them to undeserved slowness, dullness, backwardness—where other children are quick, keen, sure.

Be fair to your children, Mother. Good seeing is a priceless asset in the struggle for knowledge, the race for leadership and the building of steady nerves and sound bodies.

83% of all ideas and impressions are received through our precious sense of sight. Now, in these formative years, when learning and behavior and health are so vital, young eyes need special watching.

Don't "put off" a visit to a professional man . . . an Ophthalmologist, Optometrist or Optician (ophthalmic dispenser). Profit now by his training and skill. Those young eyes that place their faith in you will be ever so grateful . . . for a lifetime of *good seeing*.



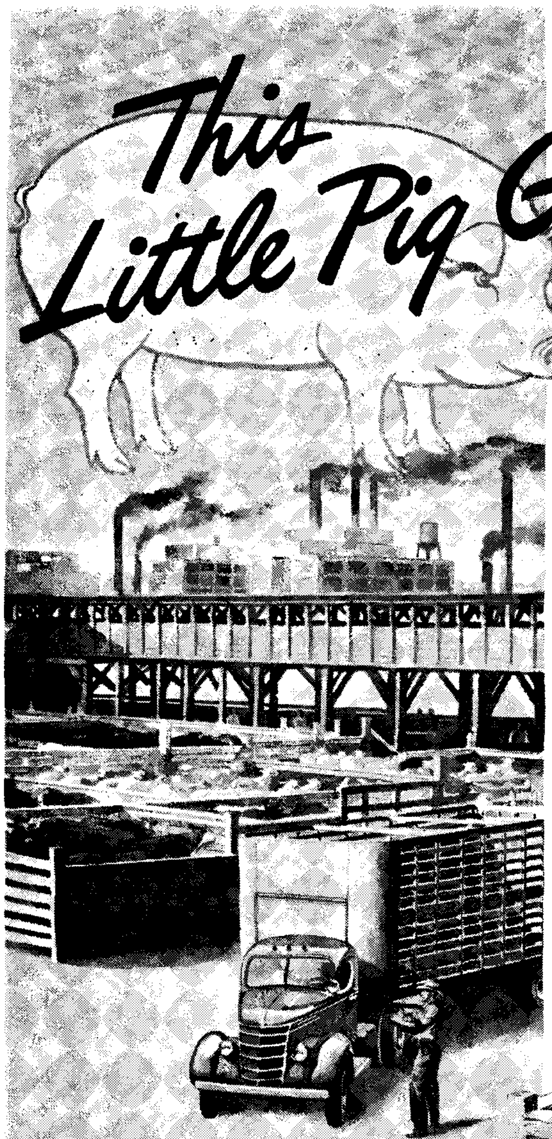
HARD TO READ?

Does this type blur? Can you read it when held about 18 inches from your eyes? Try each eye separately.

A child should be able to read the small type above, easily and comfortably, at a distance of 18 inches from the eyes. So should Mother and Dad! It's interesting to try this simple check of seeing ability. But remember, the only real, complete check-up of your eyes is the one you get from a skilled, professional eye man.

BETTER VISION INSTITUTE, Inc.
New York
Keep Buying War Bonds!

This Little Pig Goes to Market FASTER *and* BETTER BY TRUCK-TRAILER



Not only this little pig, but two-thirds of the tonnage of America's hogs, cattle and sheep go to market by motor transport . . a vast proportion of them by Truck-Trailer.

Always essential for our national sustenance, this service is still more vital now that our meat production has jumped nearly 20 per cent and we have our widespread armed forces, as well as the workers at home, to feed.

Why are Truck-Trailers preferred for livestock hauling? Because they do a better job for the farmer and, in turn, for the packer and the consumer. Consider the typical service rendered by Parkway Transfer, of Elgin, Illinois.

Parkway's fleet of Fruehauf Trailers carries livestock from corn-belt farms to the Chicago market, giving day and night service around the calendar. Farmers know that whether they have a few head or hundreds of animals, the stock can be loaded at the barnyard, hauled to market and unloaded in a few hours . . less time than it would take to order and spot a rail car, to which the stock would still have to be trucked. They know, too, that Trailers carry the stock with less shrinkage and bruising. And there's seldom any extra cost for feeding while in transit.

Ninety hogs, weighing 225 to 240 pounds, or sixteen 1,100-pound steers, ride in Parkway's 24-foot Fruehauf Trailers. These loads, weighing around 20,000 pounds, are pulled by economical 1½ to 2-ton trucks . . a big economy advantage.

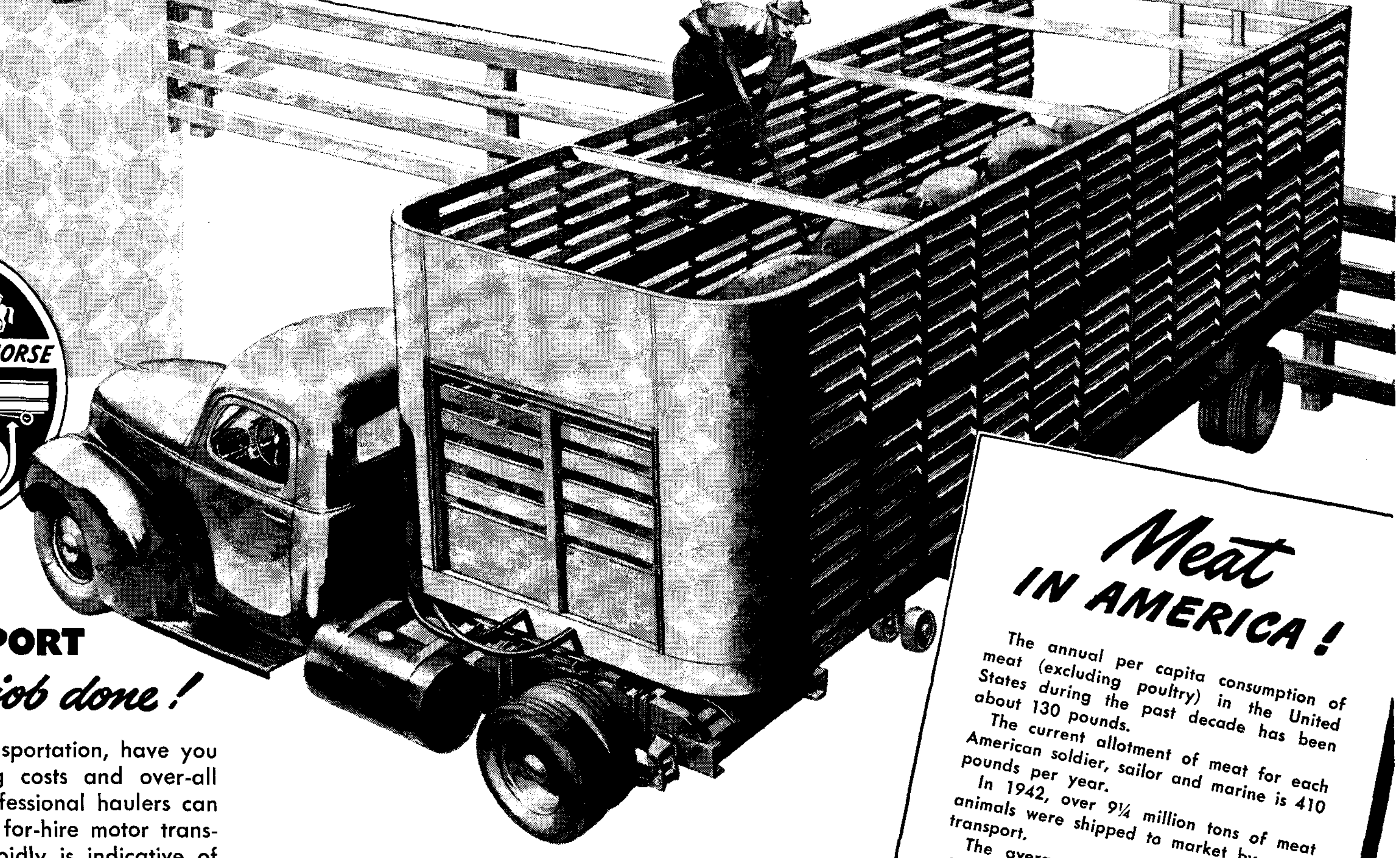
Moreover, these Trailers do a two-way job . . and thus give farmers greater service and Parkway added profit. Return trips carry agricultural limestone, feed, supplies, feeder stock, etc. When there's time between trips to market, they haul soybeans, corn, barley and oats from surplus areas to elevators, mills or feedlots. They've even moved farm buildings and, as an added war service, hauled 11-ton lathe beds to factories making machine guns and war equipment.

The livestock industry is only one of the more than 100 lines of business in which Truck-Trailers are doing hard jobs more efficiently.

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers

FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY • DETROIT

Service in Principal Cities



Meat IN AMERICA!

The annual per capita consumption of meat (excluding poultry) in the United States during the past decade has been about 130 pounds.

The current allotment of meat for each American soldier, sailor and marine is 410 pounds per year.

In 1942, over 9¼ million tons of meat animals were shipped to market by motor transport.

The average Truck-Trailer haul of livestock to market is 125 miles, but there are many regular, profitable hauls up to 1,000 miles or more from stock farms and ranches.

It is obviously imperative that motor transport be kept running . . that parts, tires and replacement vehicles be made available.

★

MOTOR TRANSPORT

Will get your job done!

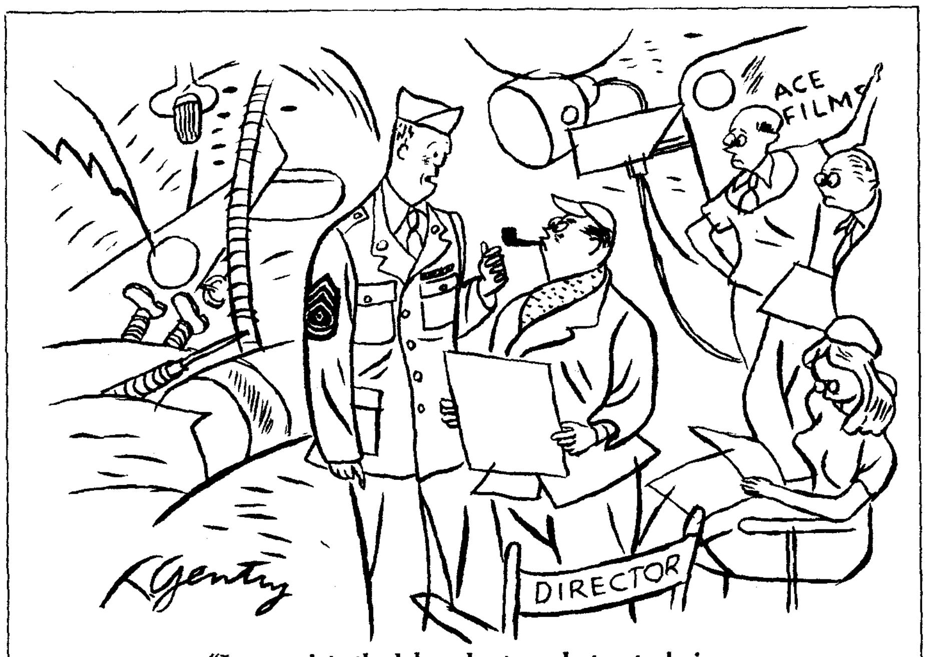
If you aren't using truck transportation, have you ever challenged your shipping costs and over-all efficiency with the job that professional haulers can do for you? The fact that the for-hire motor transport industry has grown so rapidly is indicative of what others think about its services. Why not at least get the facts and stack them up against your own records?

BUY WAR BONDS

FRUEHAUF *Trailers*

"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TRUCK-TRAILER TRANSPORT IS DOING AN ESSENTIAL JOB FOR ALL AMERICA



"I appreciate the labor shortage, but as technical adviser—you haven't enough dead Japs!"

COLLIER'S THURSTON GENTRY

room apartment on Fifth Avenue, surrounded by maids, dogs and admirers. Shortly after the blitz all that changed. Now she occupies a four-room apartment on the slightly West Side—hardly a hovel, but conservative for an actress of her magnitude—one cook-housekeeper, two secretaries who handle her war work, and no dog. She works tirelessly at British and American charities, knits, sews, does a radio program budgeted at $10,500 per half-hour, and serves as a dollar-a-year woman for the City of New York. Any sleep she gets is purely accidental.

Her first impulse was to return to England immediately, but Lord Lothian, the British ambassador to the United States, convinced her she was more valuable here. She sees all the British statesmen who come to the United States, often staying up all night to talk to them. She spends many Sundays writing reports on American sentiment and she insures a big audience for British documentary films in colleges throughout the East by going along with the reels herself, as a lecturer; students who would be inclined to pass up a session of British propaganda do not pass up the glamorous Gertrude.

Besides this, she belongs to the American Red Cross, serves on the Committee of the National War Fund, is vice-president of the American Theater Wing, with her own branch on Cape Cod, makes British Broadcasting Company recordings to be short-waved to the troops, and is American president of the Entertainment National Service Association, which supplies all mobile entertainment wherever there are British troops. She sings at camps, visits veterans' hospitals, and is the founder of a Bookmobile, an old hearse that was converted into a traveling library with 3,000 books and additional accessories such as playing cards, games, records, chewing gum, writing paper, cookies, doughnuts, candy and flatirons.

She has a private life, too. For all that she resembles a neat neon-lighted goddess who has swallowed too many vitamin pills, she has her cozy moments of being just the little woman, and she plays them to the hilt. She is married to Lieutenant Commander Richard S. Aldrich, formerly a socialite theatrical producer, now overseas with the Navy's amphibious forces, and although they have not spent six consecutive months together since their marriage four years ago, the union has been both chic and idyllic.

Aldrich has two sons—Dickie and David—aged 12 and 14, by a previous marriage. Gertrude has a daughter Pamela, in her twenties, who, by virtue of her marriage to Lieutenant William Cahan and her own special talents, is a member of the cast of Winged Victory.

Gertie, who came up the hard way and at one time worked as a barmaid between acting chores, was determined that her daughter learn the value of being able to make one's own living, and so Pamela has. In England, she played small roles on the stage and worked in a flower shop; over here, she toiled backstage at Hattie Carnegie's fashionable dressmaking establishment, sewing hats. When she was married to young Physician Cahan on Cape Cod, Gertie gave the bride away, tearfully and beautifully.

Maker of Fashions

The Lawrence gift for dramatic chic (or chic drama or whatever it is) extends from the stage to her private existence. She is not pretty, but most pretty actresses would exchange faces with her because she is what women call "wonderful looking," and men find irresistibly attractive. Her hard, neat figure laughs at her age, which is 45, and her short-cropped hair, worn in a sleek halo, is blond—the silver, not the golden, kind. She can wear anything. She is credited with starting the stockingless fad years ago (her legs are divine) and she was the first copyable woman to go about with her jackets and coats hung from her shoulders instead of slipping her arms into the sleeves.

She is extravagant and luxury-loving, in keeping with her glittering façade, but she also has an honesty rare for an actress of her stature. In her press books, anything goes, good or bad. She keeps everything ever written about her, whether a rave or a rap. She owns one scrapbook entirely devoted to her bankruptcy proceedings—a volume which actresses with less humor would have tossed into the drink long ago.

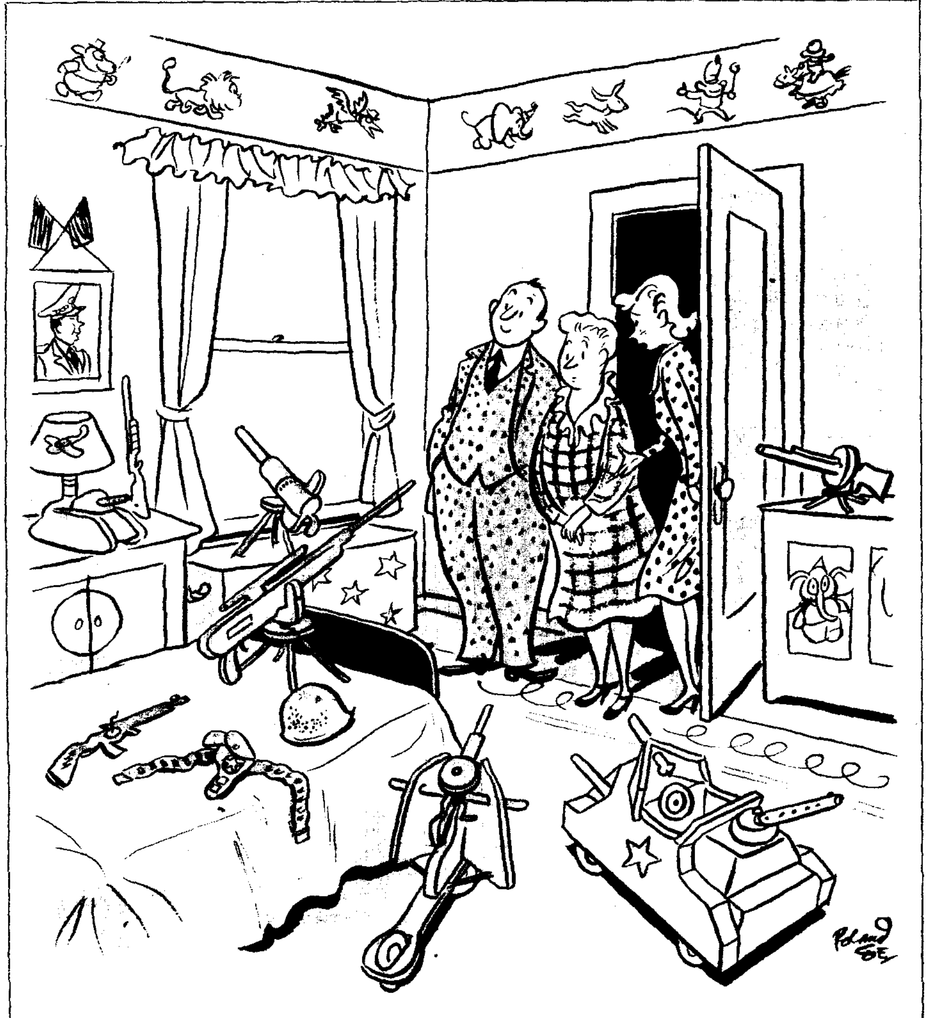
She seldom goes to night clubs, but when she does go out, whether to a public or a private soiree, she is like a kid, undignified as all get out and invariably the life of the party.

She is a great kitchen eater, being fond of tartar sandwiches—raw hamburger and raw egg—at night, and almost anything in the daytime. She filches shamelessly off anyone else's plate and drinks goblets of milk. Alcoholically speaking, she's a mild drinker: a couple of highballs a day is her fastest speed.

Aside from war work, she has two pet projects at the moment. She is engaged in a campaign which she christened "Babies Deserve a Break"—a drive to get the smoking cars in trains converted into lounges for the exclusive use of mothers traveling with babies—and Mayor La Guardia appointed her to supervise all plays done in his New York Civic Center after she opened the project with Susan and God.

There's no reason why she shouldn't, really. She has done everything there is to do in the theater except sweep off the stage—and if some jeweler ever designs a platinum broom, she may do that.

THE END

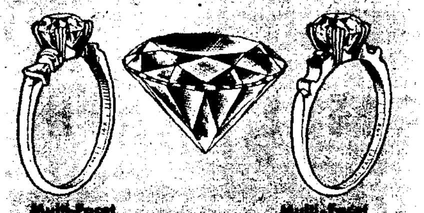


"And this is the nursery—now known as the arsenal"

COLLIER'S ROLAND COE

Multi-Facet*
DIAMOND RINGS

40 EXTRA FACETS . . . cut around edge of Multi-Facet Diamonds assure greater brilliance (proved by laboratory tests) intensify true color and help to prevent chipping . . . In exquisite, specially styled mountings—from $110—at representative jewelers.



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LOUIS A. ROSELAAR
Diamond Cutters for 4 Generations
551 Fifth Avenue • New York

U. S. Pat. *Design Pat **Plus Fed. Tax

THE TRAGEDY IN MY LIFE!

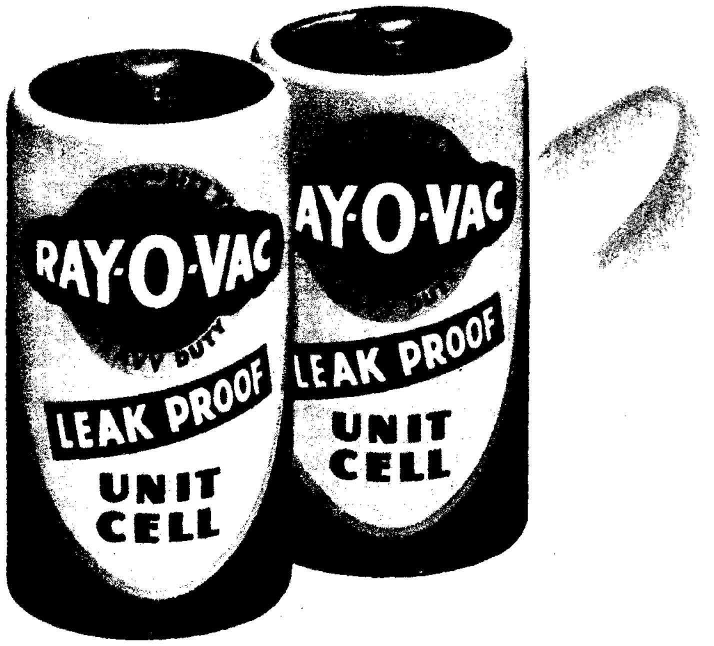
My first pups were *so* cute! But my Master and I forgot one thing—*worms*. The pups had caught 'em from me—and two died!

"Sergeant's Puppy Capsules may save the others," said my Master. "Hope it's not too late!" We saved the others, and I cleaned out *my* worms with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules (for grown dogs). Now we're on guard all the time—with Sergeant's ready.

The Sergeant's Dog Book gave my Master the idea. Get a copy—it's *free* at drug and pet stores, or with this coupon.

FREE
Sergeant's, Dept. 2-C, Richmond 20, Va.
Please mail the NEW, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:
Print
Name__________________
Address__________________
City State

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES



Actual color photo of LEAKPROOF BATTERIES picked at random from 1939 manufacture.

THESE FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES ARE 4 YEARS OLD AND

STILL FRESH

Remember when you picked up a flashlight, long unused, and found the batteries dead? The fact is, most flashlight batteries die just lying around . . . but not Ray-O-Vac LEAKPROOF Batteries. LEAKPROOF'S patented sealed-in-steel construction seals the power in . . . it's there when it's needed!

RAY-O-VAC LEAKPROOF BATTERIES ARE NOW GOING 100% TO OUR ARMED FORCES

RAY-O-VAC

FLASHLIGHTS · BATTERIES

BUY WAR BONDS ARMY E NAVY BUY WAR STAMPS

RAY-O-VAC COMPANY, MADISON 4, WISCONSIN
OTHER FACTORIES AT CLINTON, MASSACHUSETTS · LANCASTER, OHIO · SIOUX CITY, IOWA

New Orleans Cleans House

Continued from page 22

the press. The Brewery Foundation gave magnificent co-operation by putting on a statewide drive of its own. It cut off the beer supply to 151 taverns of questionable repute.

Squads with portable movie apparatus invaded Negro bars to show VD movies. Over half a million pieces of literature giving exact venereal disease information were distributed. Fears sums it up: "Unless a man was deaf, dumb and blind, he couldn't help knowing about venereal disease."

The campaign, originally scheduled to run two weeks last March, was built into a permanent effort. All this work was done with the full realization that one can't talk and advertise venereal disease out of existence. But talk, enough of it, is apt to get action in other directions.

Police and politicians began to fall in line. Mayor Robert S. Maestri gave active support, without which an effective campaign would have been impossible. He read the riot act to Recorder's Court judges. In prostitution cases they had been doling out sentences of $25 *or* 30 days. He asked them to make it $100 *and* 90 days, and in a few "aggravated cases" that has been done.

Captain James E. Cripps, an honest cop, got a go-ahead signal. He commands the 3rd precinct, which includes the boisterous Vieux Carré, the old French quarter. Cripps smiled a patient smile and went to work. As well as his own men, he had the assistance of 168 Military Police and 50 members of the Navy's Shore Patrol.

At the outset, it was apparent that most professional prostitutes had gone under cover. A breakdown of a large number of women who had spread venereal disease showed that 21 per cent were prostitutes, 61 per cent pickups, 16 per cent girl friends, 2 per cent wives. Most of the women were 20 or under; members of the growing band of "V" girls who feel a patriotic compulsion to console troops.

Cripps and his men raided bars, apartments, houses, honky-tonks, juke joints. Real war was declared on taxi drivers—one of the worst problems of all. New Orleans taxi drivers have always considered a "vidalia" honest prey. A vidalia, a distinctive New Orleans word, means a customer a taxi driver delivers to a bawdy house or a gambling joint. The driver collects a 40 per cent cut from the house on whatever the vidalia spends. Other taxi drivers had one or two women of their own placed in small apartments in quiet sections of the town.

Cripps released a righteous wrath on these men. He got the help of soldiers who rode taxis to the apartments, got names and addresses and called the patrol wagon. Police, in their own cars, shadowed cabs and made arrests. Taxi drivers, caught in this business, got the same sentences as prostitutes.

Another drive started simultaneously on "bee" drinkers—girls who put the bee on bar customers for drinks. They get a cut from the house for their services and often use this device as a side line to *prostitution.* While soldiers or sailors drink hard liquor, girls consume ginger ale, tea or sarsaparilla. If the suitor is still insistent in his attentions as the evening wears on, the bartender obliges the girl by loading drinks. The soldier quietly goes to sleep.

Cripps warned bartenders that this had to stop. Bee drinking was not to be permitted. If bars persisted, they were put off bounds. No soldier or sailor could enter—which was tantamount to saying that a place would be as empty as a haunted house. One such off-bounds bar lost $3,500 worth of business in a single week.

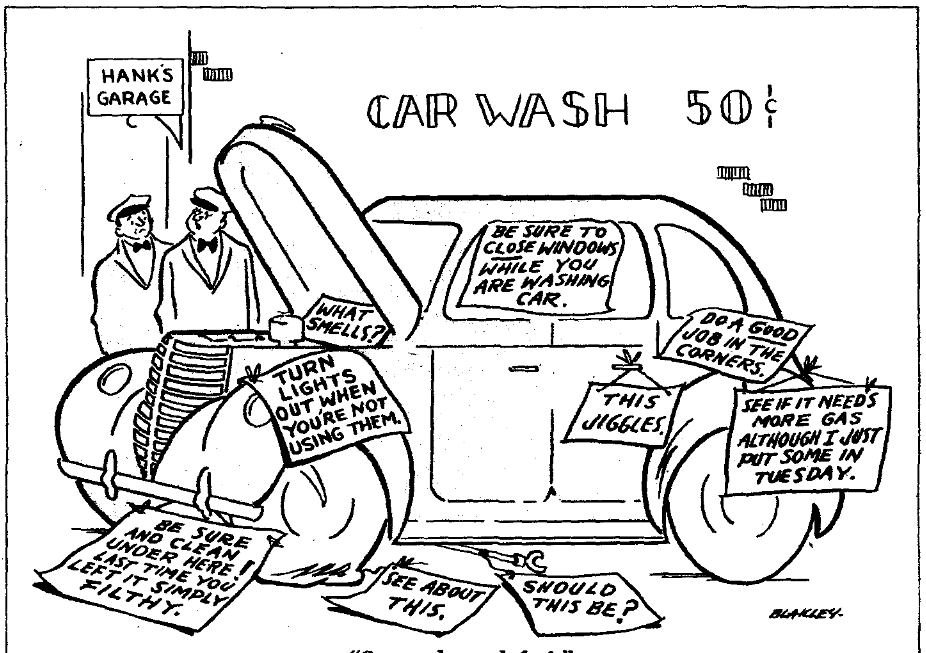
Traced Back to its Source

Army and Navy doctors aided the campaign against prostitution. After contracting a venereal disease a soldier or sailor generally loses any feeling of chivalry toward the woman who infected him. If exact enough descriptions are available the woman is picked up.

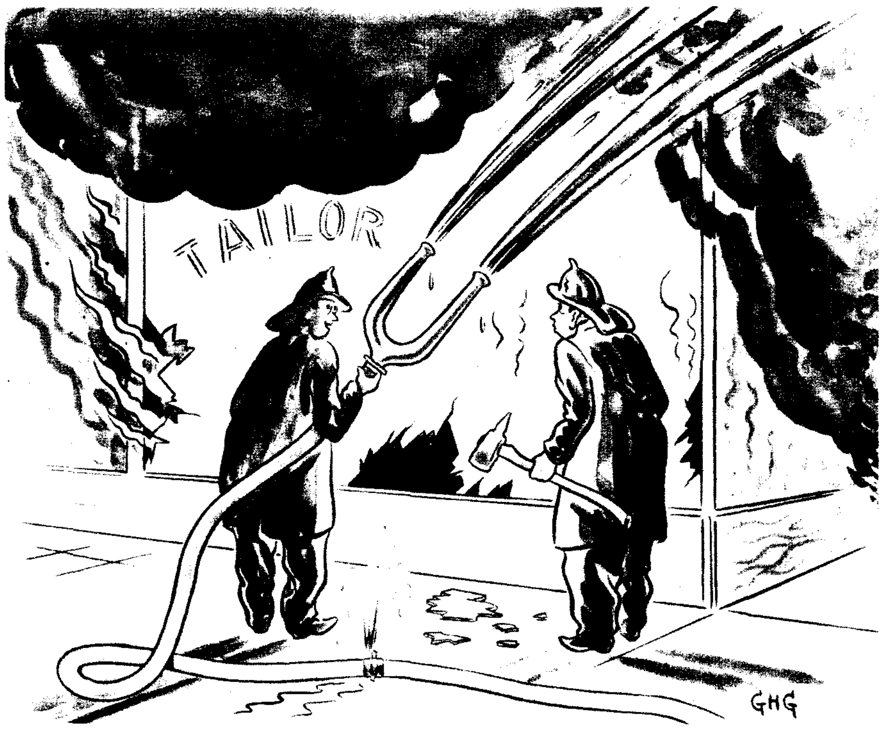
All this police activity has netted over 2,000 arrests since the drive started. A staggering proportion of these women had venereal diseases—over 80 per cent! Since some were having as many as 50 contacts a night, it's easy to see the effect on the Armed Forces.

Under ordinary circumstances, most of these women would have been released after serving their sentences to spread more disease. So a third program was added to the New Orleans campaign: a medical program.

Medical aspects of the clean-up are handled by city and state health departments, and the United States Public Health Service. The city health department under Dr. John M. Whitney has been particularly active. It was apparent at the start of the campaign that getting these girls off the street would be, at best, a temporary solution. For any permanent help it would be necessary to cure their syphilis and gonorrhea.


HANK'S GARAGE
CAR WASH 50¢
WHAT SMELLS?
BE SURE TO CLOSE WINDOWS WHILE YOU ARE WASHING CAR.
DO A GOOD JOB IN THE CORNERS.
TURN LIGHTS OUT WHEN YOU'RE NOT USING THEM.
THIS JIGGLES.
SEE IF IT NEEDS MORE GAS ALTHOUGH I JUST PUT SOME IN TUESDAY.
BE SURE AND CLEAN UNDER HERE! LAST TIME YOU LEFT IT SIMPLY FILTHY.
SEE ABOUT THIS.
SHOULD THIS BE?
BLAKLEY

COLLIER'S "Some dame left it" TOM BLAKLEY



"It's the chief's idea to make up for the shortage of firemen"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

To aid in this work, the New Orleans Commission council formally revised an old ordinance passed in 1918—No. 5112. This law treats venereal disease as a communicable disease, not as a crime. It is a powerful weapon against shyster bail-bond lawyers. They can get a burglar out of jail, but they can't get a person sick with typhoid fever out of an isolation hospital. This ordinance keeps women with syphilis and gonorrhea under lock and key—until they are cured.

Police began "throwing the numbers"—Ordinance 5112—at all girls picked up. This meant that they had to be tested for venereal diseases.

Since New Orleans had no hospital capable of caring for such numbers of venereal disease patients, the parish prison was equipped to care for white prostitutes, the detention home for colored women.

A routine procedure is taken with all girls picked up. They spend the night in jail. In the morning a patrol wagon takes them to the North Rampart Street venereal disease clinic. Blood samples and smears are taken for testing.

Five days later, results of tests are in. If the girl is positive, treatment begins. If she is negative a second set of tests begin—just as a double check. If this second testing gives negative results, the girl goes to court for trial. Sometimes judges apply the ten days already spent in jail against sentences, sometimes not.

Modern Science Triumphant

Under modern methods, it takes about a two-week course of sulfa drugs to eradicate gonorrhea. It takes eight weeks for the new arsenic drug—mapharsen—to render syphilitic patients noninfectious. The course of treatment consists of tri-weekly shots of mapharsen plus a weekly shot of bismuth.

Any patient has the right to refuse testing or treatment. But if they do refuse, police have the power to keep them under arrest. After three or four days in jail they change their minds.

The situation with whites is well in hand. Police have clamped down hard on dubious hotels and brothels and exert constant pressure on the small apartments where trade is still plied. Taxi drivers are behaving, and bartenders are as sanctified as choirboys. If they note any suspicious goings-on they call the police—rather than risk bankruptcy by being put off bounds.

Among Negroes the situation is still troublesome. South Rampart Street—the equivalent of Beale Street in Memphis and Lenox Avenue in New York—probably has more venereal disease than any other street in the country. This gaudy thoroughfare—a tightly packed succession of shaving parlors, fried fish restaurants, zoot suit clothiers, loan sharks, dance halls—has no organized vice. Everything is on a social basis. Police have but one weapon against this casualness: mass raids, which are admittedly ineffective.

An Ounce of Prevention

Those hit-or-miss raids have accounted for about half of all arrests. They have turned up a great pool of infection and have been effective to a degree by removing a few disease spreaders from circulation. But other women have escaped the trap. Disease rates among colored troops have dropped somewhat, but they have not nose-dived as they have among the white troops.

What happens to the women, once they are cured? For the better part, the professionals have abandoned their trade—for the time being at least. Pressure is too great. Some of them have taken jobs in defense industries, others are clerking in stores. Several are operating rooming houses for students and war workers—and keeping them clean as Y.W.C.A.s.

Most repeaters are among the amateurs. But even here a fair part of them are being reclaimed. Some are sent back home, if they are from outside the city, and others are turned over to various social organizations. Still, about 15 per cent of those arrested find their way back to police hands.

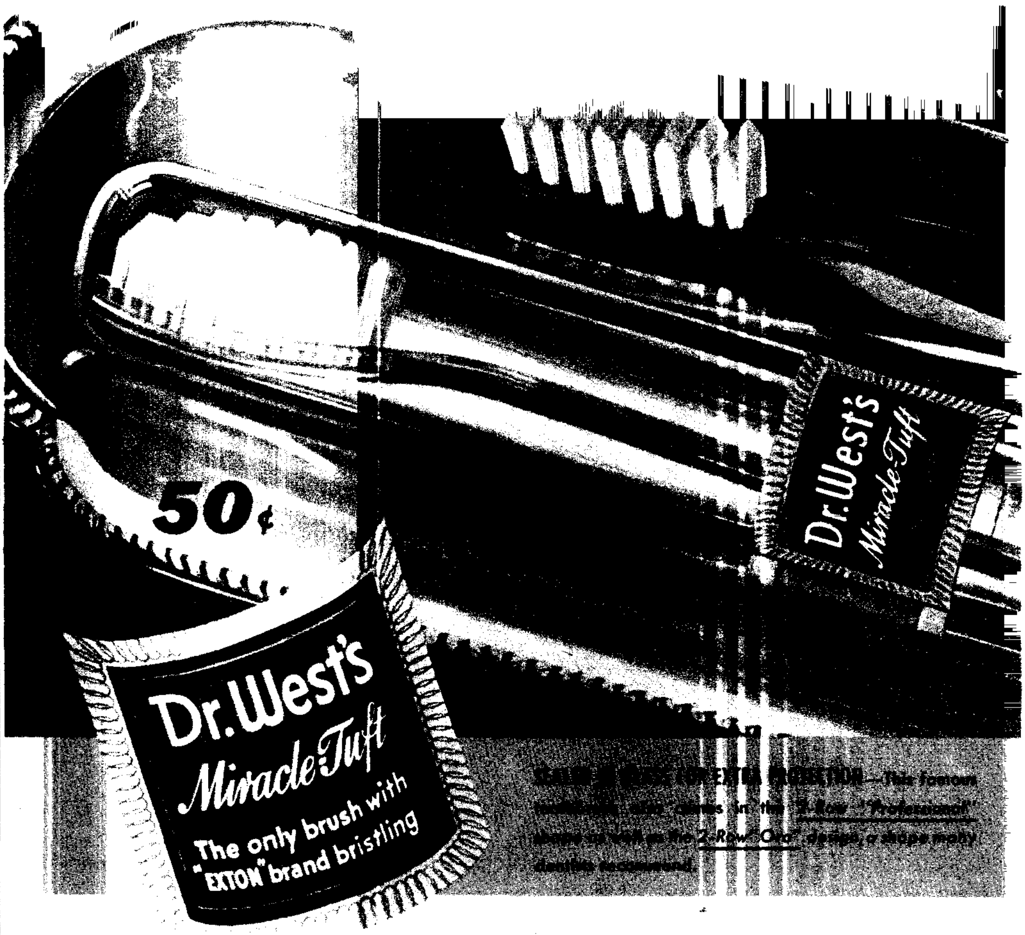
Army, Navy and public-health men all agree that the New Orleans campaign is among the most effective they have ever seen. It hasn't been a blood-testing campaign of the type which alarms the upper crust without ever getting at the bottom of the trouble. It has plowed up from underneath.

The city has given a working example of how to cool off a red-hot town. If it can be cleaned up, so can other trouble spots—Atlanta, Memphis, Corpus Christi, Birmingham, Houston.

Perhaps the best summary of the effectiveness of the New Orleans job is given by one hardened old sinner.

"If things don't get better soon," she says, "I may as well start wearing my glasses again."

THE END



[illegible] FOR EXTRA PROTECTION—This famous [illegible] comes in the [illegible] "Professional" [illegible] 2-Row "Oral" design, a shape many [illegible]

Families who look ahead...

use the finest toothbrush money can buy!

CLEAN, sparkling teeth . . . a winning smile that radiates good health . . . how vital to the beauty, the personality, as well as the good health of your whole family!

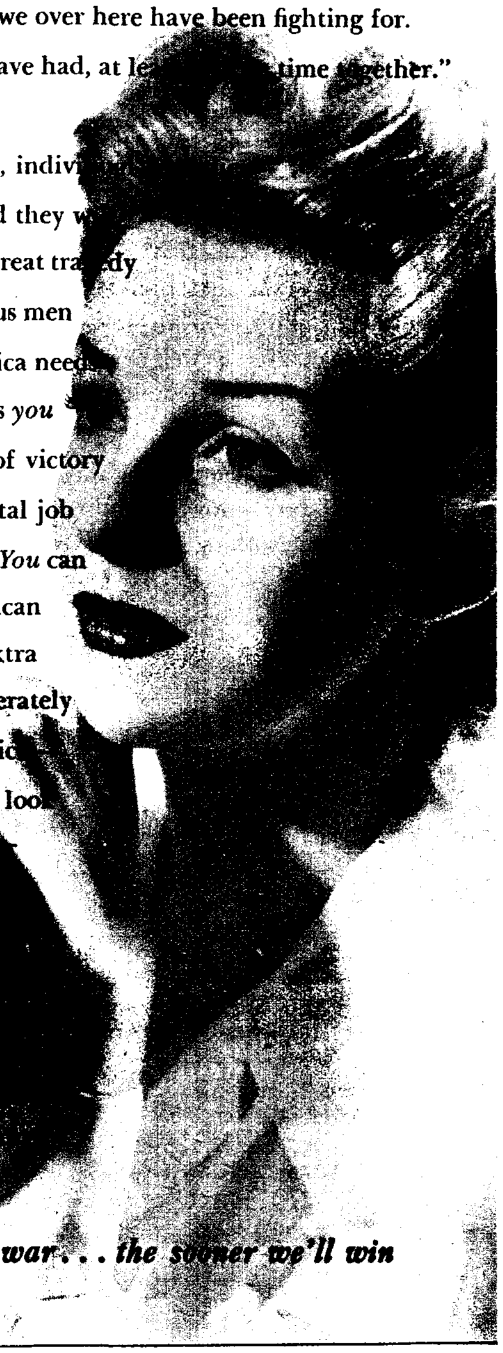
Nothing but the most positive protection is adequate for this important duty—now and through the years. Nothing but Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft . . . the finest toothbrush money can buy. For only this supreme quality brush can offer you . . .

"EXTON" BRAND BRISTLING—for *longer life*, more efficient tooth cleansing.

PATENTED WATERPROOFING—for added protection against the dangers of *soggy toothbrush*.

DOUBLE CONVEX SHAPE—the original Dr. West's design. A distinct advantage in cleansing inside, outside and in between the teeth.

Copr. 1944 by Weco Products Company



"I hope, Mary,
you will never read this letter . . .

If you do, it will mean that you will have to go on from here without me. You will have to face alone all these things we started out so confidently to face together. ⁎ I have wanted so much for you my darling. So many things I had hoped to give you and to share with you. ⁎ Above all else, I wanted you always to have peace of mind, your dignity and your independence. ⁎ Now it's too late for me to have a part in that. But perhaps I have been able to help a little. For sometimes, when things seem clear to me, I feel that these are the things we over here have been fighting for. ⁎ All my love, Mary. We have had, at le time ether."

Tragedies like this—personal, indivi are happening every day. And they w continue happening until the great tra dy of war is over—and our victorious men start coming home. ⁎ America nee millions of her women—needs *you* *personally*—to make this day of victory come sooner. ⁎ *You* can do a vital job in ending this war *quicker. You* can save many and many an American soldier from fighting needless extra days. ⁎ You are wanted desperately in a war job—in the armed servic in essential civilian work. Today, loo in the classified section newspaper, or go to your United States Employ Service office. In most com you will find the right j you. If your choice is the a services, apply at you or Navy Recruiting Station

The more women at war . . . the sooner we'll win

PUBLISHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

W. F. YOUNG, INC., Manufacturers of

ABSORBINE JR.

The War on Cordell Hull

Continued from page 11

As a matter of record, Mr. Hull was opposed to embargoes, holding that they robbed the United States of the right to distinguish between the aggressor and the victims. Not until November 1, 1939, however, two months after the invasion of Poland, did Congress repeal the embargo. Only then could American manufacturers deliver the planes and guns ordered by Great Britain and France months before.

The Liberal Front's second complaint proceeded from the sale of iron, steel scrap and oil to the Japanese. At no time had Mr. Hull failed to denounce Japan's aggressions against China, but various considerations prevented more positive action. There was a commercial treaty, made in 1911, and the Neutrality Act, while forbidding the export of arms and munitions, made no mention of the materials that went into their manufacture. The treaty could have been abrogated after due notice, but Ambassador Grew warned repeatedly that such a step would invite retaliatory measures. Lack of oil, for example, might have been used as a pretext for the conquest of the Netherlands East Indies.

War with Japan was out of the question. As late as 1938, we had an army of only 158,000, wretchedly ill-equipped, and our one-ocean Navy. Congress, refusing to recognize any danger either in Europe or the Far East, cracked down on adequate appropriations for the Army and the Navy, even rejecting pleas for an increase in aircraft, and denying funds for the fortification of Guam.

Mr. Hull's job, therefore, was to win the Japanese to some sane course of conduct. Documents recently released prove that he regarded the task as hopeless, yet he approached it with his usual honesty. He matched his sincerities against Oriental guile, pointing out that grandiose plans of conquest could have no other end than disaster.

On occasion, however, his inner indignation broke bounds, as when the Japanese bombed Chinese cities. By-passing the Neutrality Act, the Secretary urged a "moral embargo," asking manufacturers of aeronautical equipment to stop shipments to Japan, and financial institutions to quit extending credit.

Speaking Out Against Japan

Not until July, 1939, did the Administration feel strong enough to give the required six months' notice for the termination of the commercial treaty. In August, 1940, the sale of aviation gas, machine tools, steel scrap and oil came to a full stop, and one year later, a Presidential order froze all Japanese assets in the United States, ending trade relations entirely.

Ambassador Horinouchi protested, and Secretary Hull, no longer compelled to conceal his intense feeling, expressed amazement at "the impudence of a country, engaged in ruthless aggression contrary to international law and solemn treaties, making accusations of unfriendliness because the United States would no longer provide the means by which that aggression could be continued and intensified."

It became a race against time. Admiral Nomura succeeded Horinouchi, and cunning Kurusu reached Washington late in 1941. Once again the Secretary was ordered to engage in diplomatic debate, parrying and thrusting, but in November, one month before Pearl Harbor, he told the President that he was at the end of his resources. "Japan," he said, "may strike at any moment. The national security is now in the hands of the Army and the Navy."

The so-called "appeasement of Vichy" stirred the Liberal Front to a fury that has never died down, and yet of all the positions taken by the Administration, none is more defensible, more obviously dictated by the realities of the situation.

Under the armistice terms, Germany permitted France to retain control of her fleet and colonies, and nothing was more imperative to American and Allied interests than continuation of this control. French ships, added to the navies of the Reich and Italy, might well have ended British domination of the ocean lanes, and with North and West Africa occupied by the Nazis, Allied lines of communication would have been threatened. German possession of Dakar was a threat to the Western Hemisphere that had to be averted.

The Pledges of Vichy

Subservient in everything else, Vichy took a strong, unchanging stand in the matter of the fleet. Pétain, inordinately proud of a reputation for never breaking his word, gave solemn pledge to Secretary Hull that no ship would be turned over to the Germans, and Admiral Darlan vowed that he would sink every vessel before letting any fall into Hitler's hands.

What other course could have been followed? Events attested the wisdom of the Hull policy. When Laval entered into a secret agreement with Berlin for the transfer of the fleet and colonies, Marshal Pétain kicked him out and actually put him under arrest.

It was Secretary Hull's "shameless dickering with the infamous Darlan," however, that brought the loudest screams from the Liberal Front. From the Army's standpoint, however, nothing was more vital to the North Africa invasion than the avoidance of conflict with the French forces, for General Eisenhower faced the task of penetrating an 800-mile coastline and a vast hinterland with a force of 107,000 men. Because of the Dakar fiasco, he knew that de Gaulle was not yet possessed of influence, and he figured on General Giraud as a great Frenchman who might serve to prevent resistance.

It turned out to be a false hope, for after the occupation of Algiers on November 8th, an order from Vichy instructed all French African units to "fight to the death."

What followed is best told by General George Marshall in his biennial report: "Unexpectedly, Admiral Jean Darlan, Pétain's designated successor, and commander in chief of all French forces, was found to be in Algiers, visiting a sick son, when our forces landed. He was taken into protective custody, and when it was found that the French leaders stood loyal to the Vichy government, a series of conferences immediately followed with the purpose of calling a halt to the French resistance against General Patton's task force in the vicinity of Casablanca.

"When, on the morning of November 11th, the Germans invaded unoccupied France, Darlan rejected the pseudo-independent Vichy government, assumed authority in North Africa in the name of General Pétain, and promulgated an order to all French commanders in North Africa to cease hostilities. This order reached Casablanca a few minutes before the assault on that city was to be launched on the early morning of November 11th."

The fact that General Eisenhower's "shameless dickering" gave our forces a bloodless victory, saving countless lives, carried no weight with the ideologists of the Liberal Front, and fury reached new heights when "reactionary, Jew-baiting Peyrouton" was brought back from South America to bring order out of administrative chaos. Here again, the decision was that of General Eisenhower, although it is significant that Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt were in Casablanca at the time.

An experienced administrator, known and liked in Algeria, Peyrouton ended turmoil and gave American forces the guarded back so essential to the Tunisian advance. In January, 1943, when the job was done, Peyrouton faded from view, proving that his employment was in no sense a permanent policy.

The Liberal Front's hysterical insistence that General de Gaulle and his Free French be granted status as a provisional government was and is a direct repudiation of the Atlantic Charter's specific declaration that it shall be "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live."

Italy, no less than North Africa, is another case where conditions compelled military rather than political decisions. General Eisenhower dealt with Badoglio for the very good reason that he was the one and only person in the country with any pretense to authority. The contention of the Liberal Front that a "democratic government" could and should have been set up at once now stands revealed as a crazy insistence that never had the least chance of practical application.

Except for the Boot, Italy is still in the hands of the Germans, and the few and isolated attempts at revolt have been suppressed instantly and bloodily. Even in the occupied area, there is no unity of thought or action, for Christian Democrats, Labor Democrats, Socialists, Communists, Monarchists, Liberals and Party Actionists quarrel like dogs over a bone.

The Moscow Conference went on record with the specific pledge that Italy, when freed from German control, shall have "freedom of speech, of religious worship, of political belief and of political meetings." In that hour, Italians will be given opportunity to choose their form of government, but until full liberty of action is assured, Secretary Hull does not intend to choose for them.

Now for the "coddling" of Franco. Granted that he is a dictator, ruling ruthlessly and by force, the fact remains that our policies immobilized Spain as a partner of the Axis and lifted a dire threat against General Eisenhower's operations in North Africa. Here again, brutally and stupidly, the Liberal Front put ideological considerations above American lives and military success. Moreover, our "coddling" has made Spain the one gateway of escape from the occupied countries, Franco interposing no obstacles to the entry of refugees, but even assisting them from France to North Africa.

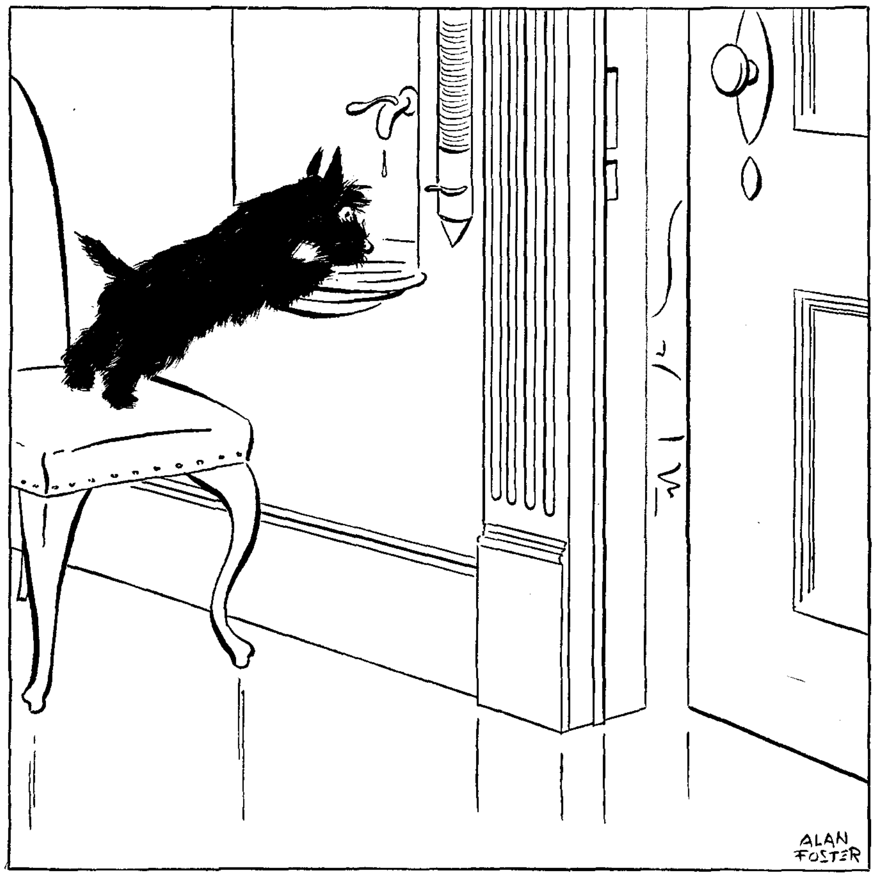
It is Mr. Hull's alleged antagonistic attitude toward Russia, however, that is at the heart of the drive against the State Department. Before Russia's entry into the war, when the Liberal Front was denouncing the European conflict as "purely imperialistic," the Secretary was attacked for scheming to drag America into the struggle, but after the German invasion, he was assailed as one who plotted Russia's ruin by opposing a "second front." Pictured as fearful of a "strong Russia" after the war, the charge was openly made that it was his secret purpose to have Russia "bled white."

Full Co-operation with Russia

The case is a matter of record. The Russo-German pact of August 21, 1939, providing protection for Hitler's rear, made it safe for Germany to invade Poland. Resistance by the Poles became hopeless when the Russians, on September 17th, drove in from the east, disregarding a solemn treaty. In April, 1941, Russia signed a pact with Japan, although aware of the critical state of our relations with the Japanese, and Stalin's fulsome parting with Matsuoka was in striking contrast to his churlish treatment of the Allied ambassadors. Yet when Germany struck at Russia on June 22, 1941, Secretary Hull urged instant aid, and the United States was quick to offer it.

And what was the Russian attitude right up to the Moscow Conference?

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE **by ALAN FOSTER**



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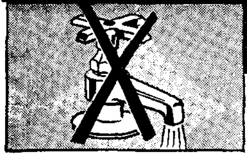

❶ WHITE ROCK IS DIFFERENT: Compare it with any other mineral water-mixer or club soda.

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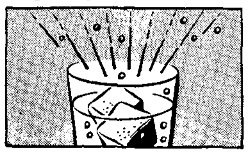

❸ IT'S SUPER-CHARGED Its sparkle stays to the end of your drink... it points up flavor!

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White Rock
White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

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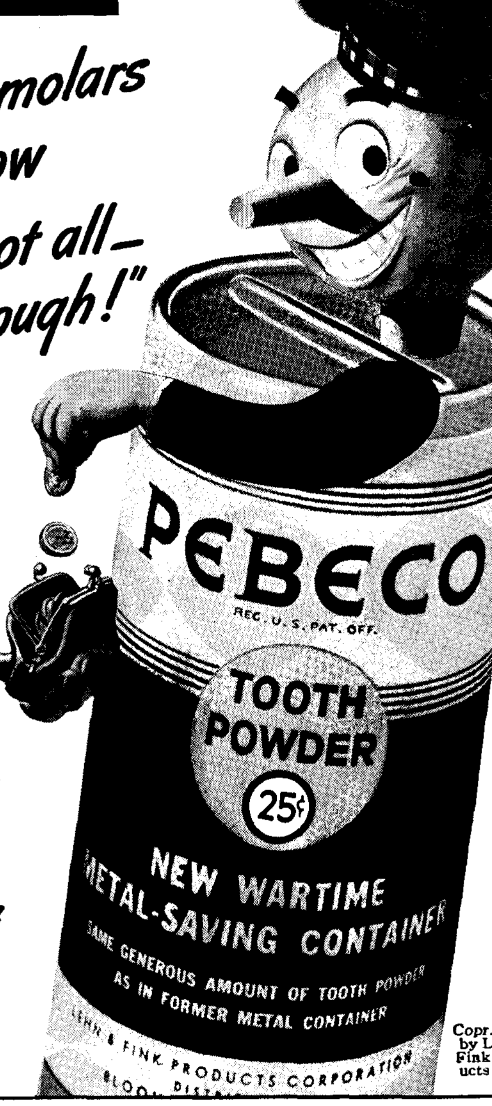
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We were compelled to send supplies up through the Arctic instead of by shorter. safer routes. We were not permitted to build an air base at Murmansk for the protection of convoys to Russia or allowed to send in American nurses for the care of our sick and wounded. Our military observers were refused the right to visit the Russian front. We were given no information about Russia's military resources or what they were doing with Lend-Lease supplies.

Due to the refusal of the Russians to let us use their bases, the raid on the Ploesti oil fields had to be made from Egypt, costing heavily in planes and lives. They jeered at us for "buying victory," yet rejected offers to send British and American troops to the Russian front.

Insisting on a direct frontal attack through France by the Allies, everything else in the way of diversion was derided as *ersatz.* The Liberal Front echoed these taunts and continued them even when General Marshall, in his biennial report, pointed out the very real help given Russia by aerial bombardments of the continent.

It was in the face of these repeated rebuffs from abroad, these continuous insults at home, that Secretary Hull persisted in friendliness. State papers, now revealed, prove that he never doubted the inevitability of the break between Hitler and Stalin, and that he conditioned every word and act upon the hope of co-operation with Russia when it came. His steady pressure for a meeting that would do away with misunderstandings was a great factor in bringing about the Moscow Conference. His simplicity and sincerity at that conference was a prime factor in persuading the Russians to enter into agreements that hold promise of peace and order for the world.

Never was any record clearer or more approved by results. There is a war to win, with the fate of our free institutions in the balance, and yet at every step, Cordell Hull's idealism has kept pace with his realism, and compromises, dictated by bitter necessities, have not entailed the surrender of any fundamental principle. Not that it matters to the muddled emotionalists, parlor pinks, fellow travelers and avowed Communists who form the self-styled Liberal Front. Silent today, when the Secretary of State is universally acclaimed, they will attack again when his stout affirmation of American ideals and interests conflicts with their ideologies.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

a lovely girl from the movie lots of Hollywood—a starlet—came to his bedside, took his hand and said that she wanted to read to him. He looked, closed his eyes, looked again, closed his eyes again and then offered up a pleased little prayer: "Thank you God, for telling me what I was fighting for."

APPARENTLY something has appeared in this column to the effect that sooner or later the literate portion of our population is going to lose interest in quick books written by swift heroes. We sort of forget. But a publisher has recently informed us that his staff has lost a reader who had just finished reading her 427th war book. Having read the 427th, she placed the manuscript on the publisher's desk with this note: "This is a book about the war. It contains 64,392 words, several of them unnecessary. I have just been accepted by the WACs. Thank you and goodby."

AFTER a little solemn thinking we've concluded that censorship is about the most fearsome of democracy's enemies. It's insidious. For example, we've just received a letter from a Mr. Eli Jacob Bortal of Independence, Missouri. It is a very long letter, setting forth that Mr. Bortal has discovered a very large deposit of Pfalufaltamunite which, he says, is indispensable to the manufacture of Alakofulkezimanonite which, he goes on, is the basis for radio-controlled gas attacks. "You may publish my letter in full on condition that you submit it to me personally for censorship before releasing." Thus, alas, we may not give you the complete letter, despite the fact that it contains some fascinating stuff about nmisicolafleuraminol which we may say, however, is good for taking the squeak out of new shoes.

OF COURSE we have to do a little censoring ourselves. For example, we are not happy when we think of what might happen to us were we to publish a letter we've just received from a gentleman who begins thus: "Dear sir and brother please print the following truthful facts about my wife as I have not no other way of giving out the facts from a steady reader."

WE'VE been talking to a writer who, on receiving his censored manuscript from the State Department, was disturbed to find they had deleted his reference to Heinrich Himmler as "a gory brute." Well, they hadn't quite deleted it. They merely cut out gory. Elsewhere in his story, quoted reference to Mussolini as a "sodden bum" was cut out and in its place the censor had written "former premier of Italy."

AND we're quite certain that censorship would have to be exercised were we to publish an autobiography just offered us by a lady who says: "The story consists of my early childhood life, virgin life, love life, marriage, married life up to present date I have been receiving Collier's through thick and thin."

OUR old man used to tell us: "If you don't think you can lick the guy you're talking to, keep your mouth shut." That was censorship with the accent on the first syllable.

AND unless we're misinformed by Mr. Edward L. Wellcurb of Chicago, Illinois, several gentlemen were having a few leisurely ones in a high-toned barrel house recently and discussing postwar problems. It was all pretty well over Mr. Wellcurb's head until one of the gentlemen said that, this time, the country would lack for some incidental problem to distract the public mind from the darker problems of inflation, rehabilitation and so on and on and on. "Like prohibition, for instance," said he. "This time we will suffer for the want of some distraction like prohibition, something tangible to abolish." This caused his companions to ponder deeply and for a while silently. Then one of them brightened up "Oh, I don't know," said he. "There'll always be President Roosevelt."

WE HAVE a note from a gentleman in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. "I do not agree fully with General Patton," he writes. "How can I reach him?" We consulted our secretary. She says: "Tell him to be sure and lead with his left and not forget to duck."

WE HAD something else to say, but it has been driven out of our mind by the telephone. A gentleman was on the wire. "To settle a bet," said he, "can you give us the name of anybody who might know what the heck's become of Madam Secretary Perkins?" . . . W. D.

Form 1040, or Framis on the Apday

Continued from page 14

"Schedule K is what you want," went on Mushky. "K for Confusion. But to me, it's as simple as the animals of the poor. Now take Paragraph C under Item 5, Victory Tax credit. It says 'Married person living with husband or wife if only one return or a joint return is filed, or head of family: 40 per cent (plus 2 per cent for each dependent) of line 4, but not more than $1,000 (plus $100 for each dependent). (See Schedule I-(2), for exclusion of one dependent by head of family).' The only trouble with this is they used too many of them little eyebrow things—I think you call them Pharisees. It's all the same difference. Anyway, it's easy enough to get around all this if you don't understand it. Allus you got to do," explained he, "is get another divorce."

Just then Izzy Kaplan, a sports photographer who manages a heavyweight from Perth Amboy, New Jersey, between adventures with fogged plates and double negatives, bustled into the room.

"If I'm not taking adwantage," he said, "I vould like you should hexplaining to me de Wictory Tax It's not yat a wictory. So, fah cryink out loud, plizz adwisink me howze gonna be a Wictory Tax, if you'll be so kindly?"

"Victory Tax is something that calls for more than snap judgment," said Morgan. "We'll have to sit on it for a while."

"A tack you should be sittink on?" asked Izzy. "It wouldn't be adwisable."

"You speak of taxes as if you knew all about it," said Weill sarcastically.

"I ought to," said Izzy. "I spent a copple months in San Antonio."

This kind of talk finally got under the sedate Mr. Balogh's epidermis, and he protested: "I am afraid as well as fearful that we are not only shilly-shallying but beating around the bush and wasting time. Leave us, therefore, get down to business, or, as the fellow says, brass tacks, and not only clarify but also make clear the obscure and hazy sections of Form 1040."

"What sections are youse kroavneys puzzled about?" asked the chairman.

"Only from 1 to 22, including," said Mushky.

"Why," said the chairman, after examining the form, "there are only 22 sections altogether."

"That's right," agreed Mushky. "Them are the only ones that got me in a delemon."

"Maybe," suggested Mr. Kaplan, "it's written this year in code, alraddy, so the enemy vouldn't be gattink any waluable information."

"If that's the case," said Weill, "I must say, 'Uncle Sam, you made the code too long, as well as the pants.'"

"Why can't we get up a partition?" asked Mushky.

"What's the matter? Is the room too big for you?" Morgan demanded.

"No, only I t'ought if we got up a partition, maybe the gov'ment would postpone the taxes until we had more time to study this here questionary," explained Mushky.

"You better get it on the line by March 15th," warned Weill, "or they'll leave you steady it in the Univoisity of Atlanta or maybe Leavenwoith."

Morgan, growing impatient at having to listen instead of exercise his own blarney muscles, finally rapped for order with his solid ivory gavel.

"Put Up and Shut Up!"

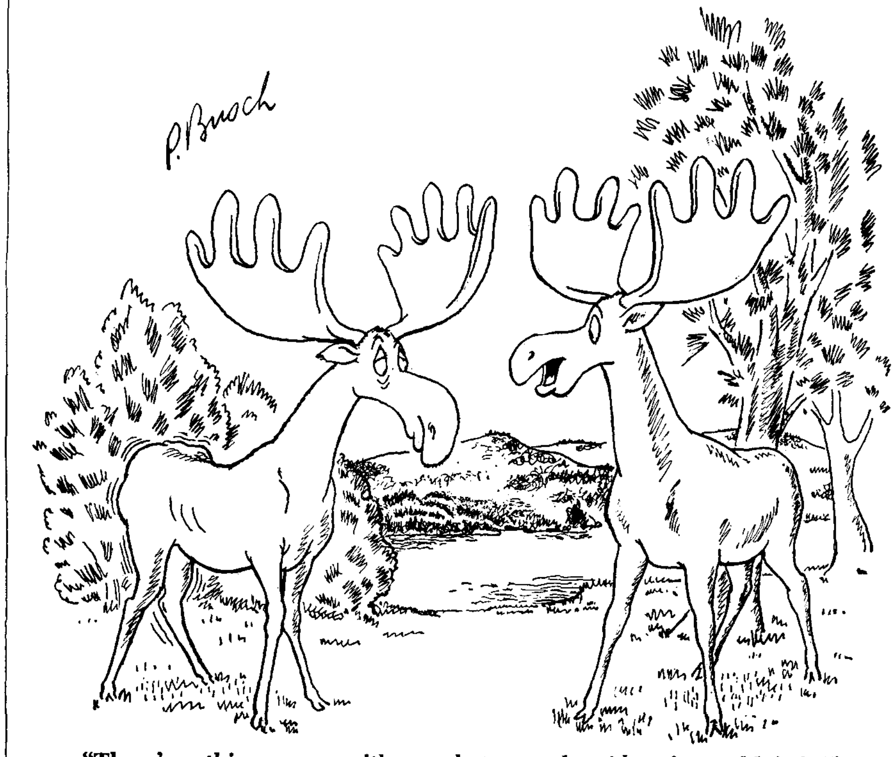
"Now, see here, youse mugs," he said. "I been listenin' to your guff long enough. We're all in on this big show on a pass, but youse guys have been goin' in on passes long enough to know there's always a tax on them. Do you get the angle? So don't leave me hear any more bellyachin' out of youse. Maybe next year, Uncle Sam will write one in fractured English that we'll savvy, but in the meantime, just remember this: If we could win the war with gas—not perzon gas, you understand, but the kind you mugs have been spoutin' for the last hour—there wouldn't be no taxes. But we need cash, not gas, for this war. So, as we used to say at Tom Sharkey's: Put up and shut up!"

"Bravissimo!" shouted Mr. Balogh, carried away with emotion. "I move you we adjourn to the adjoining beer joint and cool off our sizzling tonsils."

"I 'mend that motion," said Mushky, getting in the last word. "I move we adjoin to the adjerning beer jernt."

Now, if you don't know how to fill out Form 1040, there's no hope for you.

THE END



"There's nothing wrong with you that a good taxidermist couldn't fix!"

COLLIER'S PAUL BUSCH

"He just walks in . . . admires his REIS *Scandals in the mirror and walks right out again"*

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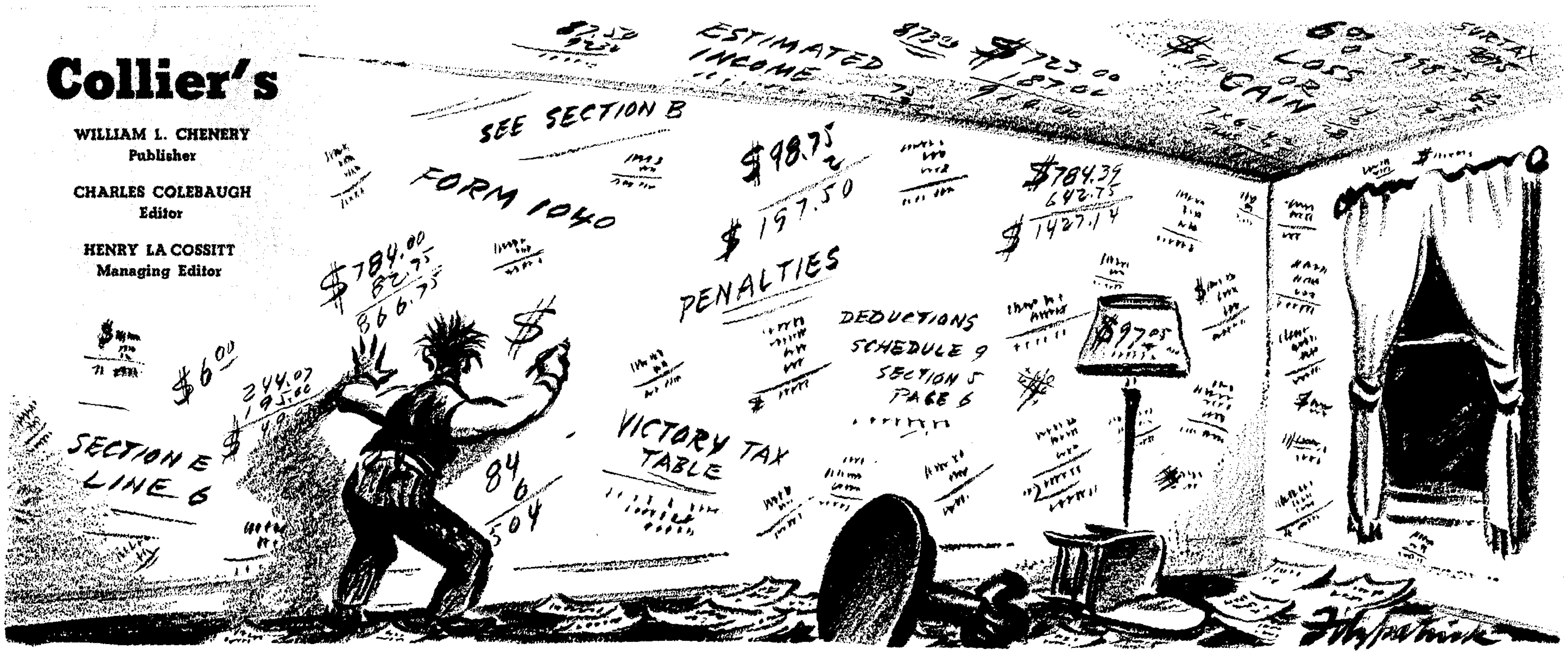


INCOME-TAX INSANITY

WE COULD bat out some fancy prose on the federal income-tax forms inflicted this year by the Treasury Department on some 50,000,000 taxpayers, but such prose wouldn't add much to the discussion. We are all aware that both major forms are among the most maddening pieces of complex paper work ever devised in the bat's-nest brain of any bureaucrat. Further cursing would not be of great help. But we could all use a laugh or two on this subject, so be sure to read Dan Parker's article on page 14.

The question is what to do about this insanity, and who is to do it. The answer offered by Miss Vivien Kellems, war-gadget manufacturer of Westport, Connecticut, that she simply won't pay, is dramatic and exciting but not constructive.

It is when you try to get constructive on the subject that you run into difficulties—because the Washington boys, hearing the rising roar of public indignation, are busily passing the buck. The Treasury "experts" tell us that no simpler returns could have been devised under the existing tax laws. Congressman Robert L. "Muley" Doughton's House Ways and Means Committee seems to go suddenly deaf when anybody suggests that much of the tax forms' complexity stems from this committee's and the Treasury's mulish opposition to the straight-out Ruml plan and insistence on the partial "forgiveness" plan which finally was adopted.

Yet there are accountants who assert that the Treasury Department, under the tax law as now written, could have worked out a return which would have been simplicity itself. And Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York had this to say about his state's income tax in his message to the opening session of the 1944 New York Legislature:

> Over the years, our (state) income tax forms have become more and more complex. . . .
>
> We therefore find that accumulated, complicated legal provisions have created the spectacle of a citizen spending night after night struggling with a $10 or $20 tax return, or paying more than the tax to have it made out for him. This condition makes good citizenship an intolerable burden. It makes government itself onerous to its own people. To correct this situation, our able, progressive, newly constituted State Tax Commission has prepared a simplified form for the use of taxpayers whose income is derived from wages, salaries, commissions, pensions, interest, dividends, partnerships, estates or trusts. It is a simple one-page return, easily understood, and capable of being filled out by an average taxpayer in five or ten minutes. This form will permit all the usual deductions. It will be available for optional use in reporting the tax due on income earned during 1943.

In short, Dewey's tax commission could do it, and without changing the New York income-tax law. Why can't the Treasury come within at least shouting distance of this achievement? You might clip this Collier's editorial and mail it to Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Washington, D. C., in case he missed that part of Governor Dewey's message.

Somebody in Washington had better do something about it, and quickly. This insanely complicated federal income-tax return, with its even more crazily written instructions, is sabotaging public morale.

APES WITH MACHINE GUNS

SUPPOSE the ape race should suddenly find itself armed with all the modern appliances of human war—tanks, planes, machine guns, etc.—and should become imbued with a hatred for the human race. We could expect a fight like the fight now being waged on us by Jap warriors under the tutelage of Japan's warrior caste, and by German warriors under the tutelage of the Nazis.

No tactics would be too foul and no atrocities too brutal for the apes to practice, because they don't know the difference between "right" and "wrong."

The Nazis were committing the most fiendish crimes against other Germans long before this war began. The Japs in China ever since July, 1937, have been perpetrating outrages like those they inflicted in the Death March from Bataan.

In such a war, we should on no account give way to blind hatred. That would be only to expend time and energy to no purpose—not to mention descending to a subhuman level ourselves. The thing to do is coldly, scientifically and with remorseless determination to set ourselves to the task of beating these enemies to their knees. If, after that, they develop some sense of decency and compassion, well and good. But the main immediate job is to beat them. This is a war between humans and subhumans for mastery of the earth.

P.S.—The above remarks are made with apologies to the apes, many of whom are very fine if rather limited fellows and girls.

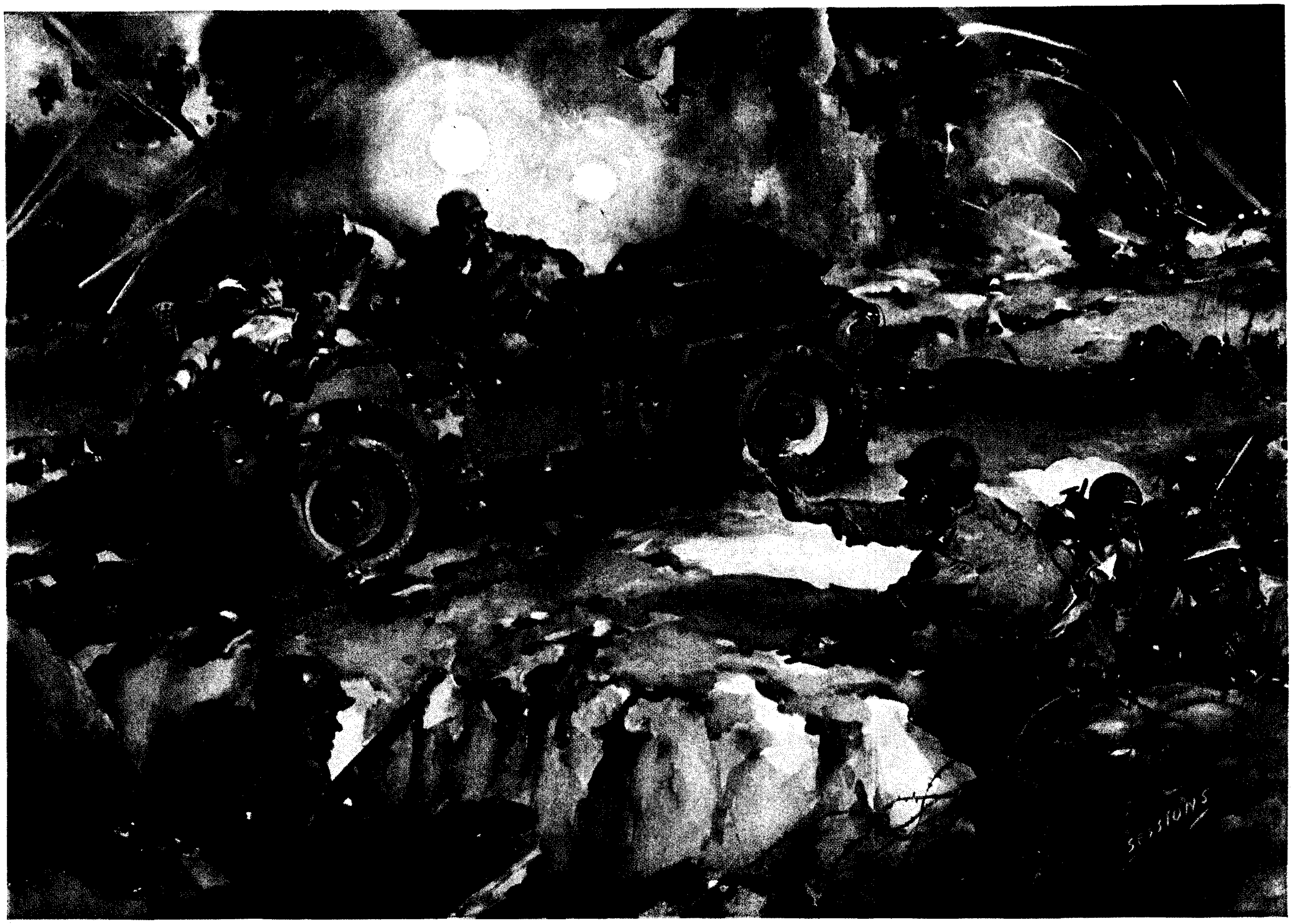
WESTERN MAJOR-LEAGUE BALL

AGITATION is afoot, fueled by President Clarence H. "Pants" Rowland of the Pacific Coast baseball league, to bring some kind of major-league ball to the West Coast and certain Western points inland.

Rowland and others see two possibilities—establishment of a third major league in the West, and too bad about objections that might be raised by Baseball Czar Kenesaw Mountain Landis; or enlargement of the American and National leagues to 10- or 12-club leagues taking in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and maybe a couple of cities between St. Louis and the West Coast.

The scheme looks good to us, for postwar development. The West has enjoyed a big economic lift from war-plant construction, and should be able to hold onto a good deal of this improvement after the war. It has plenty of good baseball towns which would doubtless welcome major-league ball—especially since so many people have gone West from Eastern major-league cities. The airplane has just about cut the last prop from under the old argument that distances in this country are too great for transcontinental major leagues.

All in all, we're for Pants Rowland and his crowd of stirrer-uppers, and hope they can make their dreams come true somehow.



An actual occurrence in the smashing of a Nazi attack.

THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
MIGHTY JEEP

A MAGNIFICENT FOOL

A sincere tribute to those Men of God, the ministers, priests and rabbis who walk and work in Faith, in the midst of war . . . whose only weapons are love, prayer, and cool courage . . . the Chaplains of America's fighting forces who become deathless heroes . . . without manning guns.

WE were resting at our base in Tunisia—a General and I. It was just a few days after a heavy engagement with the Nazis, and we had been commenting upon the fine courage and fighting spirit of our American troops.

Abruptly, the General turned to me and said, "Say—do you know *Chaplain C——?"* And I answered, "Yes, I know him!"

"Then," said he, "you know a man who has been called a *fool* and also, one of the *bravest men* of this war. Just listen to this and see what you think." And this is what he told me . . .

"We were fully exposed, the morning the Germans began their counterattack at G——. They got our range with their artillery and we had to get into the trenches and fox holes in a hurry when their dive bombers came at us in swarms.

"Just when I thought I had everything under control, I looked down the road and saw some man crawling towards us through the dim light in a Jeep. It seemed as if this fellow were coming right out of the German lines.

"When I got a better look, I recognized him. It was Chaplain C———. His Jeep was literally shot to pieces, and two of the tires were flat.

"Shells were dropping all around him, but he didn't seem to see them. If he did he didn't care, because he just kept coming. He wasn't making more than six or eight miles an hour through the sand—*but the Jeep kept coming.*

"When he came nearly opposite us I shouted at him:—'Get out of that thing and take cover!' But he paid no attention to me. So I stood up in my trench and yelled—'Did you hear me? Get out of that thing, and take cover.'

"He didn't even stop. He just turned his head and shouted:—'Listen, you! It took me eight months to get this Jeep and I'm not giving it up for anyone!' Just like that.

"I was so mad I couldn't talk, much less shout back at him. But just then a couple of star shells lighted things up as bright as day and I got a good look in the rear of the Chaplain's Jeep.

"There were two wounded American boys in there.

"Then I understood. Chaplain C——— was being a fool. But what a *magnificent* fool.

"As I stood and watched him in his flat-tired Jeep slowly inching his way back to our dressing station, I forgot that shells were bursting around me, too. I felt like kneeling right there in the trench.

"Yes, Chaplain C——— made a 'fool' of himself that day, as he had many times before, and will many times more, I am sure—in selfless, fearless devotion to 'the boys' he loves.

"Is it any wonder they decorated him right there on the field of battle? Is it any wonder they promoted this brave Man of God who seeks no honor but only to serve? And is it any wonder the men who know him say they will follow him *anywhere*—and they *mean* anywhere?"

That was the end of the General's story. What a magnificent fool.

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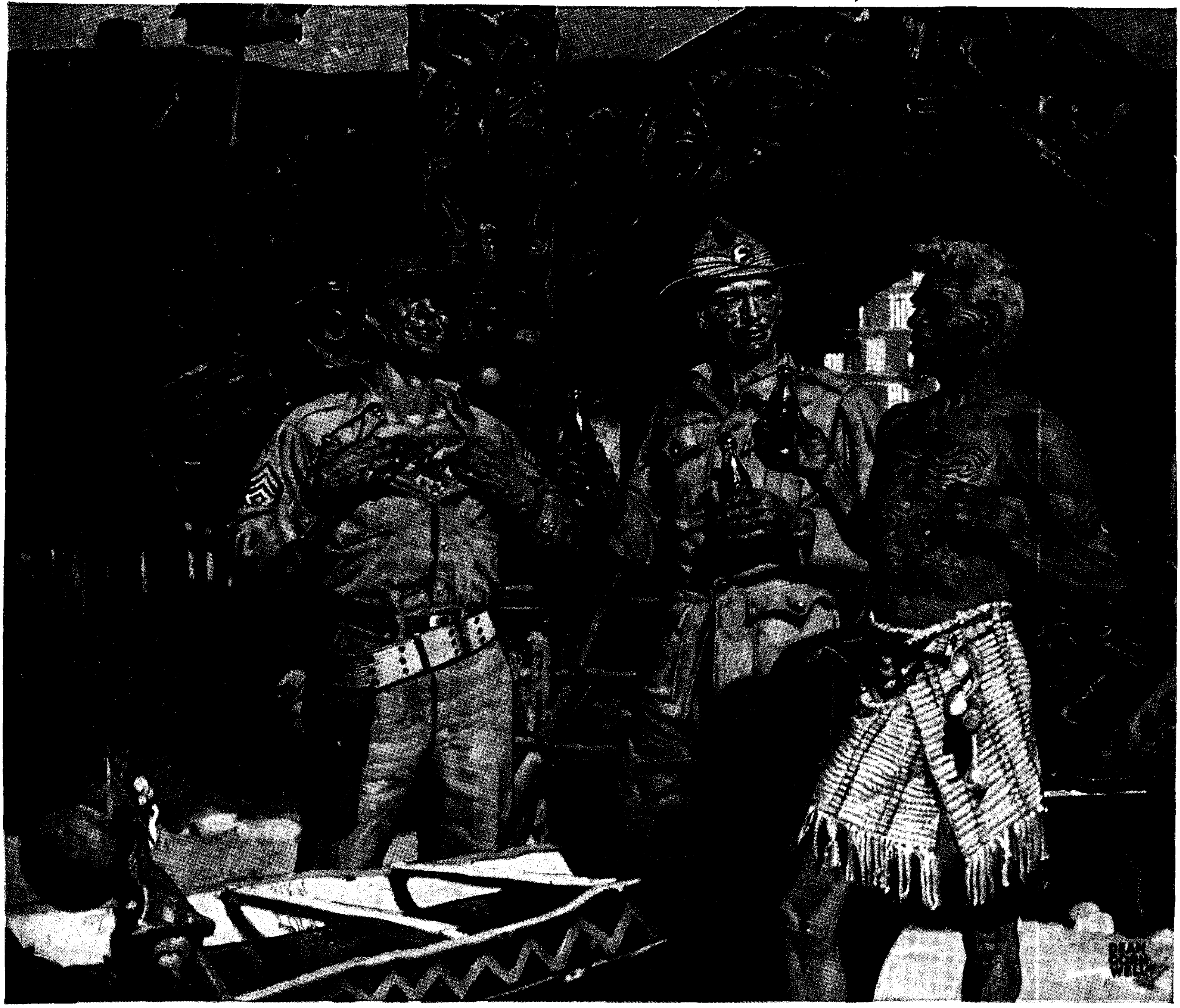
Have a "Coke" = Kia Ora
(GOOD LUCK)



...or sealing friendships in New Zealand

Kia ora, says the New Zealander when he wants to give you his best wishes. It's a down-under way of telling you that you're a pal and that your welfare is a matter of mutual interest. The American soldier says it another way. *Have a "Coke",* says he, and in three words he has made a friend. It's a custom that has followed the flag from the tropics to the polar regions. It's a phrase that says *Welcome, neighbor* from Auckland to Albuquerque, from New Zealand to New Mexico. 'Round the globe, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes,*—has become the high-sign between friendly-minded people.

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In news stories, books and magazines, you read how much our fighting men cherish Coca-Cola whenever they get it. Yes, more than just a delicious and refreshing drink, "Coke" reminds them of happy times at home. Luckily, they find Coca-Cola —bottled on the spot—in over 35 allied and neutral countries 'round the globe.

Coca-Cola
-the global high-sign

"Coke" = Coca-Cola

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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